POST

IRDAY EVENING POST APRIL 18 • 1964 20c

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POST

APRIL 18, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 15

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Too many judges are political hacks (Speaking Out) . . . *by Herbert Brownell* **10**

Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* **16**

Crash effort for a safer cigarette . . . . . *by Bill Davidson* **19**

January 11, 1964, was the day the bomb dropped on the tobacco industry. Since the release of the surgeon general's report on smoking and health, public reaction has been essentially one of fear—and cigarette sales have dropped as much as 30 percent in some areas of the country. Editor-at-large Bill Davidson, who spent six weeks surveying the effects of this report on the industry, found that nearly all cigarette plants have cut their operations to three or four days a week, leaving their workers with pay cuts ranging up to 40 percent. More significantly, he found the industry's leaders less disposed to quarrel with the medical evidence linking their product with lung cancer. Instead, he says, they are pinning their hopes now on an intensified search for a safer cigarette.

Girls take the cue . . . . . *by David L. Goodrich* **24**

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The authors. **David L. Goodrich,** a self-described "pool player of notoriously limited competence," took his cue for this story after losing three straight games to a woman amateur. . . . **Lewis H. Lapham,** who acquired a virus infection only days after completing his research on prearranged sensations, found himself avoiding the telephone calls of even his closest friends. "They'd start off," he says, "with something like 'How do you feel?' and I'd just hang up." . . . **Maxine Cheshire,** a reporter for the Washington *Post,* covered the 1960 Senate campaign of Margaret Chase Smith. . . . In preparing his sea saga, **William Willis** worked with an old friend, John Hunt, the *Post's* chief of copy, who also lent an editorial hand 10 years ago when Mr. Willis was producing a series of articles about his first Pacific raft voyage. . . . **Joe Hyams,** who spent several weeks in London interviewing lovely actress Elke Sommer, is a real veteran of the motion-picture world. He is currently assisting with the autobiography of British comedian Peter Sellers. . . . **William Saroyan,** whose first book of short stories was written at the rate of a story a day for 26 days, will mark the anniversary of that achievement this fall with another volume. Called *After 30 Years: The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze,* it includes 37 stories written at the same pace only a few months ago. . . . Contributing writer **Robert K. Massie** flew to East Africa for his penetrating eyewitness account of the explosive situation in Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika and Zanzibar.

The cover portrait of Elke Sommer was taken by contributing photographer Lawrence J. Schiller.

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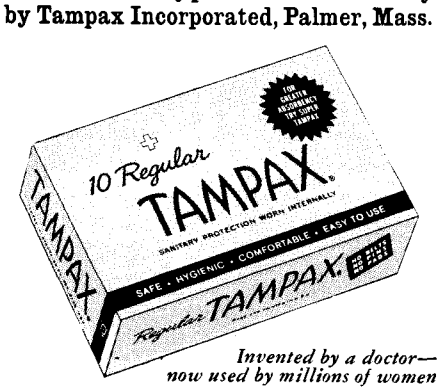

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LETTERS

Beatle talk

My heart is swelling with so much mother instinct that I just have to stand up for my four mops. This is concerning Alfred G. Aronowitz's THE BEATLES: MUSIC'S GOLD BUGS [Mar. 21]. The Beatles' music is pleasing and expressive to teen-agers but not to adults. But does one thing ever please everyone?

SUSAN COMRIE
Freeport, N.Y.

• Mr. Aronowitz's article is a sheer delight. I am so enthralled to see someone who poses them as true humans with vice and virtue. I grow tired of the polished accounts of their lives.

KATHY QUINN
North Hollywood, Calif.

• The facial expressions of the Beatles on the March 21st cover are a riot! At a party last night we spent over two hours in laughter as we dreamed up captions appropriate to their expressive faces.

TOM ERICKSEN
Provo, Utah

• I had been looking forward to your article on these handsome, fun-loving musicians, assuming it would be terrific. But I was thoroughly disappointed. Most of your statements seemed unnatural and impossible. You printed something which appeared harsh and untrue about each one.

JUDY BAKER
Niles, Mich.

• We true Beatle lovers don't believe a word of the whole story.

CANDRA PHILLIPS, etc.
Macon, Ga.

• Far be it from me to be a Beatlemaniac—but I must say it's a "puzzly" to me how those bully boys sing with all those tongues in cheeks.

CONSTANCE LINDSAY
New York, N.Y.

• When I read Mr. Aronowitz's article, I just cried. It seemed so cruel telling how Paul is so uppity, how the rest of the Beatles don't let Ringo have any say, etc. I wanted to write a mean letter. Then we girls started talking it over and figured this: About Paul being "the handsome one, and he knows it," we thought, if girls kept telling you you were a doll and cute, wouldn't you get bigheaded? And so on. We've found out they are human like the rest of us, and so your article has made us love the Beatles even more than before, and we want to thank you.

JEANETTE NODO
Rice, Minn.

• I laughed from start to finish. These four young men are living satire.

ROBERT C. SWEETMAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

• Re your editorial [TWO CHEERS FOR THE BEATLES, Mar. 21], I would like to add the third cheer. I am three score years and 10, but I find the boys out-of-this-world and precious. I also find the teen agers' reaction healthy and normal.

MRS. EDNA CHAUNCEY
Screven, Ga.

• Beatles on the cover of the *Post* is an example of the increasing degeneracy of our screwball democracy. The Reds are making monkeys out of us at home and abroad. Most of the caricatures that have achieved popularity in the jazzed-up America of today would be hospitalized if they were in Russia.

ARTHUR A. MADSEN
San Francisco, Calif.

• After all is said and written, the fact remains that the Beatle parents can be proud of their sons. They are all talented, articulate, charming, honest and hard-working.

MAIA RODMAN
Oakland, N.J.

Beatle fiction

The first time I saw John Lennon's signature, I knew he was an artist. After reading his BEATALIC GRAPHOSPASMS [Mar. 21], I've readjusted my thinking somewhat. He is a genius.

MRS. GRACE S. HAMMOND
Indianapolis, Ind.

• I would give up reading the Sunday funnies for a year to spend one hour reading the original fiction and poems by Beatle Lennon!

LEIGH O'HARA
Janesville, Wis.

• I am a housewipe. My two offsprig and we very apprecialate John Lemming's peotic effruits. However, my husband is not intelligable and doesn't comprestand it.

MRS. JEAN CALCHERA
Mansfield Center, Conn.

• These Beatles are a ruddy good bunch—healthy and all, but it's my opinion they can't sing at all. And after reading what they wrote, I know for a fact they can't write.

DAN COLAIACOMO
Warwick, R.I.

• I don't think many people could wreak such amusing havoc with the English language.

SUSAN BEARD
Akron, Ohio

• They may have all they want in money, popularity and such, but they seem so lonely. John's Graphospasms gave me the impression of a very sad person.

RINA VAN VALKENBURG
Hobart, N.Y.

Scientology

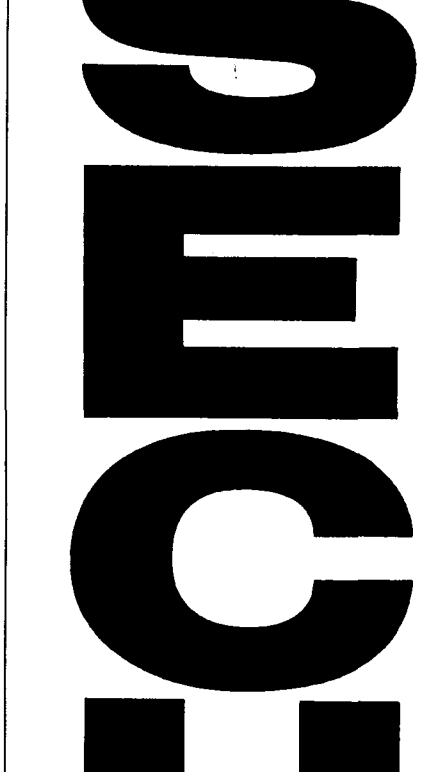
I want to thank you for James Phelan's wonderfully amusing SCIENTOLOGY: "HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A BOO-HOO?" [Mar. 21]. But watch out. One of the ways those scientologists get you is to bring out your hostility first—that's what they did to me, bless them. At the moment I'm teaching a McGill University math course à la Scientology with satisfying results.

DONALD KINGSBURY
Montreal, Canada

• Mr. Phelan has covered his subject well. He conveys truth to the seeker, a hearty laugh to the intelligent and entertainment to all by revealing this fantastic turn of events.

WALDO T. BOYD
Citrus Heights, Calif.

SICK?



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Daughter, 1955

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Marriage, Maytags, and the two Trizulny families

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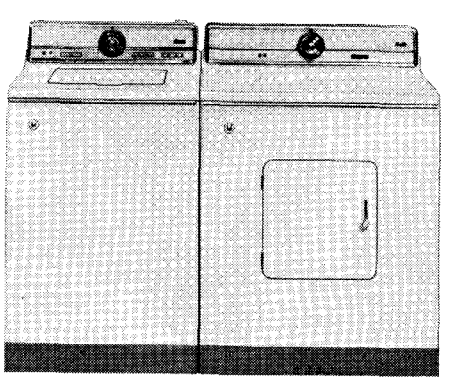

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LETTERS

Homespun tale

Reading about the Beatles, I felt as if I were on the wrong planet and didn't know quite what to do, but after reading THE TWINS WHO FOUND EACH OTHER [by Bard Lindeman, Mar. 21], I thought what a great, small wonderful world we live in. *They* are the ones who should make a movie.

RAY CYR
Derby, Conn.

Alsop's label

Does Stewart Alsop, as Washington correspondent, have some special license that allows him to label both past President Kennedy's and now President Johnson's astute and capable advisers with the ill-chosen name of "Mafia" [THE TEXAS MAFIA MOVES IN, Mar. 21]? I don't believe it is necessary either to insult the intelligence of the chosen advisers or to elevate the Mafia.

C. E. PROCTOR
Watsonville, Calif.

McCormack admirer

I noted with interest and deep appreciation Don Oberdorfer's piece, THE JOB JOHN MCCORMACK DREADS [Mar. 21]. It is the first fair one I have read about the House Speaker since President Kennedy's death. Sadly, dramatics rather than quiet and effective devotion to duty are generally more attractive to the public. I have every confidence in Speaker McCormack as Speaker or, if fate dictates, as President.

ANDREW JACOBS SR.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Congress's initiative

I enjoyed Sen. Abraham Ribicoff's piece [DOESN'T CONGRESS HAVE IDEAS OF ITS OWN? MAR. 21]. It has gotten to the point, not only in the legislative branch of the Federal Government but also in state governments, state institutions and large businesses, where only the higher-ups are allowed to think. I wish we had more men like Senator Ribicoff.

T. B. LEMOINE
Simmesport, La.

• Senator Ribicoff is not "the only living American to serve as governor, congressman, senator and Cabinet member," as your caption states. James F. Byrnes of South Carolina is still very much alive at 84 and has done all of this plus serving as associate justice of the Supreme Court, head of the Office of War Mobilization and Assistant to President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

JOE JACKSON
Camden, S.C.

Blow, Sirocco

It's an ill wind that blows no good. I am referring to your Beatle-infested issue of March 21. BLOW US SOMETHING GOOD, SIROCCO, by Stanley E. Smith, gave me pleasure second to none. Let's have more well-spun yarns from this gifted writer.

INGA SVAN
Islip, N.Y.

COMING SOON... in The Post

The greatest money swindle of our time

HERE COMES A SUMMER AFLOAT
The might of motor and the splendor of sail

Dr. Karl Menninger warns against a grave abuse in psychiatry

A HOUSEWIFE WRITES A SMASH BROADWAY COMEDY

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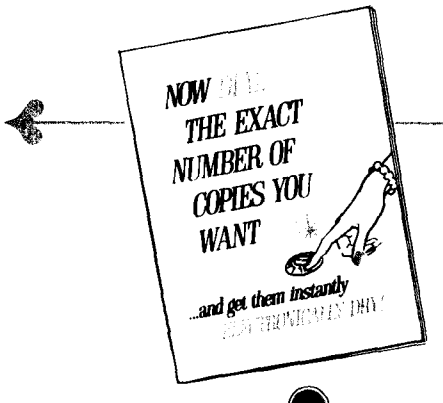

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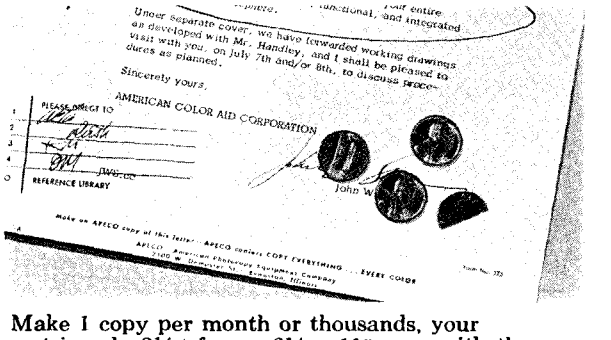

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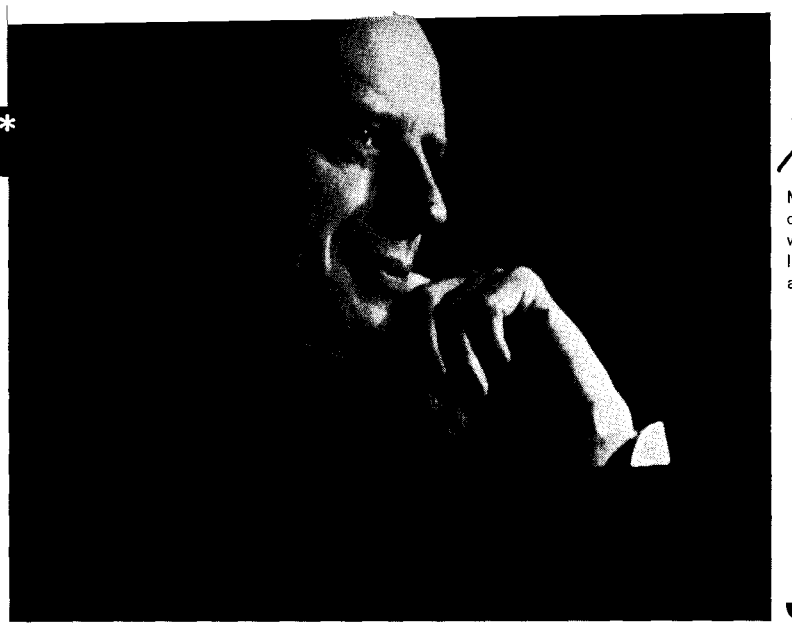

Herbert Brownell

Mr. Brownell, president of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, was Attorney General under President Eisenhower. In writing this article he was assisted by the association's executive secretary, Paul DeWitt.

TOO MANY JUDGES ARE POLITICAL HACKS

By Herbert Brownell

A leading lawyer charges that incompetent judges, picked from the party faithful, are manhandling justice.

Justice in this country is suffering because we are not getting the best qualified lawyers as judges. A pretty good judge, as someone has said, is like a pretty good egg. If judges are mediocre, the courts will not provide justice.

Why are we failing to attract to the judiciary our very best legal talent? The answer is simple: Present methods of selecting judges reward the mediocre and discourage the talented.

Let's look at the present state of our judicial establishment. The real trouble is not venality or corruption. True, there probably are a few corrupt judges, just as there are a few abortionists among the doctors, forgers among the bankers, and peddlers of influence among governmental officials. But the incidence of wrongdoers is probably lower among the judiciary than elsewhere. One reason why few judges are corrupt is the carefully protected eminence of the judiciary. Judges are men set apart, robed and respected. Most men who receive this treatment respond by living up to their community's trust in them. And since judges' tenure in office is relatively secure and their remuneration at least adequate, the temptation to make a corrupt dollar is not compelling.

Our "adversary" system of trying a case also protects the courts against corruption. Alert lawyers with their professional reputations at stake are watching the conduct of the judge as it affects both adversaries in a lawsuit. If there is a suspicion of favoritism to one adversary, the lawyer for the other will be quick to sense it and quicker to investigate. Judges are also under constant scrutiny by their fellow judges. The daily contact of judges in the courthouse is intimate; concealment of wrongdoing is almost impossible. Most courts are under the supervision of a presiding justice, and most presiding justices keep informed as to what is going on in their courts. Judicial conferences in the federal system and in many of the states also exercise supervision. Once in a while a Judge Martin Manton or a Judge J. Warren Davis can get by for a short time with corrupt conduct, but eventually they are caught. (Manton was jailed; Davis resigned under pressure of prosecution.) Finally, the judge is watched in a systematic way by most bar associations, and his performance measured against the strictures of the Canons of Judicial Ethics. And the press, because the courts are always a dramatic source of news, is daily interested in the conduct of the judges.

The problem, then, is not corrupt judges. The problem is mediocre judges—the men whom one distinguished judge has described as the "gray mice" of the judicial establishment. What are the characteristics of these many "gray mice?" Like other mice they are unobtrusive. They have not distinguished themselves in law school or college. Their practice has generally been a limited one and their general legal experience not well rounded. Although they rarely win distinction in professional or learned organizations, they do belong to an astonishing array of fraternal, military and other groups.

But above all else they belong to their local political club and are cheerful in performing the interesting assignments their "leader" has for them. They are exemplary in their loyalty to their political party. They look on judicial appointment as the reward for their loyalty and devotion to the party, and they look forward to judicial service as socially and financially rewarding. To them the courthouse is a cozy rest home. In other words, they are ordinary, likable people of small talent. They are not venal, not corrupt, but they can do a great deal to debase and cheapen the entire administration of American justice.

It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that over the long haul, mediocrity in the courts is more corrosive than corruption. For one thing, mediocrity is more pervasive in its effect. The corrupt judge is not corrupt all the time; he generally waits for the main chance. Often he is a judge of ability. Most cases he will handle properly and well. But the mediocre judge handles all cases poorly. The result is that many litigants do not get a full measure of justice, or they find their affairs in a worse tangle than before they came to court.

Unfortunately, it is the vast number of "small people" in our courts whom the mediocre judge hurts the most. Well-to-do clients have able lawyers to protect their interests. If things go wrong they can afford to appeal and get things set straight. For the client of modest means, any lawsuit is a financial hazard; he cannot afford to have things go wrong through the mistakes of an incompetent judge. This is particularly true in courts that deal with intimate family problems and in the criminal courts where life or liberty is at stake. A bungling judge in those courts is a disaster not only for the litigants but for all society.

It must be obvious in a form of government such as ours, where so much reliance is placed on the integrity and impartiality of our courts, that, as Canon 4 of the Canons of Judicial Ethics enjoins, "a judge's official conduct should be free from impropriety and the *appearance* of impropriety." Thus, a clearly incompetent judge, an undignified judge, a slovenly judge, a prejudiced judge, a disorderly courtroom can seriously tarnish a community's image of justice. This becomes even more disturbing when we realize that there is no way to remove the mediocre judge simply because of his mediocrity. The corrupt judge, the senile judge, the flagrantly intemperate judge can usually be removed. The mediocre judge often remains for life. Indeed, the mediocre judge may well advance in the judicial hierarchy. His talents of amiability and political attractiveness work

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SPEAKING OUT

for his advancement. In this way the whole judicial structure from top to bottom tends toward a depressingly low common denominator. The inevitable result is that the processes of justice are delayed, made costly and thrown in public disrepute.

Obviously, all judges are *not* mediocrities. There are many good, even great, judges in our courts. If it were not for them, our courts could not function. But it is precisely to insure that we continue to get good judges that we must work to eliminate the mediocre judge.

Why are there so many of these mediocre judges? Because of the way judges are selected. In theory, some judges are appointed by a President (in the federal system), a governor (in a state system) or by a mayor. Others are elected. As a matter of hard fact, judges are in most instances *picked* by political leaders. This is quite obvious in the case of elected judges. The party conventions and primaries that nominate judges are managed by professional politicians. This is what politicians are for. Sometimes they have good candidates nominated, but most often their favor, for reasons we will explore, shines on mediocre candidates. It unfortunately does not seem to matter much to the electorate. Poll after poll has indicated that voters do not even know the names of candidates for judicial office before entering the polling booth, and they scarcely remember them for five minutes after they come out. Thus, to repeat, judges are really selected by the leaders of the dominant political party.

But isn't the situation different where judges are appointed by a President, governor or mayor? Surely these leaders take seriously their high responsibility for the administration of justice and make their own appointments. In general, it may be assumed this is so. But these appointing officials are under many pressures, political and otherwise. Even the President still must have his candidate approved by the two senators from the candidate's state. By virtue of "senatorial courtesy" these senators may successfully prevent confirmation of the candidate by the Senate. Senators rightly are highly political animals and do not lightly disregard the desires of the political leaders back home.

The poor governor and the more harassed mayor are in a much worse fix. In the first place, they have even more political leaders closely interested in who gets appointed. Patronage in the local courts is more important to local politicians than patronage in the federal courts. Thus, the governor and the mayor must rely heavily on the recommendations of their political leaders. Indeed they have no other source of names in most cases. The political leaders in turn are not free to make their selections from the bar at large. Their first allegiance is to their faithful party workers—the "gray mice."

Moreover, a number of lawyers who otherwise would seek judicial office and be excellent judges find it difficult and degrading to toady for the office. There are often rumors, difficult to substantiate but persistent enough to cause concern, that there is a "going price" for a judgeship. One year's salary is the reported figure in New York City. No honorable lawyer wants a judgeship at a price.

Another negative factor is the prevalent practice of "balancing the ticket"—making sure that dominant ethnic groups get their share of the jobs. This unfortunate aspect of racial bias is so unattractive to many that they prefer not to seek judicial office. Then, too, as has been noted, the image of the courts and the atmosphere of the courthouse has been cheapened. Friends of a qualified candidate for judicial office often express tactless surprise that he would want to join a company of judges that does not command respect.

It must also be admitted that bar associations and civic groups are not as effective as they should be in influencing governors and mayors to make good appointments to the courts. They have failed to develop influence with the political leaders who really make the selections. When the bar and the civic groups are given a chance to pass on a judicial candidate, they, too, often accept, although reluctantly, the mediocre. There is "nothing against him," they say. He seems like "an honest fellow." Thus, the gray mice, just because they are gray, get the cheese.

If it is vital to the welfare of our form of government that our judges be qualified to administer justice truly and effectively, then certainly the need for a better method of choosing judges is of first concern to us all. Fortunately, in recent years excellent plans for the selection of state and municipal judges have been devised. A promising plan, for example, was recently adopted by The Association of the Bar of the City of New York. All the plans have these essential features in common:

1. All new judges would be appointed.
2. By law, the appointing power (governor or mayor) would have to make his appointment from a list of three, five or seven names—men certified as qualified by an official judicial nominating commission.
3. The judicial nominating commission would be established by statute or constitution. It would consist of from seven to fifteen members selected on a nonpartisan basis from among community leaders. It would be provided sufficient staff and funds to make a thorough investigation of all candidates.

No political control

The merits of this plan are almost too obvious to enumerate. Under the plan, the initiative for *proposing* appointees to the courts and the control of those appointments would be removed from the political leaders. The mayor or the governor would be *limited* in his appointments to only those outstanding lawyers found by a nonpartisan commission of community leaders to be qualified. The appointees would owe their office to no political leader.

The plan would encourage well-qualified lawyers to permit themselves to be considered for judgeships. Since the nominating commission would be proposing appointees, not merely *screening* them, the commission would be free, and indeed under pressure, to search out the best qualified lawyers available. It would not merely approve the mediocre. The press and the people at long last would have available authentic, complete and official information on their judges—who they are and what qualifications they have.

It is time for concerned Americans to consider the plan and to work to have it adopted. For justice is only as good as the judges, and the day of the gray mice is upon us. THE END

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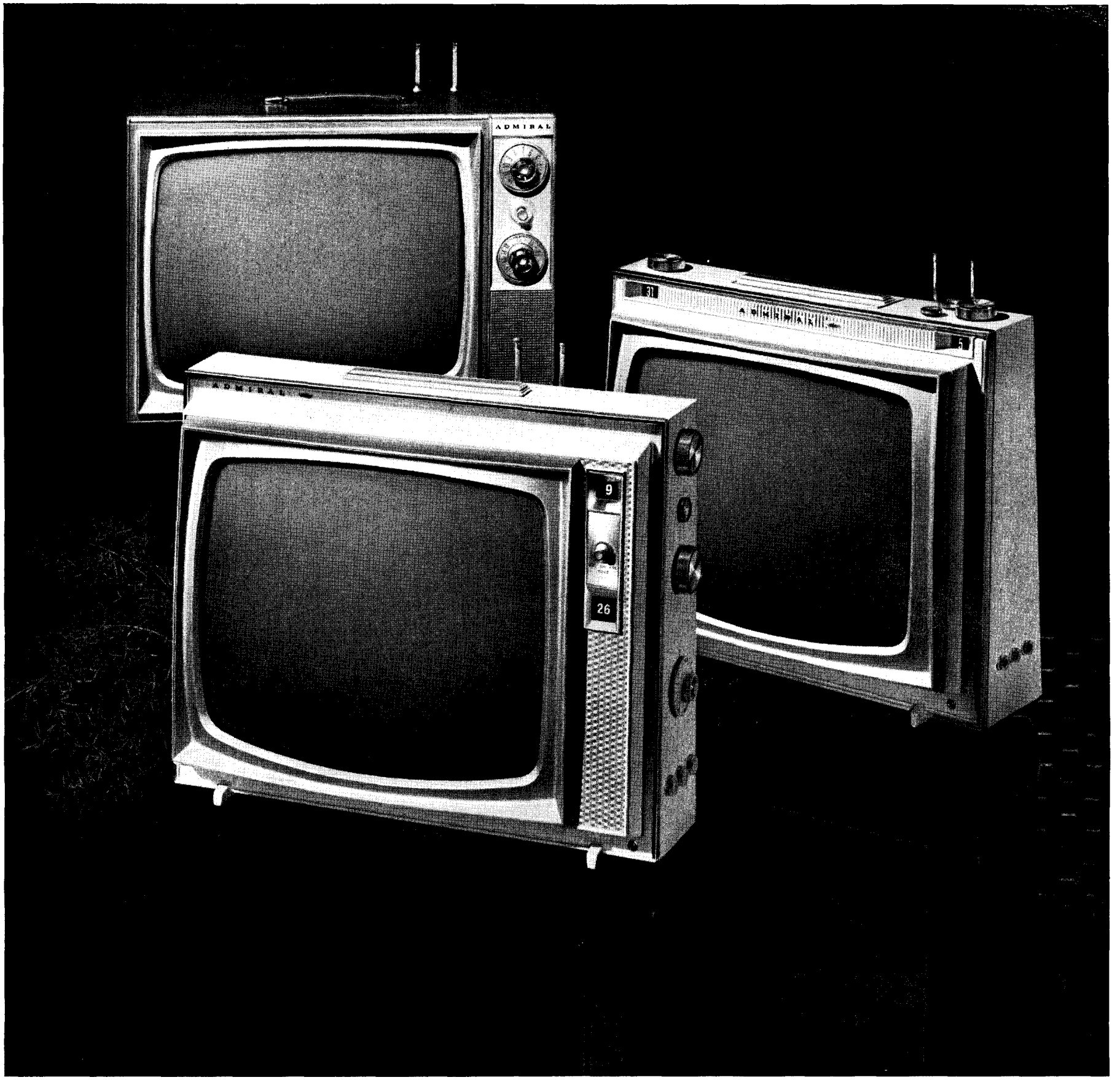

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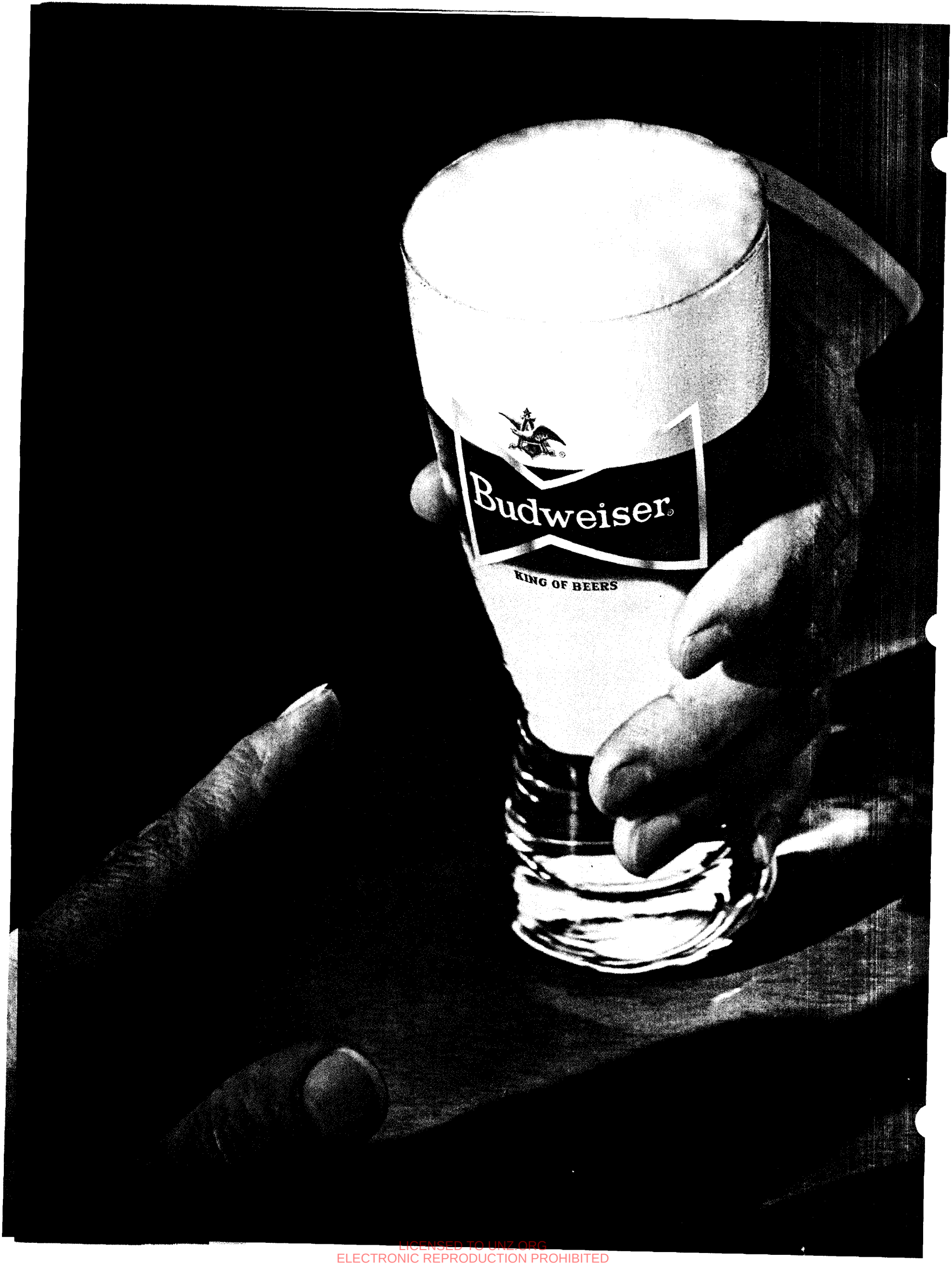

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The establishment view

WASHINGTON: "Bill Scranton can have it if he wants it. If he doesn't want it, Nixon will get it."

In any election year, there is at any given moment a sort of Washington Establishment View of the political prospects. The above sentences, spoken by a leading Republican professional, succinctly summarize the current Establishment View of Republican prospects.

The Establishment View is arrived at by a process of cross-fertilization. Politicians talk to reporters, reporters talk to politicians, politicians talk to politicians, reporters talk to reporters, and as a result a consensus is arrived at, so that everybody seems to be saying the same things to everybody else.

The consensus, it should be noted, is strictly temporary. About a year ago the Establishment View was that Nelson Rockefeller would almost certainly be the candidate. About six months ago the view was that Barry Goldwater would very probably be the candidate. Now it is almost impossible to find a politician or reporter who will seriously contend that either Rockefeller or Goldwater has a serious chance for the nomination.

Events, of course, changed the Establishment View—the charming Happy happened along, the murder of President Kennedy undercut Goldwater's "Southern strategy," and the New Hampshire primary left both Rockefeller and Goldwater bruised and bleeding. What events could change the Establishment View again?

Aside from some such cataclysm as war or presidential disability, the only politically decisive events now visible on the horizon are the Oregon primary on May 15, in which all the five conceivable candidates are entered, and the California primary on June 2, in which only Goldwater and Rockefeller (plus that pathetic parenthetical character, Harold Stassen) are entered.

If Goldwater led the pack in Oregon, and went on to trounce Rockefeller in California, he would be the No. 1 candidate again. If Rockefeller won both primaries, his situation would be similarly transformed. But the current Establishment View is that nothing of the sort will happen. The New Hampshire primary was taken to mean that the Republican voters simply do not want a presidential candidate who has divorced and remarried, or who has Goldwater's egregious opinions on such matters as Social Security, TVA, income taxes, and sending the Marines to Cuba.

But it is possible to visualize a headline on May 16, which might actually appear, and which might again radically alter the Establishment View: LODGE SWEEPS OREGON PRIMARY. If Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge repeats in Oregon his New Hampshire-primary triumph, accurately described by Richard Nixon as "spectacular," he will become what the Washington Establishment does not now consider him—a serious candidate. He will become so on one condition—that he return from Vietnam to campaign by the first week in June at the very latest.

Lodge has working for him a small group of bright young men who are already busy selling their candidate in Oregon by the direct mail and "audio-visual" techniques which proved so successful in New Hampshire. They are remarkably confident.

Lodge's opponents write off his New Hampshire triumph as a strictly regional phenomenon. But Lodge's young men claim that first soundings show the same enthusiasm for Lodge in Oregon that the New Hampshire voters so surprisingly displayed. As for Lodge's return, one of his young men says, "You'll have an announcement from Saigon within a week after he wins in Oregon —— Hell, if he wins, he just couldn't stay on in Vietnam."

Lodge does have certain assets in Oregon that he lacked in New Hampshire. His name will be on the ballot. His young men will have plenty of money to spend—since New Hampshire, the shrewder fatcats are making side bets on Lodge. Gov. Mark Hatfield is expected at least to be benevolently neutral, if only because a Lodge-Hatfield ticket would be geographically ideal.

Moreover, Lodge has an admirable record, and he looks like a President. What former President Eisenhower has called "the hair-curler set" has not forgotten Lodge's magnificent television performance in the U.N., as the Good Guy to Andrei Gromyko's Bad Guy.

But there are sound reasons why Lodge is not yet taken really seriously by the Washington Establishment. In the 1960 campaign, he annoyed the pros by his habit of napping in the afternoon—"in his damn pajamas, yet," one pro has remarked bitterly. He alienated the South by his promise that the Republicans would put a Negro in the cabinet. Above all, back in 1952, as the chief strategist of the Eisenhower forces, he enraged the whole conservative wing of his party when he beat back Robert Taft's last bid for the White House with the charge that the Taftites had "stolen" the Texas delegation. For such reasons, Lodge must finish first in Oregon. Anything less, and the pros will happily count him out.

Gov. William Scranton could also be badly hurt in Oregon. Scranton's trouble is that he remains a politician's politician—most of the voters have never heard of him. Therefore he could finish in Oregon as No. 5 of the five leading candidates. He can partially protect himself against this outcome by poor-mouthing, and insisting that he is not a candidate. The majority view is that, after the Oregon primary, he will "go," as the politicians say, at least to the extent of giving his supporters a green light to put together a national organization.

There is a minority view that Scranton will never "go," for the simple reason that he does not want to be Lyndon Johnson's Alf M. Landon. According to this view, if by next June the shrewd Scranton concludes that Johnson is unbeatable, he will pull completely out. Then "Nixon will get it."

The Nixon candidacy is a peculiar phenomenon. If there is any real enthusiasm for him among Republicans, it is strangely difficult to detect. But although hardly any Republicans love Nixon, hardly any Republicans hate him. This is, in fact, the real explanation of the Nixon phenomenon—if by next summer defeat appears inevitable, Nixon will be an eager sacrificial lamb, and at least the party will be held together while the inevitable is endured.

Stewart Alsop

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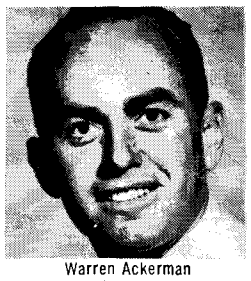
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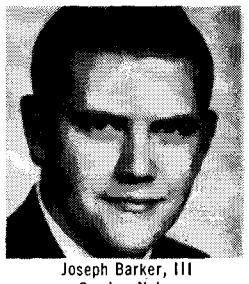
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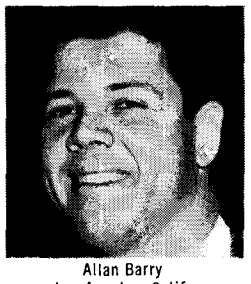
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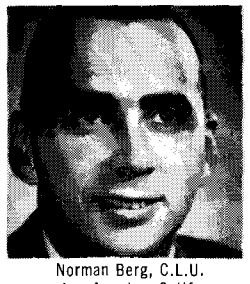
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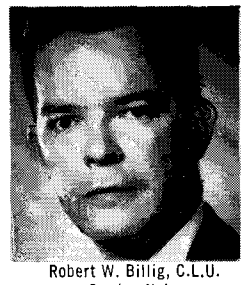
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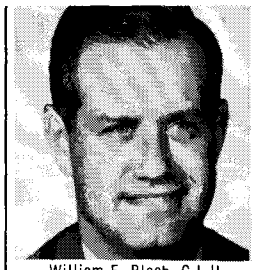
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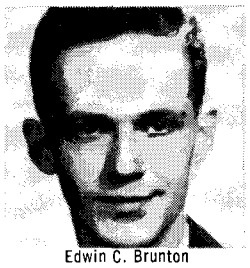
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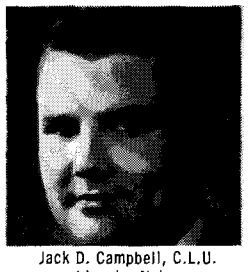
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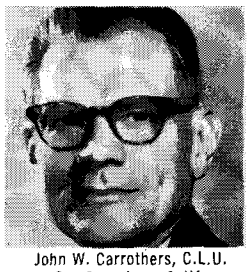
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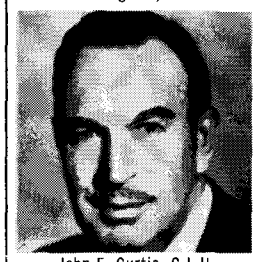
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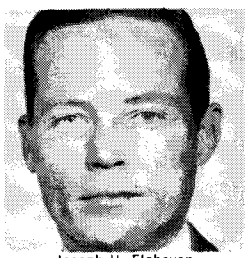
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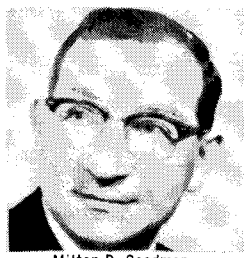
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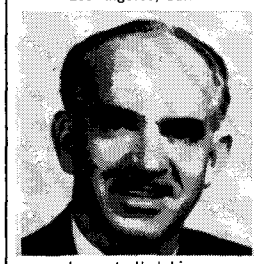
Alfred B. Hastings, Jr., C.L.U.
Los Angeles, Calif.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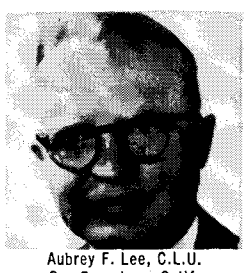
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Carl G. Mammel, C.L.U.
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Richard Martin
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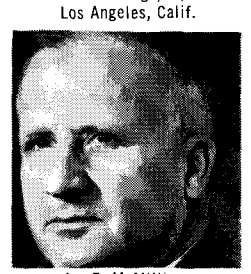
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John W. Meisenbach
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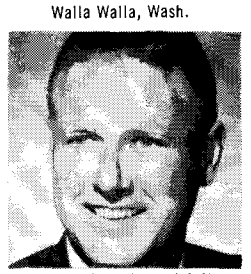
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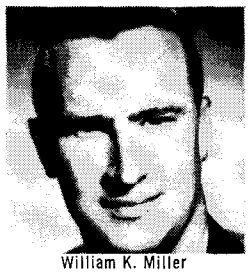
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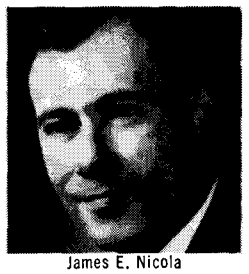
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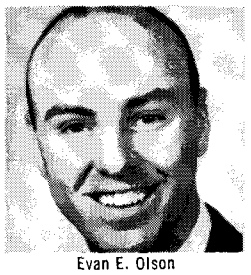
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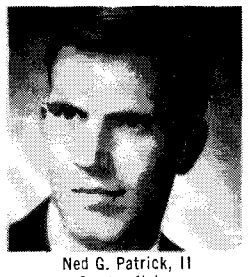
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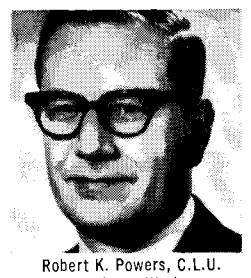
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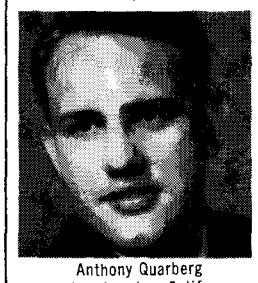
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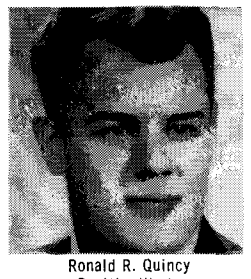
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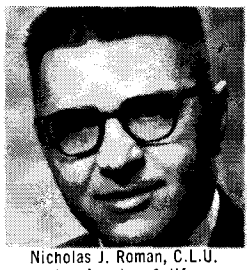
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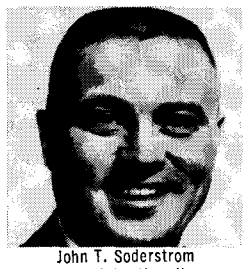
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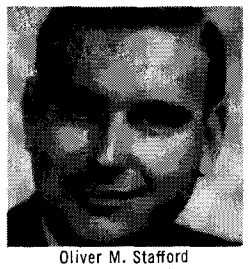
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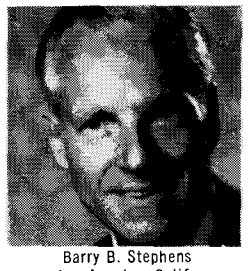
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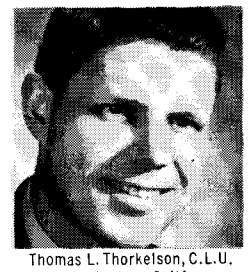
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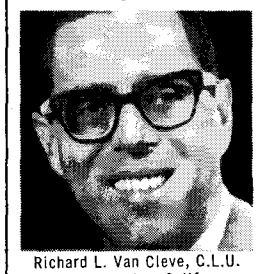
Richard L. Van Cleve, C.L.U.
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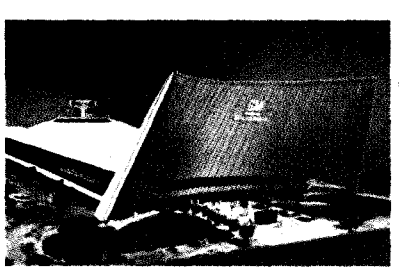

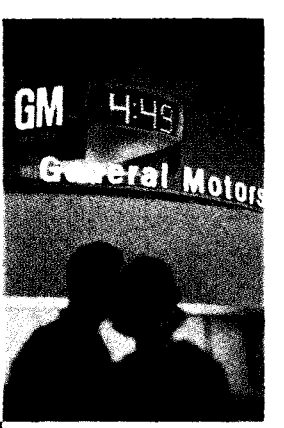

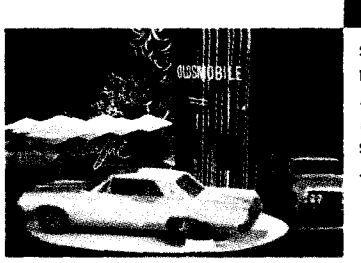

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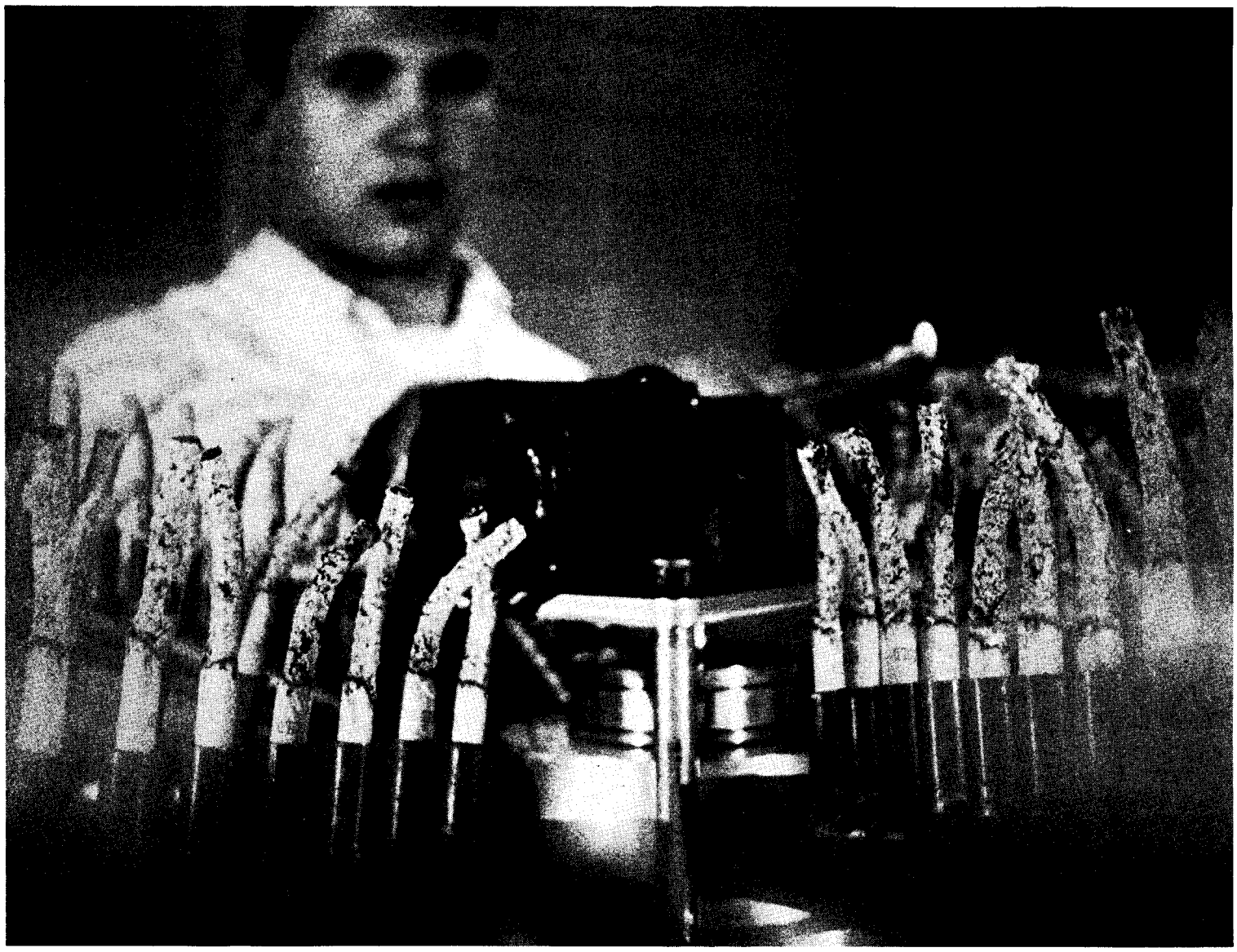
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

By BILL DAVIDSON

NEW HOPE FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS:

CRASH EFFORT FOR A SAFER CIGARETTE



To collect tobacco-smoke components for analysis, the P. Lorillard Co. uses a machine which busily puffs 100 cigarettes at a time.

In the American tobacco industry, January 11, 1964, is now known as The Day the Bomb Dropped. The bomb, of course, was the long-awaited report of Surgeon General Luther L. Terry's Advisory Committee on Smoking and Health. Terry dropped it in a press conference which many industry leaders watched on the monitors of TV networks taping the event.

One of the men on ground zero in New York that morning was Dan Provost, a publicity executive of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. Waiting nervously with other officials of the firm for the broadcast to start, Provost absentmindedly wandered over to the news printer in the office. To his surprise he found that an advance story was already going out over the wire. He read the first few sentences of the dispatch and gasped, "Oh, my God!"

A few miles away, Morgan Cramer, president of the P. Lorillard tobacco company, was at a meeting of the board of governors of his golf club when an attendant rushed in and called him to the phone. Cramer listened to the same news dispatch that Provost had read and then roared, "I just *can't* believe it. Have somebody in Washington fly up to New York with copies of the report immediately. I'm on my way in to the office right now."

At about the same time, the phone began ringing in the home of W. C. ("Mutt") Burton in Reidsville, N.C., a community whose economy depends exclusively on tobacco farming and cigarette manufacture. Burton heads the Reidsville bureau of the Greensboro (N.C.) *News and Record* and is the town's wit and philosopher. The calls were all the same: "Mutt, what does this mean? What am I going to do if I lose my job [or my farm]?" To each caller Burton said gently, "Now don't you fret. Even if what they say is true, you know that folks aren't going to quit doing anything that's bad for them." But each time, as he hung up the phone, the sober look on his face belied the optimism in his voice. Burton was worried, and he was shocked.

Like everyone connected with the tobacco industry—farmer, factory worker or executive—he had expected the surgeon general's report to condemn cigarette smoking. But no one had expected that condemnation to be couched in such relentless,

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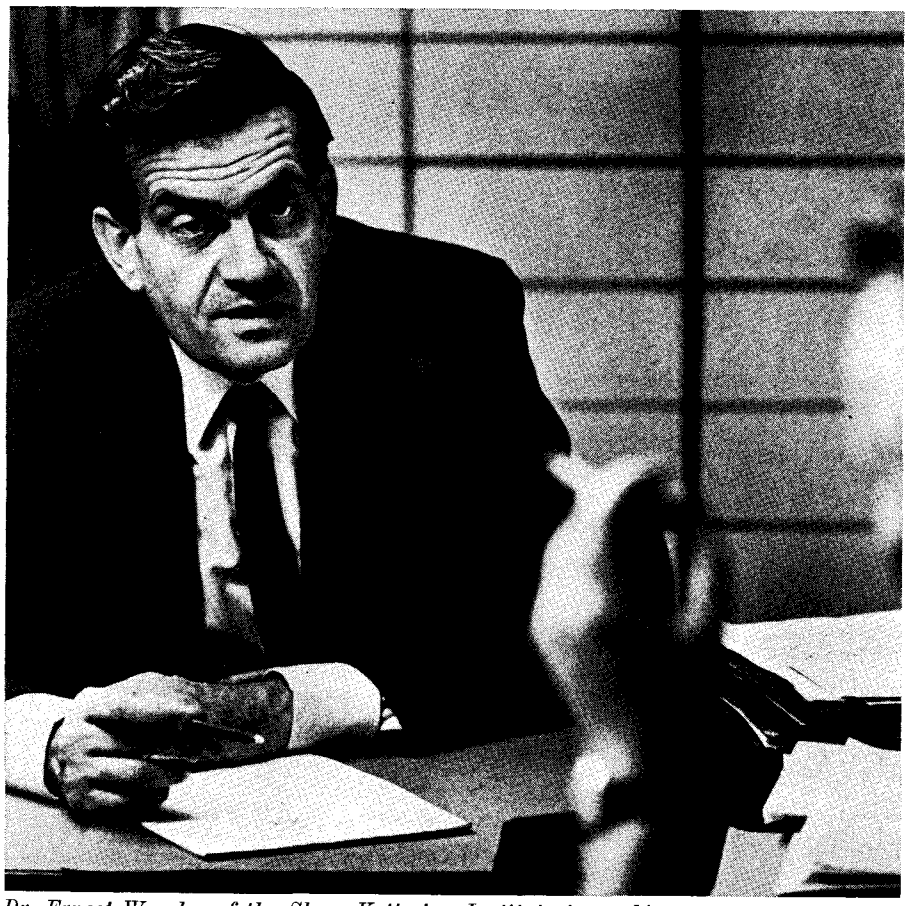
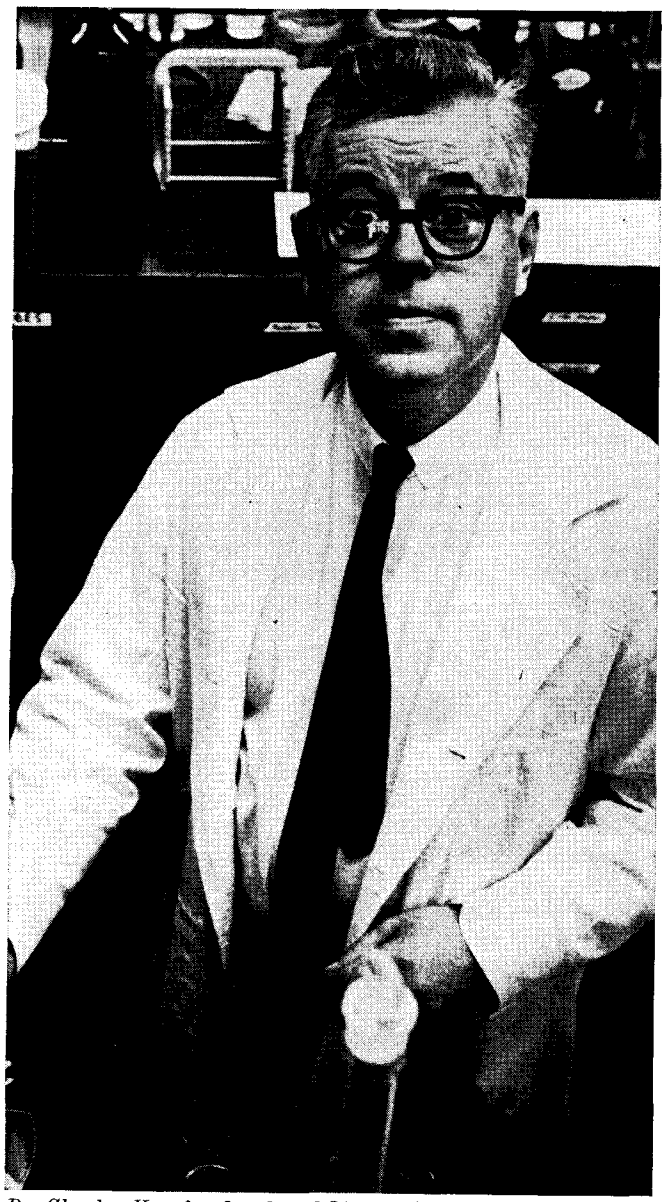
"THE INDUSTRY WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN."



Dr. Ernest Wynder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute is working on a new filter idea.



Dr. Charles Kensler developed Liggett & Myers' charcoal filter.

Brown & Williamson's Dr. Robert Griffin grows tobacco in lab.

Safer Cigarette

unequivocal terms. Previous official statements on smoking had always hedged a bit or left room for the tobacco industry to blame the rising incidence of lung cancer on something else, like air pollution. In 1957, for example, Leroy E. Burney, then surgeon general, wrote that "The weight of the evidence is increasingly pointing in one direction: That excessive smoking is one of the causative factors in lung cancer."

The January 11 report minced no words. It stated without qualification that cigarette smoking is the principal cause of lung cancer and one of the most important causes of chronic bronchitis. It asserted that male cigarette smokers have a higher death rate from coronary-artery heart disease than nonsmoking males. And it summarized its findings with the flat statement that "Cigarette smoking is a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action."

The crisis in the tobacco industry which these words brought on continues unabated today. It is not unlike the ordeal of the liquor industry in the period just before the Prohibition Amendment was ratified, but this time many more people are affected. Over 70 million Americans are habitual cigarette smokers. To supply them, the tobacco industry supports some 750,000 farmers, 100,000 factory workers, 4,500 wholesalers and 1.5 million retail outlets, including vending machines. The industry as a whole grosses eight billion dollars a year—seven billion from cigarettes—spends $150 million a year to advertise its products and contributes well over $3 billion a year in excise taxes to federal and state treasuries.

The danger signs went up quickly in the days immediately following the surgeon general's report. All over the country, many people stopped smoking completely, strove to cut down, or switched to pipes or cigars, with the result that cigarette sales dropped somewhere between 10 and 20 percent in every section of the United States. The abolitionists swung into action, much as they had in pre-Prohibition days, and those churches which frown on smoking as well as drinking found themselves in a strange partnership with such organizations as the American Cancer Society in the drive to set up anti-smoking clinics. There was genuine panic among the uneducated, some of whom even developed psychosomatic cancer symptoms, and there were at least a dozen reported cases of janitors and cleaning women who were fired for refusing even to touch cigarette butts in their daily chores.

In tobacco-manufacturing cities, such as Louisville, Ky.; Richmond, Va.; and Greensboro, Winston-Salem and Durham, N.C., apprehension concerned jobs more than health. Every one of the six major cigarette manufacturers—R. J. Reynolds, American Tobacco, Philip Morris, P. Lorillard, Liggett & Myers and Brown & Williamson—foresaw declining revenues, and cut back on the work week or fired workers, or both. As this is written, nearly all cigarette plants in the United States are down to a production schedule of three or four days a week instead of the normal five. As a result thousands of workers have had their pay cut as much as 40 percent.

In Greensboro, cigarette-machine operator Brona Caudle, a divorcée with two children, thought the tobacco industry would solve this problem as it had others in the past, but in the meantime things were tough. "When you're making seventy-two dollars for a forty-hour week," she said, "and then suddenly you're cut back to $43.20 for a twenty-four-hour week, you're in trouble. But I guess I shouldn't complain. A fellow in our factory, with nine kids, was fired outright."

The tobacco farmers are less apprehensive than the cigarette-factory workers, and with good reason. Tobacco has been a protected crop for 30 years, receiving government support—$40,000,000 in 1963—as one of the six basic agricultural crops in the United States. The Department of Agriculture limits the number of acres on which tobacco can be grown, in order to prevent a glut on the market, but a government-financed corporation buys all surplus tobacco at approximately 57 cents a pound, a few cents below the market price. These twin safeguards make tobacco one of the most lucrative cash crops in the nation, bringing in about $1,000 per acre.

Another source of protection for the tobacco farmer is political. Among the most effective blocs in Congress is the tightknit group of senators and representatives from the two dozen tobacco-growing states, especially North Carolina, Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland. Let one finger be raised to cut the tobacco farmer's revenue, and the legislators rise in his defense—usually employing the time-honored technique of threatening to

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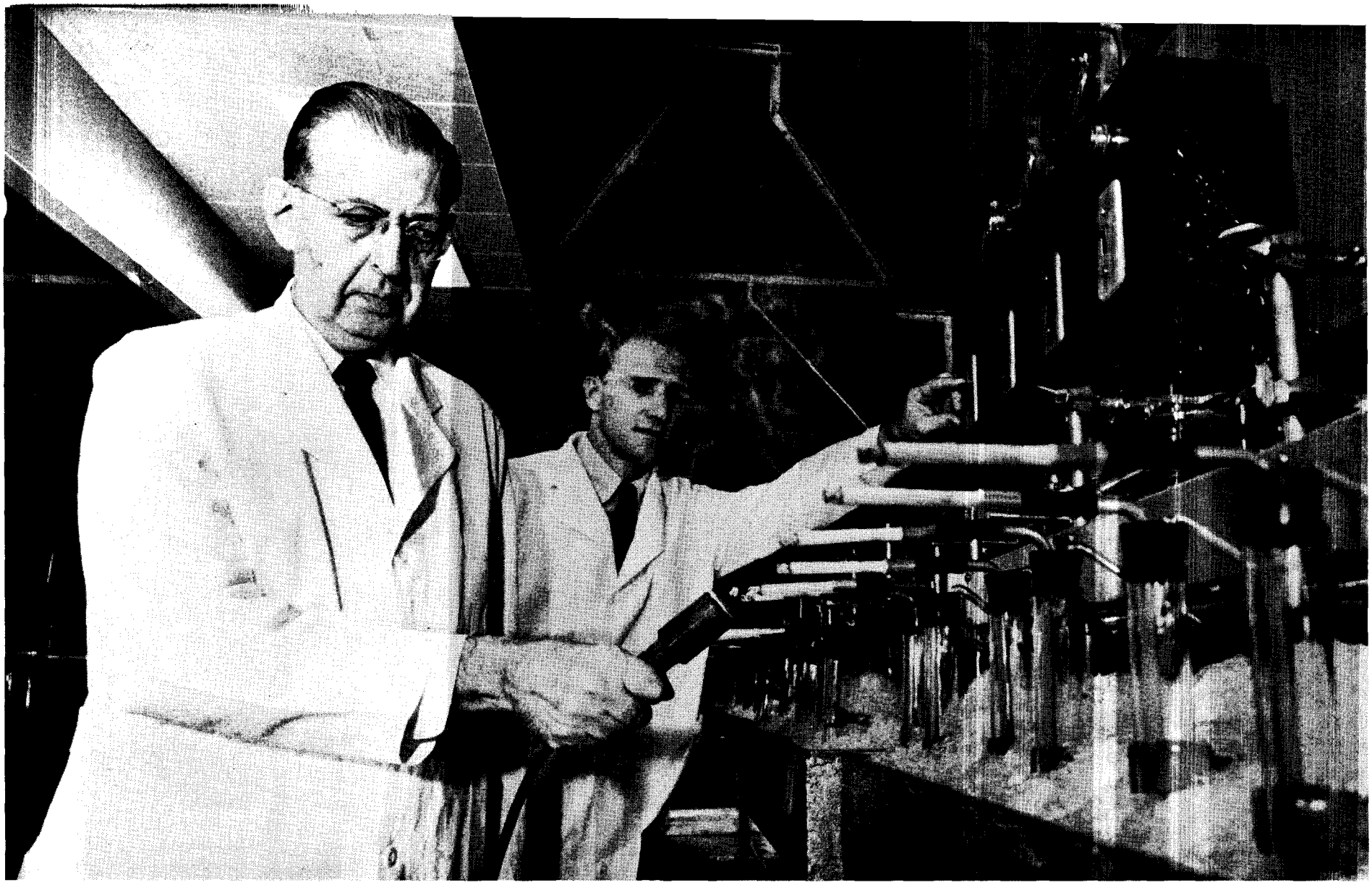

At P. Lorillard research laboratory in Greensboro, N.C., Drs. Clifford O. Jensen and Alex Spear light up a line of cigarettes in test smoking machine.

withhold their support from other agricultural legislation. As one North Carolina Congressman said, "What do you *expect* me to do? Half of the economy of my state is based on tobacco."

Despite these powerful protectors, however, the more far-sighted tobacco farmers are genuinely worried about the future. In Rockingham County, N.C., for example, Dennis Knight owns 36 acres, of which 12 are allotted to tobacco. He has been letting the others lie fallow, rotating each year. But now he has started hedging his bets: On the acres not planted in tobacco he has taken up dairy farming. "Last fall," he says, "my wife and I drove up through West Virginia and saw those towns where the coal mines have closed down. It was terrible, all those people hanging on the hillsides looking for a miracle so they could make a living again. Now I get nightmares thinking it *could* happen here. This cancer scare could make North Carolina a run-down Tobacco Road again."

But few of the farmers in Rockingham County are as prudent as Dennis Knight, and they are the despair of Horace Hux, the dedicated young county agent for the Department of Agriculture. Hux has been pleading with them for years to protect their future with something other than tobacco. For the most part, however, they are stubbornly settling down to ride out the storm, expecting it to blow over like so many others they have weathered in the past. Until it does they are cutting back on their spending for clothes, new equipment and other nonessentials; and these economies—coupled with the layoffs and cutbacks among factory workers in the towns—have set off an economic chain reaction that seriously threatens the merchants of the region.

"*Our* stores haven't been hurt so far because people have to buy food, and they'll try to save pennies with us," said John Apple, a supermarket executive in Reidsville, N.C., "but the little country stores out in the county are really suffering." In Belk's department store a clerk said, "We deal in clothing, and with the farmers scared and the workers here cut back to four days' work instead of five, they don't have much money left over for clothing after they've bought food. Let's hope it gets back to normal soon. Heaven help this section if it doesn't." Among the hardest hit are the local appliance stores. "We've had a drastic drop in applications to buy things on time," said Clay Murray, executive secretary of the Reidsville Merchants Bureau and head of the town's credit and collection agency. "And we're having a lot of trouble collecting bills for doctors and dentists. I really don't think people are hurting too much yet—but they sure are apprehensive."

"We licked James I"

In the cigarette companies themselves, attitudes range from defiant bravado to genuine concern for the public welfare. "We licked an English king, James I, when he attacked the use of tobacco in 1604," said one executive, "and I think we can lick the United States Government today." But 99 percent of the industry's top brass are willing to cooperate with the Government and with medical authorities. Most officials agree with the man who said, "I'm still not convinced by the surgeon general's report that cigarettes are the cause of lung cancer and other diseases. The report is filled with discrepancies and unanswered questions. But I'm willing to do everything in my power and to spend every cent we possibly can for research to produce what the Government and the doctors will consider a safer cigarette."

Although all six of the big companies have had research programs under way for some time in their own well-staffed and well-equipped laboratories, there was a period of confused vacillation before the attitude of many officials hardened into the present concentration on the search for a safer cigarette. In the first dark days after release of the surgeon general's report on January 11, scientists friendly to the industry made the usual rebuttals, pointing out that the Government's report involved no new research but was merely a compilation of old reports, and claiming that there is just as much evidence against air pollution as there is against cigarettes as a cause of lung cancer. There were even a few isolated appeals to prejudice, such as the statement by a South Carolina legislator that all the scientists and doctors on the surgeon general's committee are Northerners and that the report "is just another Yankee attempt to subdue the South."

Next came a period when the industry waited hopefully for the furore to die down, confident that the public would soon forget about the report and resume its normal buying of cigarettes—as the British public had done a few weeks after the shock of a similar report by the Royal College of Physicians in 1962. But the weeks went by and sales in the United States generally continued to drop—in some places as much as 30 percent—right on into spring, although some states reported signs of a slight comeback in March. Moreover, public attacks on the industry continued. In Congress, Sen. John J. Williams of Delaware introduced an amendment to kill the Government's tobacco price-support program on the grounds that another arm of government, the surgeon general's office, had condemned tobacco as injurious to health. Tobacco-bloc senators beat back this attack, but others popped up in state legislatures and city councils. A Committee of the New York State Senate, for example, charged cigarettes with causing "mass murder" and called for "a declaration of war against cigarettes."

Most serious of all for the industry, the Federal Trade Commission proposed a government ruling that every cigarette package be required to carry a printed warning such as: CAUTION: CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO HEALTH. IT MAY CAUSE DEATH FROM CANCER AND OTHER DISEASES. The FTC held hearings on the proposal in March and then began deliberations which are still in progress. All these developments have made the tobacco industry acutely unhappy.

Yet out of all the gloom and despair there have emerged some solid reasons for hope. U.S. Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky turned up the first. Reading the surgeon general's report, he began to wonder if it were not based largely on studies of the old-fashioned nonfilter cigarette, since there had not really been time to compile statistics on death rates among smokers of filter tips, which have only recently come into widespread use. On January 13, just two days after the release of the report, Senator Cooper wrote to the surgeon general, asking, "Is it not correct that the advisory committee made no judgment as to the effect of adding filters to cigarettes?" The following day, January 14, Surgeon General Terry answered Senator Cooper's questions in a letter that was released

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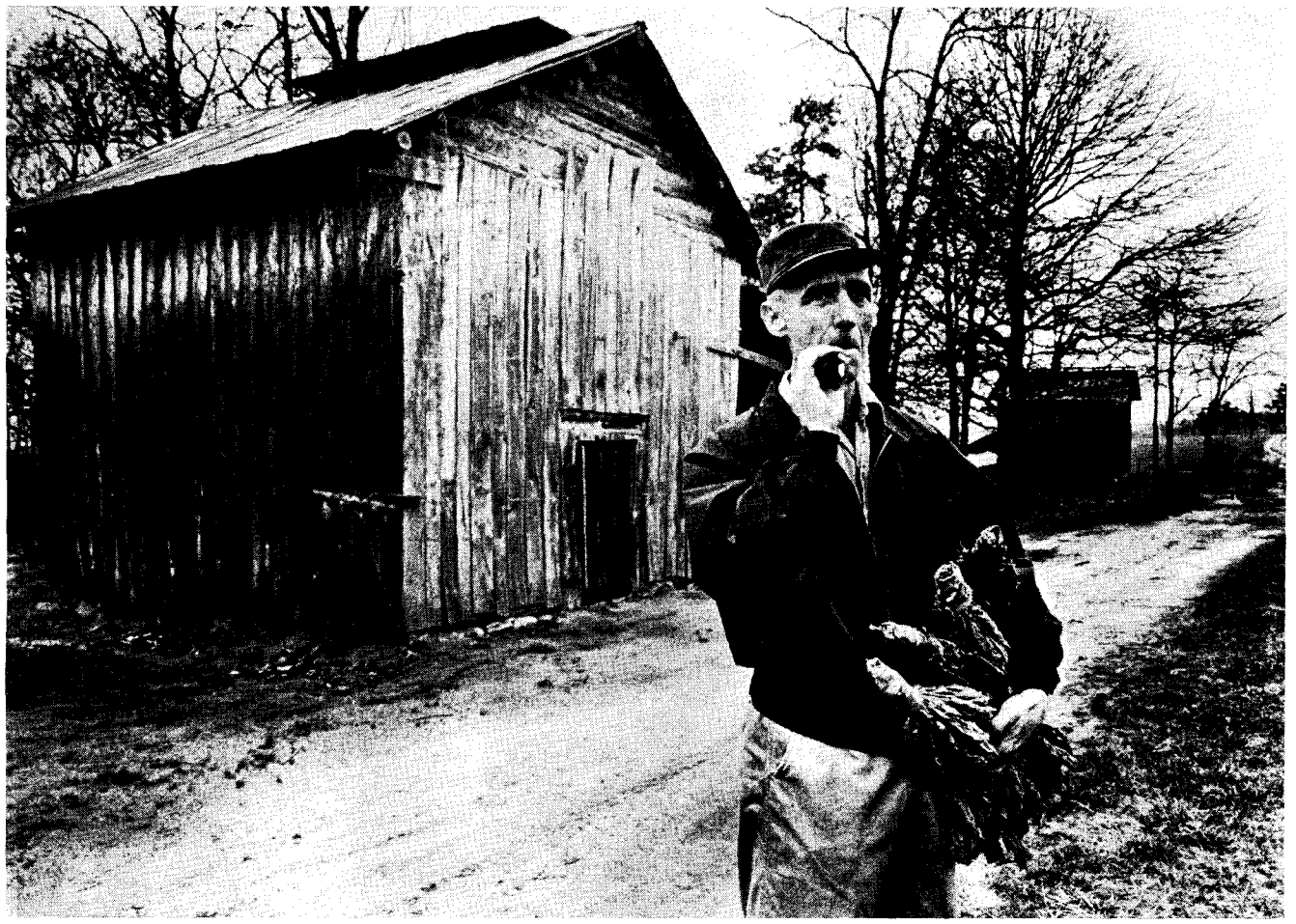

T. S. Butler, North Carolina tobacco farmer, carries cured tobacco from his 100-year-old curing barn.

MOST TOBACCO FARMERS EXPECT THE PRESENT CRISIS TO BLOW OVER.

Safer Cigarette

to the press but was generally overlooked in the hubbub still raging over the report itself. He wrote that "it is erroneous to conclude that cigarette filters have no effect," adding that "filters in common use do remove a variable portion of the tars and nicotines," and that "the committee felt that the development of better filters or more selective filters is a promising avenue for further development."

The next ray of hope for the tobacco industry came from a totally unexpected source—from Dr. Ernest L. Wynder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, a man who had been known for years as one of the most implacable foes of cigarette smoking. It was Doctor Wynder who had helped precipitate the first big cancer scare in the early 1950's when he revealed he had produced thousands of cancers on the backs of mice by painting the animals with concentrates from cigarette smoke. Since then he had made study after study with laboratory animals, all designed to prove the virulence of the cigarette. Citing all his evidence, he had become one of the world's most articulate critics of smoking. On January 24, however, Doctor Wynder made a statement—which also was lost in the turmoil surrounding the surgeon general's report—in which he said that the development of less harmful cigarettes was entirely possible. "Some elements in the tobacco industry have already made good progress in developing safer cigarettes," he added.

A third major boost to the industry came on January 31, when the American Medical Association announced that it was taking up where the surgeon general's committee left off. "Our purpose," the A.M.A. said, "is to find what in the tobacco is harmful, the mechanism of injury and what can be done to remove it." The tobacco people, jubilant at this indication that the A.M.A. felt something could be done, contributed $10 million to the research project.

But perhaps the most important note of hope was found in, of all places, the surgeon general's report itself. The report had made it clear that the removal of tars and nicotines from cigarettes was not enough. It explained that there are gases in cigarette smoke, such as hydrogen cyanide and acetaldehyde, that cripple the body's own cleansing mechanism in the respiratory tract, thus allowing cancer-causing substances to lodge in the bronchial tissue instead of being carried away. For this cleansing, the body relies on millions of little hairlike protuberances in the respiratory tract, called cilia, which beat back and forth like oars in an ancient slave galley. The rhythmic beat of the cilia moves the mucus upward, carrying with it all debris from the lungs, until both mucus and debris can be swallowed harmlessly or spat out. Cigarette smoking is known to slow down the beat of the cilia and even to eliminate many of them altogether. But, said the surgeon general's report, scientists have recently opened an important line of investigation concerning the gases that inhibit or destroy the cilia. In what probably is its only positive finding, the report states, "It has been reported that a filter containing special carbon granules removed gaseous constituents which depress ciliary activity."

This one cheerful little sentence has touched off what promises to be the biggest and most expensive marketing war in cigarette history, a war that is already being labeled The Great Charcoal Derby. First out of the starting gate was Liggett & Myers with its new Lark cigarette. The company began its research into cilia inhibition several years ago when it engaged the noted pharmacologist, Dr. Charles J. Kensler of the Arthur D. Little research organization in Cambridge, Mass. As a result, the Lark— with an activated charcoal-granule filter sandwiched between two conventional filters—was already on the market when the surgeon general's report was released.

Charcoal success story

Lark took off in sales like nothing the industry had seen in many years. Within a few weeks of the report's release, it zoomed from nowhere to a place among the top-selling cigarettes. In some areas, it was the No. 1 cigarette in February and March. It is one of the few brands that have run counter to the generally downward sales trend since the surgeon general's report. Another is the American Tobacco Company's new Carlton, which features low tar and nicotine content and which works on a different principle, removing most of the smoke with air holes in the paper and then using specially treated charcoal not so much to take out gases as to add aromatic flavor.

Liggett & Myers, like all the other cigarette companies, is prohibited by a 1960 Federal Trade Commission ruling from making any health claims for its products, but it had a lucky break with the Lark. Dr. Louis F. Fieser, one of the 10 scientists on the surgeon general's advisory committee and a professor of chemistry at Harvard, was interviewed on January 21 by *The Harvard Crimson*, the university's student paper. Doctor Fieser was asked what he smoked. "Larks," he said, and added that, "this filter represents a definite encouraging advance." Thousands of reprints of the college-paper interview thereupon appeared all over the country—and Lark was on its way. It will not have the field to itself for very long, however. P. Lorillard's new York Filters, Brown & Williamson's new Avalon, and the new Multifilter Philip Morris—all with activated charcoal-granule filters and each claiming additional features which supposedly make it superior to the Lark—have been test-marketed and are ready to enter the Charcoal Derby.

But is charcoal the real answer to the industry's problem? Even Doctor Kensler, the scientific father of the Lark, does not think so. "It's just a start," he says. "The encouraging thing is that we proved that the gases are harmful and that we found a way of selectively pulling them out of the smoke, instead of just removing part of the whole smoke, which is what the purely mechanical fiber filter does. The next step is to find other harmful components and selectively remove them with other filtering materials. We may end up with five or six different filters on a cigarette."

Dr. Ernest Wynder goes even further in his predictions. "I still think the best thing is not to smoke at all," he says, "but since most people are going to continue the habit, we must come up with a safer cigarette, which I'm convinced we can do. The less harmful cigarette will be designed with a multiple approach. We can use strains of tobacco that have less hazardous substances in them, we can use less hazardous methods of curing tobacco, we can use finer cuts of tobacco for more complete combustion, we can find better mechanical filters to remove particles, and we can add as many filters as necessary for selective removal of gases and other dangerous materials."

Doctor Wynder himself is experimenting with a new filter that is based on his theory that the Turkish water pipe is the safest way to smoke, because so many potentially dangerous substances dissolve in the water as they bubble through. He traps droplets of water with glycerine in a fiber filter, which thus remains moist and effectively takes out such smoke components as acids, aldehydes and phenols. A major chemical company is adapting Wynder's filter for commercial development, and it is not unlikely that the 1965-model cigarettes will have water filters added to the charcoal and others.

With all this encouragement from unexpected sources, the tobacco industry is finally recovering from its January 11 shock. No longer disposed to deny or debate the cancer problem, it is now pinning its hopes for continued prosperity on the search for a safer cigarette. And it is getting help from government officials such as North Carolina's dynamic young Gov. Terry Sanford, who says, "We need research, research and more research. It is inconceivable to me that a nation which is planning to put a man on the moon can't identify the dangerous substances in tobacco and remove them."

Even the farmers are showing renewed optimism. "Something good will come out of all this trouble," says T. S. Butler of Rockingham County. "Now the scientists will find the cause of the health trouble and eliminate it, and we'll be able to grow something that will be safe for the public and which they'll still enjoy."

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Tobacco growers can also rejoice in the fact that Ernest Wynder and other top scientists have already determined that such proposed tobacco substitutes as lettuce, spinach and petunia leaves produce even more cancer-inducing substances than tobacco when they are made into cigarettes and lighted. They lack only nicotine, which is habituating but not particularly harmful and which gives tobacco its pleasant tranquilizing effect.

At the cigarette companies themselves, the research director has become king. In Richmond, Philip Morris's Dr. Helmut Wakeham presides over a new million-dollar glass-and-steel laboratory so handsome it is mistaken by visitors for one of the city's college buildings. In Louisville, Brown & Williamson's Dr. Robert Griffin is allowed to grow acres of miniature tobacco plants indoors in his quest for new, safer strains. In New York, P. Lorillard's Dr. Harris B. Parmele, developer of the Kent and the new York Filters, is consulted on major policy decisions.

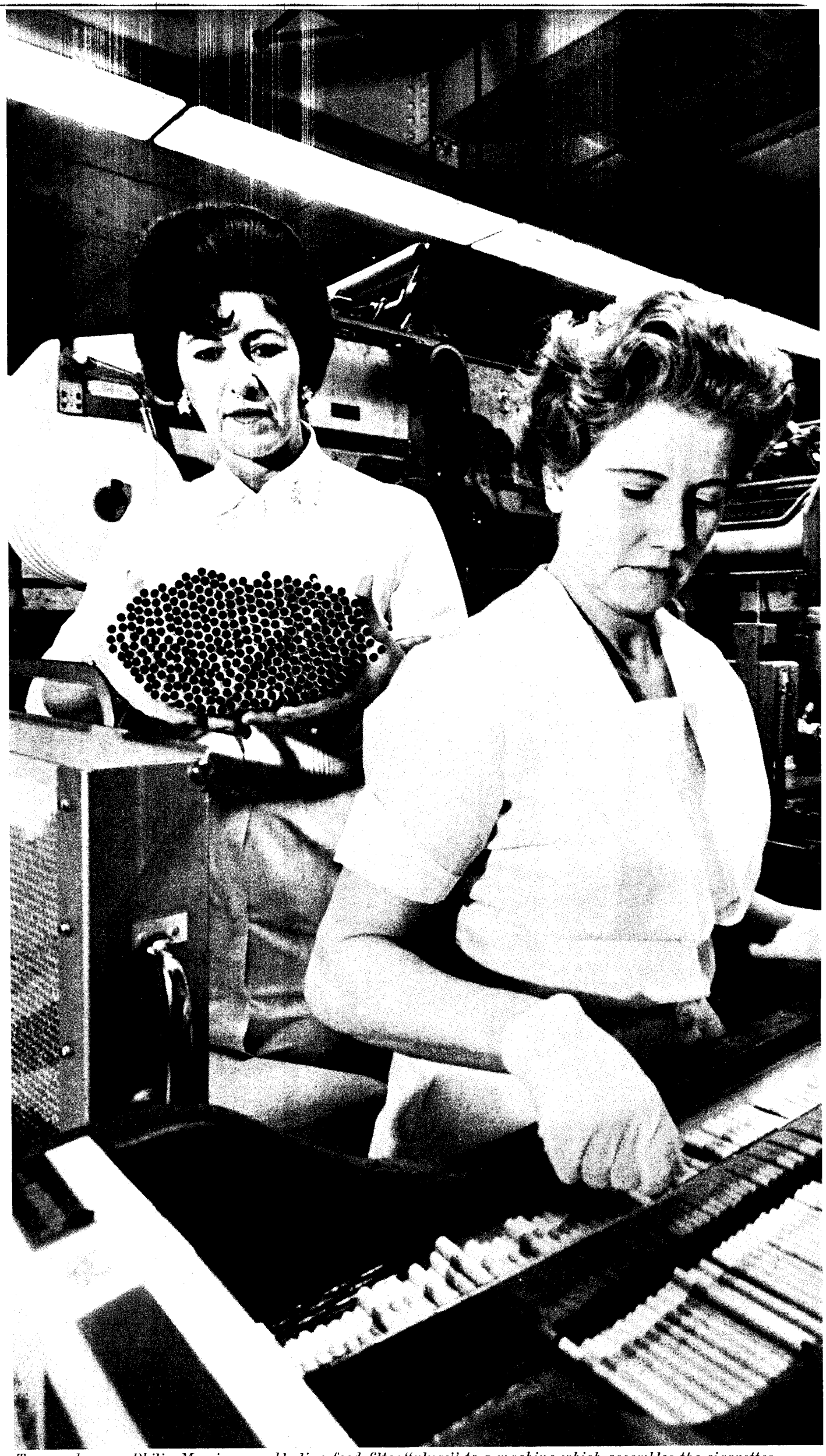
From top to bottom the industry is in transition. Changes are being made in the automated, supermodern factory machines that turn out 1,600 cigarettes a minute. Other changes are under way down on the farm, where tobacco growers still use 100-year-old log curing barns that look exactly like the backwoods cabin where Abraham Lincoln was born.

Even long-standing advertising policies are changing. R. J. Reynolds, for example, is planning to withdraw all spot radio commercials from disc-jockey shows after three P.M. and on weekends, when schoolchildren would hear them; it has withdrawn all advertising from campus publications and ceased all promotional activity in colleges; it will no longer use models younger than 25 in its ads; and it is dropping the theme that virility goes with smoking, replacing he-man actors in some ads with inanimate objects such as a simple pack of Winston cigarettes. Other companies carry this theme even further, using ads that feature cross sections of their new filters in the matter-of-fact style of a scientific drawing.

It is safe to predict that within a year or two many of the famous old cigarette names will have disappeared, to be replaced by successful new brands whose names haven't even been thought up yet. With the old brand names will also go much of the gracious, 18th-century flavor of the companies, for they are all diversifying or planning to diversify these days. Visitors to the Philip Morris offices in New York, for example, can see by the exhibits in the reception room that the company is engaged in making not only cigarettes but also chewing gum, razor blades, transparent food wrappings, shaving cream, men's toilet articles and industrial adhesives.

Recently an old-time tobacco-company executive entertained a caller in his office. In a rich southern accent he spoke of his boyhood days on a tobacco farm and of his long climb to the top of his company. And when he discussed the surgeon general's report, it was with a genuine concern for the public welfare.

But then he picked up a pack of the old-brand-name cigarettes which his company still makes, though its sales have dwindled in recent years and fallen off precipitously since January 11. "You know," he said, "these will be gone soon, and I've been smoking them, man and boy, for over fifty years. I'll miss them. But I guess I'll have to reconcile myself to the fact that this industry will never be the same again." THE END



Two workers on Philip Morris assembly line feed filter "plugs" to a machine which assembles the cigarettes

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Pool's new image: Pianist Peter Duchin gives singer Paula Wayne some pointers on the game during a previewing of posh new billiards room at Manhattan's Café Nicholson.

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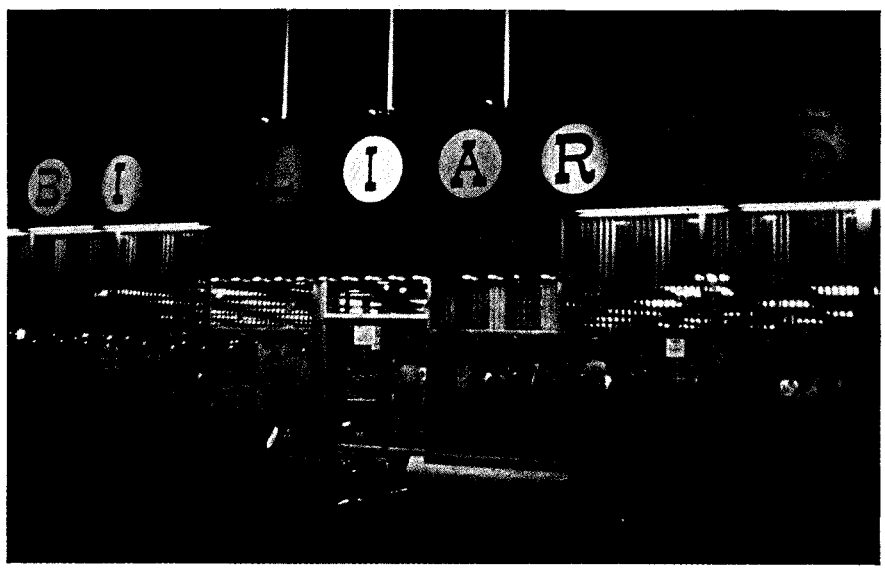
Pool Anyone? R.S.V.P.

ONE OF MAN'S LAST SANCTUARIES HAS FALLEN. POOL IS GOING RESPECTABLE.

GIRLS TAKE THE CUE



No old-time pool hall ever looked like this: the glittering Golden Q *in New York City.*

By DAVID L. GOODRICH

Photographs by ORMOND GIGLI

The speakers are two small boys who inhabit the comic strip *Peanuts:*

First Boy: "Our recreation room is really jumping these days. As soon as all the mothers get their kids off to school they gather at our house and play pool with my mother."

Second Boy: "How does your dad feel about this?"

First Boy: "I don't think he approves. He says, 'Why can't women stay in the bowling alleys where they belong?'"

Credit these two young thinkers with recognizing the newest boomlet in recreation. The word from the basement game room, the bowling alley and the billiard lounge is that pool is back and the girls have come with it. Across the nation, women are playing the game in shiny new establishments with names like Kue and Karom, Side Pockets Recreation Center, Mr. & Mrs. Cue Ball. These pleasure palaces bear no resemblance to the dimly lit, malodorous pool halls of old. Muzak, not cigar smoke, now fills the air; potted plants have replaced spittoons. The floors are carpeted, the windows large, the fluorescent light bright, the tables no longer covered with the traditional green, but with gold, gray-beige, blue, tangerine. Old-time pool-hall hustlers shun these places as though they were booby-trapped, with the result that even the most fainthearted matron feels right at home as she squints down the cue through her rimless bifocals.

The resurgence of pool is closely tied to that of bowling, another formerly popular pastime that also fell into disrepute in the '30's and '40's. When the bowling revival began, in the early '50's, a handful of proprietors installed pool tables in their newly built centers more or less as an afterthought, hoping to earn a few dollars from bowlers who were waiting for lanes. Ten tables could be installed for the cost of one lane and maintenance costs were minimal. To the pleased surprise of the proprietors, the tables drew heavy traffic. Additional tables were installed to meet demand: In some cases, inactive lanes were removed to make way for them. Modernized, decorator-colored equipment was introduced in 1960, and progress ever since has been upward.

In dollars-and-cents terms, pool is small when compared with such outdoor sports as golf, hunting and fishing, and boating—but it's growing. Industry sources say sales of commercial tables and equipment totaled roughly $20 million in 1963; they expect an increase of about 25 percent in 1964. Home table sales were also about $20 million last year, but one company predicts a 100 percent rise in home business in '64. Some 1,000 new pool emporiums opened last year, and this year's hoped-for total is even higher.

A good deal of promotional push has furthered these gains. Proprietors have set up special programs for women—free lessons, free coffee. They have held press conferences, organized leagues, and, in states where necessary, phoned mothers to find out whether Junior is over the legal age of 18. After mother confirms that Junior is indeed eligible, the smart proprietor invites her down to watch her son play—and perhaps to shoot a game herself on the house. She usually grasps the basic idea behind the game of pool quickly enough: You hit the white cue ball with the cue, causing it to knock the other balls into the pockets; and you keep on knocking them in until you miss, at which point your opponent starts knocking them in.

Pool's promoters realize they have inherited an image problem. A number of Americans share the opinion of *The Music Man's* Professor Harold Hill—that pool means "trouble, right here in River City." Pool halls, they suspect, are magnets for gangsters, idlers, juvenile delinquents. In more than one community the bluenosed elements have made it abundantly plain that they want no part of pool, no matter how glossy and updated its wrapping.

One example was provided not long ago in the New York suburb of Hempstead, Long Island. At hearings of the town's Board of Zoning Appeals, housewives aired their reactions to a proposed new-style pool parlor. One lady, who said she had formed her opinions from reading the newspapers, characterized The Pool Hall as "a place where narcotics has been purchased, marijuana, where possibly there are illicit arrangements made." Another said, "It would mean there would be people loitering, and I have a lot of fear, and that's why I don't like it. It's a big fear."

The boosters are trying to put an end to this kind of thinking. They point out that some 500 colleges and universities have pool tables in their recreation rooms—as do many industries and hospitals—and the game is played in community and youth centers, men's clubs, and Y.M.C.A.s. They also note that it has long been a favorite of millionaires, kings and presidents. (George Washington, John Quincy Adams and Woodrow Wilson—to name just three—were players of billiards, pool's pocketless first cousin.) More and more, the makers of such products as beer, soft drinks and men's wear are using pool-playing situations in their advertisements. Even the impeccably undressed Maidenform-bra lady, who often visits opera houses and art galleries, has been photographed in a pool hall. "I dreamed I took the cue . . ." she says as she lines up a tricky combination shot. The ad has caused some snickers in knowledgeable pool circles—not because of the lady's attire but because she is holding the cue all wrong.

Occasionally, a pool partisan gets carried away in talking about the game. Not long ago a New York poolroom owner declared in an interview that students at Oxford and Cambridge are required to take a course in billiards. When a listener expressed surprise, the proprietor offered this explanation: "Those places train diplomats, see? When a diplomat goes to dinner with a maharajah or something, they play afterwards, with the brandy and cigars. If the diplomat doesn't know pool, he rates as a dope."

The new concept of pool is getting a hard sell these days from the Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America, an organization with more than 300 members in 32 states. The B.R.P.A.A. calls itself a "partisan in the continuing fight against juvenile delinquency," and says its goals include "greater stature and public acceptance for the sport" and "greater standing and prestige in the Community for the Room Proprietor."

Since its founding in 1961, the B.R.P.A.A. has sponsored two world championship tournaments, the first since 1955. The week-long competitions, held in a ballroom in New York's Commodore Hotel, were exciting, well-attended and almost painfully decorous, with tuxedo-clad referees intoning the scores, and the players—also formally dressed—padding around the tables in silent concentration. The winner both years was a gray-haired 45-year-old from North Carolina named Luther (Wimpy) Lassiter. Is Lassiter a hustler in the wicked old tradition? Not at all. He learned the game, says the B.R.P.A.A., at the Y.M.C.A.

Also busily promoting pool are the various equipment manufacturers, notably the Brunswick Corp., of Chicago, and Superior Industries Corp., of West Haven, Conn., the country's largest makers, respectively, of commercial and home tables. Brunswick urges billiard-room proprietors "to remember you are connected with a dignified business. . . . See that all your employees are neat and clean; clean linen—clean shave. . . . Be a 'regular fellow.'" The company has hired a number of championship-status players, including Jimmy Caras and Willie Mosconi, as consultants, and sends them on exhibition tours.

On the road, Mosconi makes a point of saying women can shoot pool just as well as men. Many male enthusiasts, while admitting that women can get reasonably proficient, insist that few, if any, will ever become top-flight pool players. "Women haven't got the interest and patience to put in the hours of practice needed," one billiard-room proprietor says. "They took to bowling because it's easy—you just roll the ball, and even if it winds up in the gutter, it's fun. But pool is a lot more involved."

Also involved is the question of what girls should wear as they make long reaches and deep bends across the billiard table. The rules of the game require that players keep one foot on the floor at all times—which can put a strain on the stretchiest of stretch pants. On more elegant occasions, the new decolleté evening dresses bring more style to certain shots than male players can manage.

The idea of women invading a male sanctuary seems to gall some men. "Let's face it," one heated-up New Yorker said recently, "women aren't as good as men at *anything*. Who do you think the Waldorf hires for chefs?"

But pool's supporters are pressing on their campaign to make it a family-style

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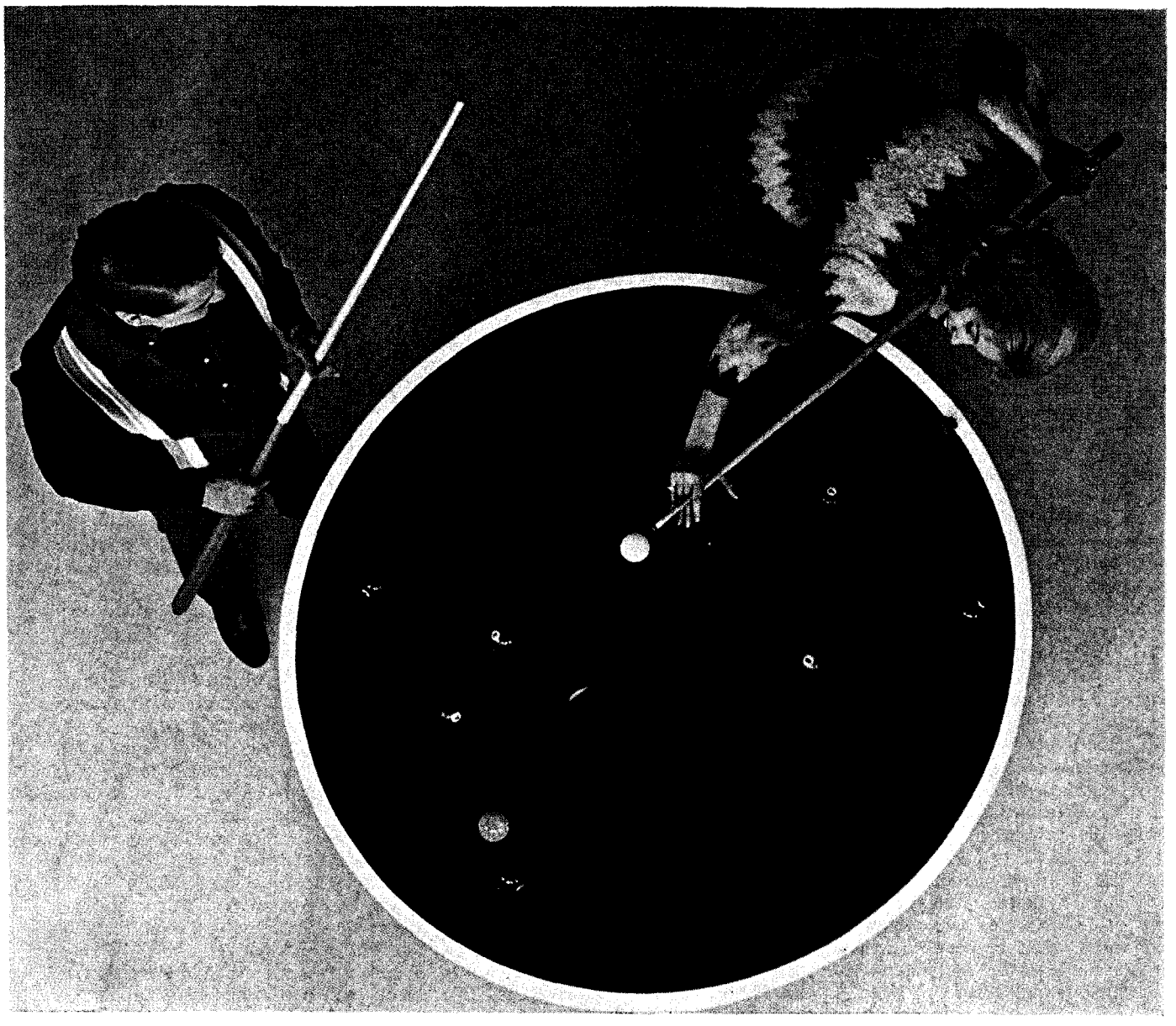
NEW SHAPES, NEW COLORS, NEW PLAYERS DOMINATE THE REBIRTH OF POOL — ER, THAT IS, BILLIARDS.

Vast Golden Q *pool hall is furnished with 41 multi-hued, 4½-by-9-foot tables.*



New elliptical pool table demands all traditional skills, adds new challenge.

Girls Take the Cue

game. They are particularly concerned about the treatment it sometimes gets on television and in the movies. In the past it has been the Cagneys, Rafts and Robinsons who have been shown chalking cues; the time has come, it's felt, to let some of the good guys have a turn at the table. Some progress has been made on this front. Brunswick supplied a table for *The Defenders*, and E. G. Marshall and his TV son, Robert Reed, discussed a case to the accompaniment of clicking balls. Lovable, respectable Chester and his friend Doc, of *Gunsmoke*, have taken up the game. Good guys Richard Boone and Raymond Massey, of *Have Gun, Will Travel* and *Dr. Kildare*, have played before the cameras.

Ironically, a film about the seamy side of life in the pool halls is credited with creating much valuable publicity. This was *The Hustler*, starring Jackie Gleason as Minnesota Fats. Because of its subject matter, some supporters of pool feared that the film would hurt the game's image. Instead, it helped, dramatizing the near-hypnotic fascination of the action and rekindling interest in men who hadn't played for years. "My business nearly doubled right after the picture was released," one proprietor reports. "Gleason did us a real favor."

To upgrade pool, the game's boosters are rewriting its terminology. They insist that its rightful name is "pocket billiards." "As far as we're concerned," a Brunswick man says, "pool means swimming." In industry press releases a player doesn't "shoot pool"—he "wields a cue." The 112-page *Official Rule Book* of the Billiard Congress of America, the game's governing body, uses the offensive word not at all, not even in its nine-page "Glossary of Billiard Terms." In this tome the cozy old game of Boy Meets Girl—which was specially devised to provide a favorable handicap for women players—has been repackaged for family consumption, and emerges with the new name of "Mr. and Mrs. Pocket Billiards."

In some parts of the country the renaissance of pool has also brought about the rewriting of laws that governed age requirements and operating hours in the game's bad old days. Until the fall of 1963, for example, pool was outlawed in public premises throughout Texas. In Massachusetts, until 1962, the law prohibited pool-playing on Sundays, but allowed bowling. Sunday pool is now legal.

The pool promoters are hoping for changes in other states and cities. In Tennessee, players under 21 must get written permission from both parents for each visit to a pool hall. In Detroit a man who wants to open a pool parlor must conduct a house-to-house canvass and get permission from 65 percent of the residents living within 1,000 feet of his establishment—and there cannot be a church, school or library within the same neighborhood area.

Despite their problems, pool's friends foresee a glowing future. Further modernization of equipment is under way: "Personal" cues, in a variety of weights, lengths and colors, are on sale; an elliptical table will soon be marketed, to offer new challenges to addicts. (The table was invented by a college senior; it has only one pocket, which is set not against the curved cushion, but near the table's center.) New billiard rooms are planned, some furnished in Gay '90's style with overstuffed furniture and chandeliers. Tables will start appearing in apartment buildings, hotels, motels, airports, even fallout shelters. (In the last department, the pacesetter is a gentleman named Hoyt Wooten, of Memphis, Tenn. In addition to a pool table, Mr. Wooten's $155,000, 52-person foxhole also contains a morgue.) And, just possibly, a female player of true greatness may be discovered, to take her place alongside the male champions. At the moment, one of the most promising girl players just happens to be, wonder of wonders, a Playboy Club bunny.

"She shows real promise," says one pool promoter who has observed the young lady stretching to make the tough shots. "Fantastic, the appeal she gives to the game." THE END

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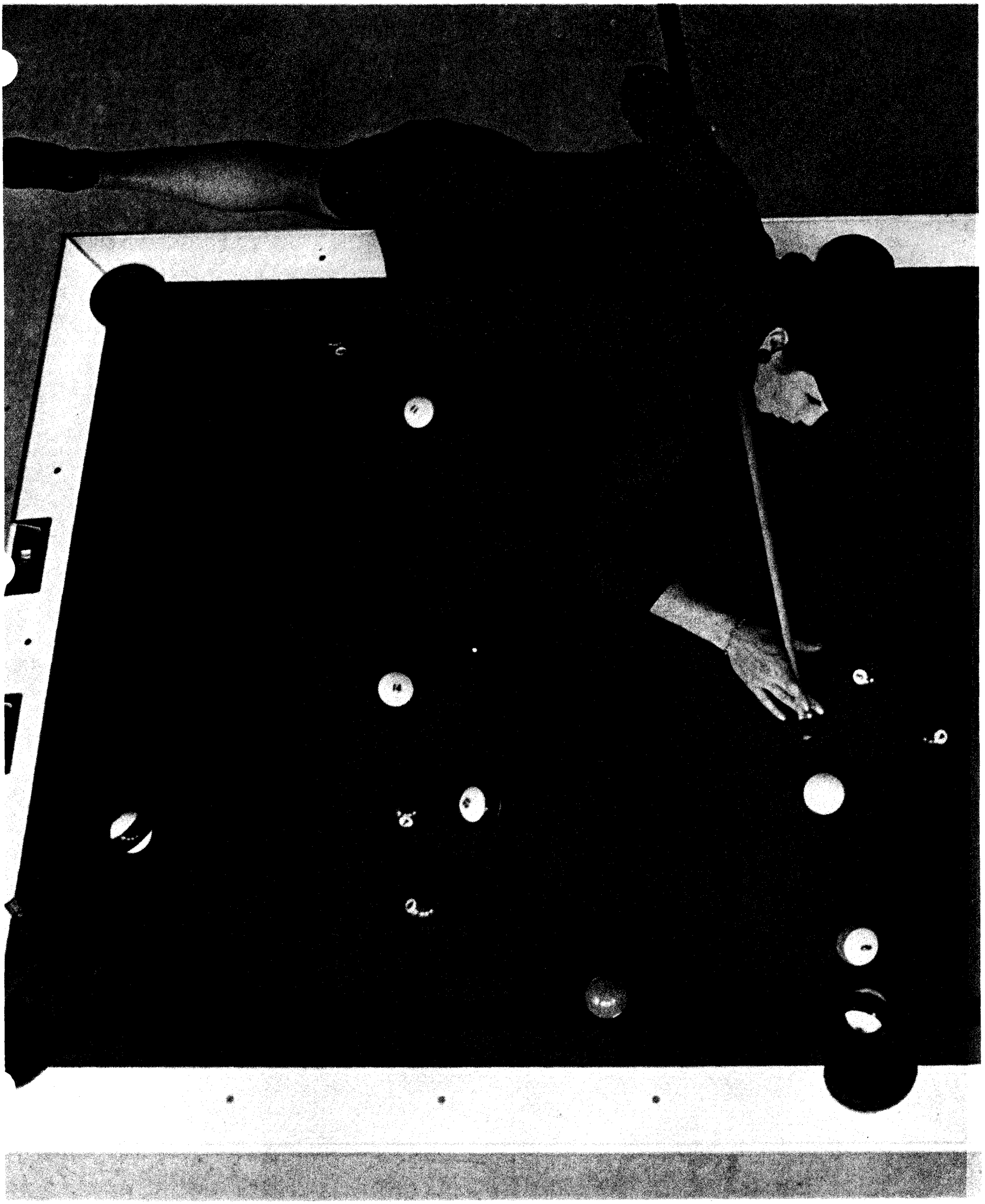

With one foot planted firmly on the floor (as the rules require) and the other waving daintily astern, one of pool's initiates gets ready to make a relatively easy side-pocket shot.

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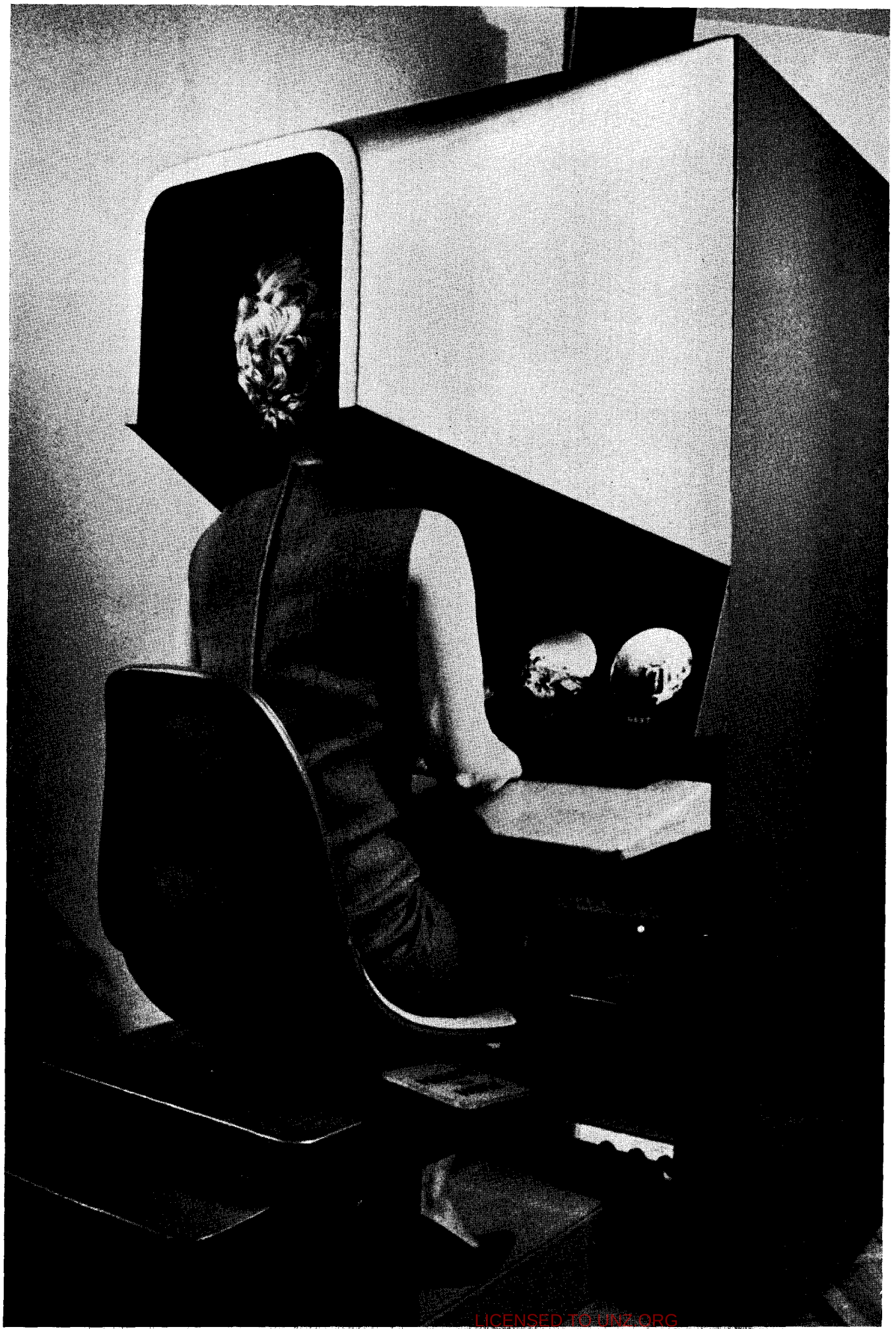
By Lewis H. Lapham

THE FEELY IS HERE

IT MAY RESEMBLE A HAIR DRYER, BUT A NEW MACHINE OFFERS 3-D MOVIES THAT PROVIDE SOUNDS, SMELLS AND SENSATIONS.



In his novel, *Brave New World*, the late Aldous Huxley imagined a world of the future in which an ultramodern theater would present an evening's divertissement advertised as follows: "THREE WEEKS IN A HELICOPTER. AN ALL-SUPER-SINGING, SYNTHETIC-TALKING, COLORED, STEREOSCOPIC FEELY. WITH SYNCHRONIZED SCENT-ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT."

The spectators in Huxley's theater, confronted with gigantic, three-dimensional images of a man and woman, felt them kiss or suffer pain. The helicopter whirled in sickening circles through the sky. The scent organ supplied odors of musk, lavender and new-mown hay.

Writing in 1931 and intending his book as an ironic commentary on what he considered wretched tendencies in modern civilization, Huxley presupposed various grotesque machines as examples of 20th-century technology gone berserk. Although helicopters had not yet been invented and the movies had hardly begun to talk, Huxley lived to see his most improbable fancies developed into banal facts.

His irony escaped the notice of the eager entrepreneurs who, all through the 1950's, brought out approximations of the feely movie under such trademarks as 3-D, Cinerama, AromaRama, Smell-o-Vision and Todd A-O. It remained only for Morton L. Heilig of Long Beach, Long Island, to combine the several aspects of these different techniques into a single machine: the Sensorama Simulator. Resembling a monstrous hair dryer and operating on the principle of a peep show in a penny arcade, the Simulator stands six feet high, measures 30 inches across and six feet deep, is painted cerulean blue and, of all the devices yet invented, most closely corresponds to Huxley's idea of the feely. If properly cared for, it shows a three-dimensional film, broadcasts stereophonic sound, manufactures gale winds or gentle breezes, exudes pleasant smells and shakes with dreadful vibrations.

Heilig, known to his friends as "Mortie," let loose the Sensorama Simulator on the world last month in a series of demonstrations aimed at persuading prospective buyers to install the machine in hotel lobbies, airline terminals, shopping centers, bars and bowling alleys. Mortie conducted the demonstrations in a Greenwich Village apartment bleakly furnished with low-slung chairs, abstract sculpture, books on Zen Buddhism and, gurgling ominously in the center of the room, the devilish Simulator.

Only one person at a time can look into the machine. The spectator—Mortie has a whimsical habit of calling him "the victim"—sits in a red chair, firmly grasps the controls and peers through what look like binoculars. Demonstrations last about 12 minutes. The first sequence imitates the sensation of riding on a motorcycle in

Gladys Weisenthal, the sister of inventor Heilig, peers into Sensorama Simulator.

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When exotic dancer Noga Lord gyrates on film, perfume wafts from feely machine.

traffic; the second of being present in the same room with a belly dancer.

The motorcycle ride begins with a ghastly lurch. The film suddenly places the spectator in the position of a man driving at an irresponsible rate of speed across Brooklyn Bridge. Exhaust fumes blow in his face. The red chair rocks back and forth with a deafening roar.

Among all the representatives of corporate industry who attended the demonstrations, none expressed the effect of the ride more graphically than Alfred Jennings, a publicity man for a gas company. "I nearly threw up," he said.

Watching the same film, Mrs. Estelle Brill—she and her husband, Malcolm Brill, are friends of Mortie—shouted as the motorcycle seemed to slam through a sudden turn. "Be careful," she yelled. Her body stiffened and her right foot groped for an imagined brake on the floor. She arose from the machine with a dazed expression in her eyes. "I feel as though I've been away," she said, and then, as the further possibilities of the Simulator dawned upon her, she added, "Good Lord, you could experience skiing without bothering with all that nasty snow, all those boots and things."

Which remark, of course, precisely defines Heilig's fondest hopes and dreams. A pale and imaginative man of 37, born in the Bronx and educated at the University of Chicago, he once nurtured the ambition of becoming a painter or an architect. His reddish beard and his lean face give him the appearance of an elegant but hungry poet. He began work on his machine eight years ago. "I wanted to make films that would look exactly like the world around me," he said. "I was bored with a flat image on a flat screen."

In 1958, having become possessed with the notion of a feely movie, he wrote to universities, to motion-picture companies and to the U.S. Government, trying to raise financial backing for his "film of the future." In the interim he directed and photographed documentary films for NBC television. One producer for that network remembered him as "brilliant but wild-eyed . . . a creative genius but not an easy guy to work with." On one occasion when Mortie was presented with the technical problem of filming a fall from a building, he suggested heaving the camera out the window.

Receiving no encouragement and no money for his bizarre idea for a feely movie, Heilig had just about given up hope of realizing it when, in the spring of 1963, his sister introduced him to John B. Miller of White Plains, N.Y. A serious young man of 32, Miller is the grandson of a founder of a chain of department stores. Impressed with Heilig's idea, Miller raised $150,000 for the construction of the first and, as yet, the only Sensorama Simulator in the world. "I believe in the machine," Miller said. "My family believes in the machine, my wife believes in the machine, and we are sophisticated people; we do not trifle with gimmicks."

He sees two commercial uses for the machine, either as a sales-promotion device for large corporations or as a coin-operated amusement. To the executives sent to look at the machine on behalf of banks, airlines, soap manufacturers, gas companies, railroads and other industrial or financial concerns, Miller and Heilig talked up the Simulator as a means of displaying the product. "You can show brochures to people forever," Mortie said to the enthusiastic Mr. Jennings, "but with the Simulator . . . ah, my friend, with the Simulator, anything is possible."

He conjured up visions of employing the Simulator at trade fairs or conventions, of automobile manufacturers taking people on cross-country road races in their latest cars, of travel agents showing travelers the differences between the beach at Cannes and the beach at Acapulco, complete with local smells and bird noises. "The only problem with it," he said, "is that having seen Paris in the machine, some cheap skate may just go home to his wife and not buy a ticket."

With dealers in jukeboxes Mortie took a different approach. To Al Denver, president of the New York City chapter of Music Operators of America, Inc., he said, "Think what it could mean to old ladies and cripples, people that never go anywhere. We could film a bobsled run or water-skiing, sky-diving or an underwater scene with sharks."

Although everybody who saw the machine applauded the alarming reality of the motorcycle ride, opinion with regard to the belly dancer remained ambiguous. The sequence opens with the hero of the demonstration film, a character named Caspar Inglefinger, staring wistfully at his secretary. The narrator then says, "With Sensorama you can also travel into the region of your wildest fantasy."

Whereupon, to the sound of flutes and tambourines, the secretary is abruptly transformed into a slave girl, and Caspar Inglefinger into a Turkish sultan. As she dances, beckoning toward the camera and jingling her pagan bracelets, the machine exudes the thick scents of jasmine and hibiscus. A hot wind, suggestive of a sirocco blowing off the desert, troubles her skirts. The camera then places the onlooker in the position of the fortunate Inglefinger, striding confidently toward the gratification of his desire.

Mrs. Brill, who saw the film before her husband, tapped him on the shoulder as he sat entranced at the machine, fiddling with the controls to bring the picture into clearer focus. "That's enough, Malcolm," she said. "I think we can go home now."

Several men, noticing that they seemed to be "a part of the picture," admitted their embarrassment. "I had to avert my eyes," said a florid man wearing a hand-painted tie. "I kept saying to myself 'Maxie, this isn't real.'"

Others, however, complained because they expected more than the Simulator could offer. A man in a baggy suit disengaged himself from the machine with a look of keen disappointment on his small and narrow face. "No flesh?" he inquired. "No tactile sensations?"

"It's only a prototype," Heilig explained, apologetically. "We have a long way to go."

Heilig's machine achieves the illusion of reality with an arrangement of lenses through which the spectator looks directly at the film, thus eliminating the need for a screen. The breezes, vibrations and chemical smells—manufactured by the Fragrance Process Co. of New York—are governed by electronic circuits that cause them to increase or subside in exact synchronization with the visual image.

Although he concedes that certain improvements remain to be made—clearer definition of the image, less noise from the vibrators, a more subtle modulation of the scents—Heilig believes that all the defects can be corrected. Toward the end of the first week of demonstrations, he permitted himself to speculate on what he called "the really interesting" applications of his machine.

"Think of astronauts enduring long flights in space," he said, "day after day and nothing to look at but the black void. They could sit in the machine and see wheat fields in Kansas, smell the hay, walk down the main street of their hometown, see and hear their wives talking to them. I think it would be meaningful."

He paused briefly, toying with a heavy chunk of sculpture that vaguely resembled a cow.

"Think of it as a psychotherapeutic device. Suppose somebody has been in an automobile accident and is afraid to travel in a fast car. Well, we put him in the machine and simulate rides in cars, first slowly and then faster and faster until he has regained his confidence."

After a long silence he got up from the sofa and walked across to the window overlooking Washington Square. He gestured fondly in the direction of his machine, which was making a little humming sound, and then, in an affectionate tone of voice, he expressed the very thought that frightened Huxley into writing *Brave New World* 33 years ago.

"Do you know what this machine really is?" Mortie said dreamily. "It's an empathy machine, and if we can develop it right, maybe we can get it to inject feelings of warmth and love." THE END

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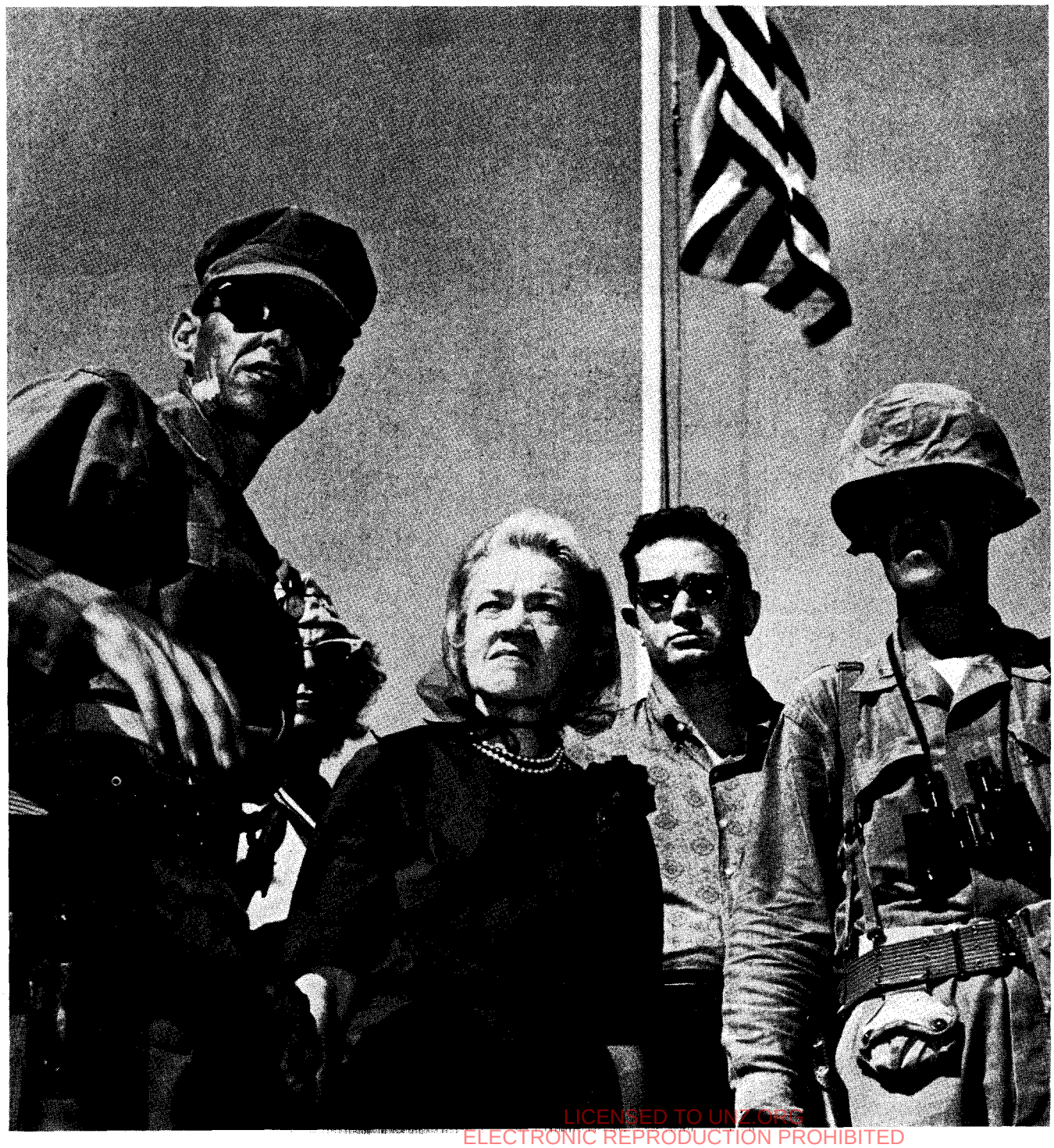
By Maxine Cheshire

In the race for the Republican presidential nomination the darkest horse is a filly. But those who scoff at Margaret Smith are likely to get a verbal slap: "Would I get up at six and work until eleven if I weren't serious?"

WHAT IS MAGGIE SMITH UP TO?



As the senator from Maine stepped off the jet at Chicago's O'Hare Airport on a recent Friday night, a high-school band began tootling *Ain't She Sweet?* Her Illinois campaign manager and his wife rushed forward with two dozen roses, while a busload of 100 students from nearby Wheaton College waved signs claiming YOU CAN'T 'MITH' WITH SMITH. For the next 49 hours Margaret Chase Smith showed Illinois voters the folksy manner which has been winning elections for her up in Maine for 23 years, and which she hopes will earn her a spot on the 1964 G.O.P. ticket.

At eight the next morning she attended a breakfast in Wheaton, zipped in and out of a couple of shopping centers, shook hundreds of hands, sniffed flowers at the World Flower and Garden Show, signed countless autographs, taped a television show, delivered two brief speeches to some students from Wheaton (few of whom were old enough to vote), attended two church services and ended up as the star attraction at two coffee klatches in Evanston. The whole trip, including air fare, cost about $100.

If these modest efforts are successful, and if her campaign manager is correct in his estimates, she should snare at least 100,000 votes in this week's presidential primary. In contrast to New Hampshire, where she came in fifth in a field of six, her only opposition in Illinois is Sen. Barry Goldwater. While a good many voters find it hard to envision either one of them as President, there is no doubt of her ability to capture the more liberal voters if Goldwater is their only other choice. Still, few experts think she stands a chance when the G.O.P. picks its candidate next July, and the question most people ask is: Can she really be serious? Her answer is quick and sharp. "Would I get up at six in the morning and work until eleven at night if I weren't?"

When they know they are being quoted, most politicians act as if her candidacy is the most normal thing in the world. "She's not out of her depth by any means," says Sen. Jacob Javits of New York. And a month before his death, President Kennedy said, "I would not look forward to campaigning against Margaret Chase Smith. . . . I think she is a very formidable political figure."

Formidable is certainly the word. On her recent barnstorming trip through New Hampshire she traveled nearly 5,000 miles, went through 50 towns in 10 days, talked and shook hands with an estimated 10,000 people. Her office claims that campaign cost about $250, the smallest amount spent by any candidate.

Her organizational team consisted only of William C. Lewis Jr., her administrative assistant, and William Deachman, a New Hampshire boy who is the Republican legal counsel on Senator Smith's own space committee. Deachman and Lewis did most of the driving, but Margaret Smith did her own talking—from her recipe for blueberry muffins to her suggestion that Khrushchev tear down the Berlin Wall to prove that his peace intentions are serious.

She made no attempt to meet organized groups of people, either labor, business or women's clubs. But she visited every newspaper office on her tour, ate

◀ *Senator Margaret Smith toured the Guantánamo naval base in Cuba as part of her Senate duties in military affairs.*

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her snacks in local diners (after first introducing herself to the patrons), and always stopped in at banks, barbershops and telephone exchanges.

Her approach is always low-key and quiet. Senator Smith knows exactly what she wants to say, is aware of the temper of the local voters and performs accordingly. And she has been winning elections this way for a long time.

Margaret Smith has been in elective national politics 12 years longer than Sen. Barry Goldwater, and 18 years longer than Governor Rockefeller. She serves on the Senate's Armed Services Committee, and has been intimately involved in congressional decisions affecting the nation's defense for two decades. Since she is also a member of the Senate Appropriations Committee, which recommends how much cash Congress should vote for programs approved by other congressional committees, she has a voice in deciding how much money should go to military programs. This gives her a considerable degree of influence among the military brass.

In addition, as a member of Appropriations, she influences decisions on the scope of the remaining nonmilitary portion of the federal budget. "Only a queen, or an empress . . . has ever had as much to say about leading a nation's defenses," says one Pentagon observer.

"I'm a specialist in defense," she concedes, citing her travels to "every missile base in the country" and most of the major military installations.

Mrs. Smith is ranking Republican on the Senate Aeronautics and Space Committee, and would be its chairman if Republicans were in the majority.

Had she lived in the 18th century, it is likely she would have been one of the rugged New England women who went west with the covered wagons. In the 20th century she has been a political pioneer. She was the first woman to win election both as a representative and as a senator, and she is the first woman in history to seek the nomination of a major political party for the Presidency. (Only two other women have run for the Presidency of the United States: Victoria Claflin Woodhull in 1872, Belva Bennett Lockwood in 1884 and 1888, both on the Equal Rights Party ticket.)

How did a poor girl from Maine, who never went to college, climb to such heights? Margaret was the oldest of six children. Her father was a barber, and as a child she learned the trade herself. She was no beauty, but was a fierce competitor on the girls' basketball team. She concentrated on commercial studies and received average grades. After graduation from high school she taught school, worked a switchboard, did a stint on the local newspaper, and then became office manager of a woolen mill. At 29 she was president of the Maine Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Shortly afterward she was elected to the Republican State Committee.

In 1925, when she was 28, she became engaged to Clyde Smith, a highly successful politician who had run 48 times for public office without a defeat. According to one of her closest girlhood friends, she began carrying Clyde Smith's picture when she was in high school. Smith was considered quite a catch. He was divorced, having been married briefly to a girl whose family owned some of the more impressive financial landmarks in the town. Margaret and Clyde were married on May 14, 1930, five years after their engagement. Clyde, by now State Highway Commissioner, was 53, she 33.

Her admirers claim that without her he would never have been elected to Congress. He had filed as a candidate several times, and had also filed for the governorship, but always withdrew. She convinced him he could win; and in 1936, Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to Washington.

But "Maggie" Smith did not settle for the role of congressional wife. She won an argument about serving as his secretary, and worked beside him for almost four years.

On his deathbed in 1940 Clyde begged her to use the insurance money to run in his place in the coming election. She continued the unbroken string of Smith victories with a vote that was three times as large as that of her late husband.

Her initial victory was repeated, and the Maggie Smith legend began to grow. She epitomized the working girl, protected by heaven while making her way upward through a succession of routine jobs toward the hallowed halls of Congress. To millions of Americans, as the Gallup Poll attests annually, she is one of the most admired women of our times.

This public image is a matter of great concern to Mrs. Smith. As her fellow congresswoman, Frances Bolton of Ohio, puts it, "She asked me once how I felt about young people coming up to me in awe. She said we had a responsibility to be just as good as they thought we were, and that we should make a promise to ourselves never to fail them." Her dedication to this image imposes an austere existence. Her workday is seldom less than 12 hours, and her high heels can be heard echoing down otherwise empty hallways even on holidays. Her insistence on answering every roll call for a record now nearing 1700 is "like being in jail," according to one colleague. Some senators criticize this record, claiming that her insistence on mere physical presence forces her to neglect other obligations which are just as important. "It always reminds me," drawls one southern senator, "of the congressman in my state who told the people he ought to be reelected because he had never missed a single opening prayer."

She even refuses to indulge herself in the forgivable feminine pleasantry of shopping. A secretary who has been in her employ 23 years buys everything she wears, including shoes, and once served as the senator's personal dressmaker.

Her sense of economy affects the entire Maine delegation. "Nobody so much as charges a personal phone call to the office or takes so much as a paper clip from supplies paid for with taxpayers' money," testifies a staff member.

This Yankee frugality extends even to her housework. She gets her own breakfast and dinner, and over the weekend will often whip up dishes which can be refrigerated or frozen for later in the week. But while her much-publicized recipes are catnip to the women voters, the important political question is whether men will vote for her.

Since Mrs. Smith has won seven elections by large majorities, it would seem that Maine men are satisfied enough. One Maine politician happily admits, "There are plenty of us around she can get on the phone in the morning while we're still shaving, and we'll wipe the lather off our faces and dash out the door in shirt sleeves to do her bidding."

Maggie Smith spends 35 cents a day for a fresh rose always worn on the left side.

But the young widow from Maine had to win over her fellow congressmen the hard way after she took her seat in the House. The first time one of her subcommittees went out of town for a look at wartime congestion around the naval installations at Norfolk, Va., the men tried to prevent her from accompanying them. She showed up anyway, speaking only when someone spoke to her first. When the party had arrived at its destination and she inquired about accommodations, she was told vaguely that it was "every man for himself."

Undaunted, she called up the chief of police and told him to get into civvies and take her to the spots where sailors went, to see why they got into trouble. The idea seemed so much more interesting than anything the men had planned that they threw away their own agenda and tagged along. When they got back to Washington, they asked her to write the report.

While she took advantage of her sex on this occasion, she played down her femininity when she first came to Congress. She wore mannish suits of Made-in-Maine worsteds, but later decided this austere image needed softening, and began wearing a fresh rose every day.

She looked particularly sweet on the day she first got a chance to preside over the Naval Affairs Committee. Her committee chairman was that old curmudgeon, Rep. Carl Vinson of Georgia, and it did not seem likely that any woman could handle the job to his satisfaction. But Maggie Smith has always had a certain schoolmarm superiority which reduces the opposite sex to the uncertainty of little boys trying to explain why they dared show up without their homework. Before she had finished with the admirals who gave testimony that day, "Vinson was purring," says a friend. "He just sat there with his hands folded as if in prayer. He was pleased and proud that anyone could be tougher than he was."

"She knows these men up here, oh, how she knows them," says Mrs. Bolton admiringly. "I'll go to her and ask, what about this man or that, what do I need to know about him to handle him? In minutes she can tell me what to watch out for, whether he can be trusted."

As a result, many men are intimidated. "She isn't perfect," says one lawmaker. "But she makes us all scared to death not to be. We know that if she gets one little thing on us, no matter how petty, she is going to use it to make us look bad when it suits her purpose. And if we fight back, we look even worse."

When Mrs. Smith was elected to the Senate, she encountered the same kind of male prejudices she had had to face in the House. "They gave her that seat by the door because they thought it was the

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William Lewis, Senator Smith's aide, wields considerable influence over his boss.

"If Maggie can bring in the old maids, she's in."

Maggie Smith

worst in the room," says Mrs. Bolton. "But it turned out to be a wonderful vantage spot. She sits there like a queen, with everybody passing back and forth in front of her and stopping to speak."

When not on the floor, she often holes up in a little "hideaway" office which Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield assigned to her. This is a sanctuary nearer the Senate Chamber than her own staff suite, and is one of the real status symbols on the Hill.

"She not only has a secret office," reports a senator who recently strong-armed past a reluctant maid to take a look inside, "but she has gotten them to furnish it with dainty red velvet chairs and silver sconces on the walls."

"She takes herself very seriously," says another senator. "Maurine Neuberger takes a lot of good-natured kidding from us men. I'm from a tobacco state, for instance, and she right now has on her door a big sign about how smoking will kill you. I tack nasty notes on it every morning, and she just laughs. You couldn't do that with Margaret."

Perhaps as with all women, her secret of success with men lies in her unpredictability. Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia once spent half an hour wooing her support. She reciprocated all the charm he was using on her, and he left her side certain he had won her over to his position. But a few minutes later he heard her soft Maine voice voting against him. One Midwestern correspondent who has watched her for years claims that this unpredictability singles her out for attention every time her name is called. There is a noticeable hush at these moments, he says, as everyone in the room strains to hear her vote.

"If she votes with us, it's a coincidence," says one of her fellow Republicans dryly. He and many other party stalwarts have never forgiven her for casting a decisive vote that helped Democrats block Eisenhower's appointment of Lewis Strauss to be Secretary of Commerce in 1959. "I don't care *how* she votes," says this influential senator, "but the decent thing would have been for her to tell us ahead of time, so we would have time to protect ourselves. I hate to suggest that she builds up this suspense to get publicity, but I'm damned sometimes if I can see any other reason."

There were reports at the time that Sen. Barry Goldwater, who was Senate campaign chairman, leaped to his feet and shouted, "She'll never get one dime from my committee for reelection!" But all he really said, according to a senator standing beside him, was, "I'll be damned!" Maggie vehemently challenges anyone who implies any bad feeling between herself and Goldwater. "Barry and I have been friends for a long time," she says. "It's possible to like a person and not always agree with him." Their friendship may meet its sternest test in Illinois.

Fortunately for Mrs. Smith, she has one built-in asset: She has always exerted a rare appeal to her own sex. One reason Maine Democrats have never had much hope of defeating her is that their own wives ride purposefully to the polls each time in a kind of girlish camaraderie with their Republican neighbor. The ladies can be seen flipping their lapels with a thumb as they meet in passing. This is where they once wore their Smith buttons—pinned secretly out of sight of their husbands.

Her relationship with the only other woman in the Senate is not chummy. "She let Maurine know right away that there was going to be no tea-partying," says one senator who has observed a chilliness between the two. "She seemed to balk at the idea of being linked together as 'just we girls.'"

In fact, Maggie Smith goes to great lengths to keep from being considered a feminist. Asked by a television newsman if she thought a woman would approach the problems of the Presidency in any different way from a man, her answer was "decidedly not." And her legislative record seems to bear her out.

Although she has authored no major piece of legislation later enacted by the Senate, she has cast crucial votes that have raised her in the eyes of many men.

When the draft bill was threatened in 1940, she cast her vote in favor. Recently she voted against the limited test-ban treaty, although polls showed that most Americans, let alone most women's groups, were for it. When Sen. Joseph McCarthy was beginning his career of intimidation—a career that ended in his being censured by the Senate—Margaret Smith was the first to speak out against him in a celebrated Declaration-of-Conscience speech in 1950. In announcing her presidential candidacy before the Women's National Press Club, Senator Smith told her audience that a longtime politician had stated that her Declaration speech "would have made Margaret Chase Smith the next President if she were a man."

As for current issues, she was against the wheat sale to Russia, is firmly opposed to the recognition of Red China, voted in favor of the tax cut, is for the civil-rights bill if there are changes in the public-accommodations clause and favors lowering the voting age to 18. When asked for a summation of her political position, she says, "I'm right of Rockefeller and left of Goldwater. I stand on my voting record." And she adds, "I think I've never made a mistake." Others may debate this point, but one of her boasts cannot be challenged by many of her colleagues: "I have never ducked a vote."

Political opponents seeking an Achilles' heel claim to find it in her extreme sensitivity to criticism. Mrs. Smith was taken to task in an editorial from the Portland *Press Herald*, a paper that has supported her regularly.

"For years she has reacted vigorously and in increasing degree against news stories or comment with which she disagreed. The conviction grows that Senator Smith would like to see published in the press or distributed through other communications media only news and comment that meet her approval. . . ."

Some of Mrs. Smith's friends blame her worsening press relations on her administrative assistant William Lewis. He shields her from the press, screening those questions or questioners he thinks might be unfriendly even before they can reach the senator.

Lewis, who has a master's degree in public relations from Harvard, watches every word that appears in print about his boss, and advises her whether or not a particular story will improve her image or damage it. His influence is so widely acknowledged by political pundits that there has been recent reference in print to the "Smith-Lewis team"—a designation of equal billing with the hired help which would infuriate most lawmakers. "Prying secrets out of the Kremlin is easier than getting the Smith-Lewis team to tip its hand," wrote New York *Herald Tribune's* columnists Rowland Evans and Bob Novak. Rep. Frances Bolton says that Lewis has been indispensable. "How I envy her! They will sit at my dinner table and take apart some issue or strategy, and when they are through, she knows that she has explored every possible way of doing it. He is a soldier, and he has money. He doesn't have to work, so he can afford to argue with her."

Mrs. Smith reciprocates Lewis's intense loyalty. She once publicly chastised District of Columbia police when one of their patrolmen ticketed Lewis while he was double-parked. And one of her fellow Republicans claims that she blocked legislation that would have raised salaries of the executive branch of the Government until similar pay increases were forthcoming for Lewis and others like him on the Hill. He now makes almost $19,000 a year, while the senator's salary is $22,500.

The 50-year-old Lewis is from Oklahoma, and is part Chickasaw Indian. His mother, who died a year ago, helped mastermind the strategy that put Mrs. Smith in the Senate. It was Mrs. Lewis who conceived the idea of using penny postcards to keep in contact with voters who could not help but appreciate that this was all the poor widowed Mrs. Smith could afford in a campaign against two millionaire opponents.

Mrs. Smith has been almost an adopted member of this devoted family for nearly 20 years. Lewis had been legal counsel for the House Naval Affairs Committee during World War II, and the senator and he became closely associated during this period. After the war Lewis's parents moved to Washington to live with their son. In 1951 he built a modernistic six-room, bath-and-a-half house in the modest suburban neighborhood of Silver Spring, Md. Senator Smith was invited by the family to rent an apartment in the basement. The arrangement has given her a home life she could not otherwise enjoy. She has little time for hobbies but she and Lewis once built a television set in only 50 hours.

Senator Smith also maintains two homes in Maine, and tries to make a trip there about once a month. One house is a white clapboard she built in Skowhegan several years ago. It is vacant much of the time. She has another retreat she prefers, built on land Lewis purchased on Casco Bay overlooking the Atlantic at Cundys Harbor. This house, glass-walled and glistening white, is imposing despite the driveway lights which are fashioned out of economy-sized mayonnaise jars. Neighbors respect the senator's privacy. The man who has the place on the other side of hers says he has been there three years and "wouldn't know her if she knocked on my door, unless I recognized her from pictures."

As a result of her campaign for the Presidency, more and more people would now recognize Maggie Smith on the street. But will this recognition win votes? Is there really a chance that the G.O.P. delegates will choose her?

Almost no one, including the Senator herself, expects this to happen. It is the vice presidency she is after, and she has wanted it now for more than a decade. Perhaps, in this year of startling upsets, she could actually get it.

Vermont's Sen. George Aiken, a fellow Yankee who supports her with his unwavering admiration, thinks she could add "two million votes" to the national ticket, and this is a heady thought for the underdog G.O.P. "We want to win," says former Republican Committee Chairman Thruston Morton. "If she proves in the primaries she can bring us the suffragettes and the old maids, she's in."

As always, the last word on the subject will be spoken by the lady from Maine. "I am," she says, "pioneering the way for a woman in the future." THE END

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

How Campbell rescued a vanishing flavor

A story about a rare green pea that was down to its last 2½ bushels

Sometimes, finding the very best ingredients for a particular food we're cooking can turn into quite a project.

This is exactly what happened in the case of the peas used in Campbell's Green Pea Soup. In a certain rather rare green pea we found the exact qualities our chefs were looking for. Used in combination with selected sweet peas, this particular pea adds a greener color, a unique flavor, and a richer body than you can get with any other type of pea alone.

So far so good, but the catch was that the seed was in short supply. In fact, it showed every sign of being a vanishing variety. Nature just wouldn't cooperate in producing new seed crops. One area of the country after another was tried, but every trial failed.

Finally, the Campbell scientists were down to *two and one-half* bushels of seed—and this was *it*. The seed was planted in three areas of California. Two of the crops failed, but the one planted in the Salinas area was a success. And so a vanishing flavor was saved for soup.

We tell you this story only as a little reassurance that no matter what the odds are against it, we do practice what we preach when we say: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
BOUNTY

...all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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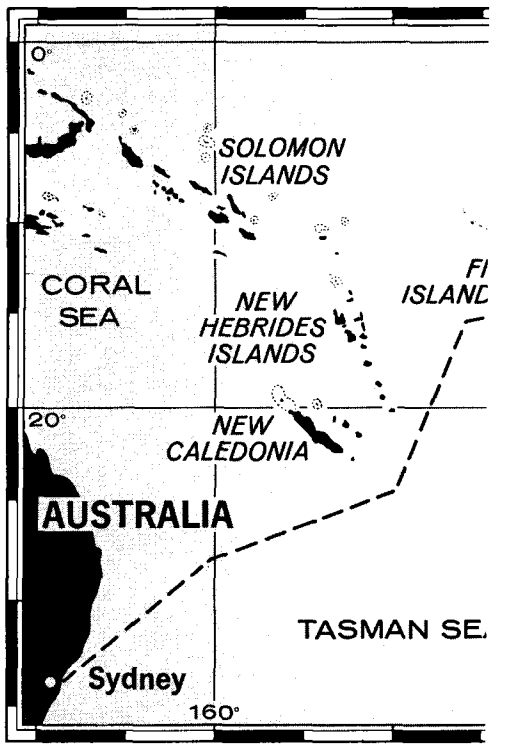
Alone on his raft for 130 days, 70-year-old William Willis fought through storms, sang through nerve-racking calms, and crossed 7,450 miles of ocean to make a perilous landing over a reef at Samoa.

ONE MAN AGAINST THE SEA

By WILLIAM WILLIS



On July 5, 1963, after being towed 50 mile.

The sea trembles and I can hear the three young sailors on the raft with me chattering above the whine of the wind. In 50 years and more at sea, I have never experienced anything like this before. The water shudders under my raft's three pontoons; the world seems to be shaking itself to pieces. I have been dozing, leaning against the little hut on the deck, vaguely aware of the steady powerful pull of the towline and calculating my tasks for the voyage ahead.

But now the peace has been shaken out from under me, and I rise and walk forward over the quivering planks toward where the young Peruvians are babbling into their walkie-talkie. The lights of the big tug *Rios* that is towing us, 300 yards away, rise and fall, sometimes disappear behind a wave, sometimes are sliced by foam that rips through the blustering night. I intend to ask the sailors what they have heard from the tug over their radio, but suddenly a new force envelops the sea and us, and we are going skyward, higher and higher, 20 feet, 50, then even 70, so that we look far down at the tug's lights, as if we have been lifted to a hilltop and the *Rios* is in a valley.

Then we start coming down, and it is the tug that is being lifted. And again we are caught in a shuddering sea, and then again it is our turn to be thrust up by an astonishing wave we can feel but cannot see—it is that dark. I brace myself and strain to discover how the raft is taking the stress. I would hate to lose this raft on the tow out of Callao, before I have had my chance to do some sailing.

Five or six times we are carried aloft and slide down the walls of the huge waves, and then at last the sea drops and dies and the normal ugliness of the night resumes. The raft is safe. Morning is near. It comes, gray, blowing, dank, sullenly flinging its winds and waves. The pontoons pound like drums played by madmen. Finally, 50 miles off the Peruvian coast, the tug stops, and circles. A small boat is put out. The three sailors shake hands with me, wish me well and leave me alone. For a moment I think they look at me with something like awe, but then I had been given a tumultuous send-off from the Peruvian naval base at Callao the morning before; and, too, they are young men, and young men tend to look oddly at people of my age. It is 8:15 on the morning of July 5, 1963.

The sailors have explained what their walkie-talkie told them—that there has been an earthquake. It centered under our raft and shook up the coast of Peru, but I did not learn the details for months; now I have work to do. I must sail this raft across the Pacific; I must prove that I can, just as Alpinists feel compulsions to climb their mountains. I must go from South America, across the Pacific, past the islands, past the solitude and the reefs and storms and whatever else intervenes, and on to Australia.

My raft, square-rigged like the ships I sailed from Germany as a boy, is 32 feet long, 20 feet wide—a fleck on the Pacific, but it is enough. My little house holds plenty of food. I am sure that I have enough fresh water—three barrels—to last 250 days, and I reckon my voyage at no more than 180. My steel mast, with its mainsail, jib and mizzen, is 34 feet high. I can steer in the familiar way, at a wheel rigged to the rudder with cables.

I want to prove that a man can sail anywhere on earth aboard a craft no bigger or fancier than this, and at any age. In 1954, when I was 61, I sailed another raft from Peru to Samoa, covering 6,700 miles in 115 days, and alone. Now, nine years later, I have expanded my ambitions, and set my sights on Australia, 10,000 miles away. In a sense, this voyage is to be the climax of a life in which I've roamed in search of experience: as a seaman, a prospector, a fisherman, a longshoreman, an oilfield worker, a writer—among other things. To try the world, to test myself—those are my ways.

I have waited long for this moment and worn myself lean arranging for it. Yet no matter how hard I tried, I could never have completed the arrangements without my wife Teddy, who is back in Lima. She gave me all her strength and energy. I am a fortunate man. Teddy has complete confidence I will make out against any obstacles I meet on the sea. Now I am ready to sail, and content.

At the wheel of his raft in mid-Pacific, watching for storms, the author takes his own portrait with a timer device on his camera.

Naturally I pushed westerly as directly as possible. But my course must be north and then northwest, for the Humboldt Current sweeps up this coast from its Antarctic origins, until Cabo Blanco bends it westward as the South Equatorial Current. To ride the Humboldt but escape from it when I could—this was my first project.

Day after day the weather snarled, as it was to do throughout the journey. Captains who travel to Australia were to tell me this season brought the worst weather they could remember. And the raft itself brought problems.

The pontoons, being steel and therefore rigid, made the deck bounce and tilt constantly; it was difficult even to drink a cup of coffee. The tug had hardly vanished when I discovered that this was really a five-man raft, and I would have to work very hard all the time to sail it. I also knew that one should take a year to test a square-rigger like this, but I had not taken the time. Once I had decided to make the voyage, I wanted to go immediately. The letters on the mainsail, AGE UNLIMITED, looked good to me even against the gray sky, and I felt good as I began the adjustment to solitude.

My two cats, Aussie and Kiki, would not eat for the first three days, and Kiki, a gentle tortoise-colored New York City cat, cried a great deal. Aussie, a Peruvian ranch cat, only four months old, was tougher. But soon they were at home on the deck, with perfect sea legs,

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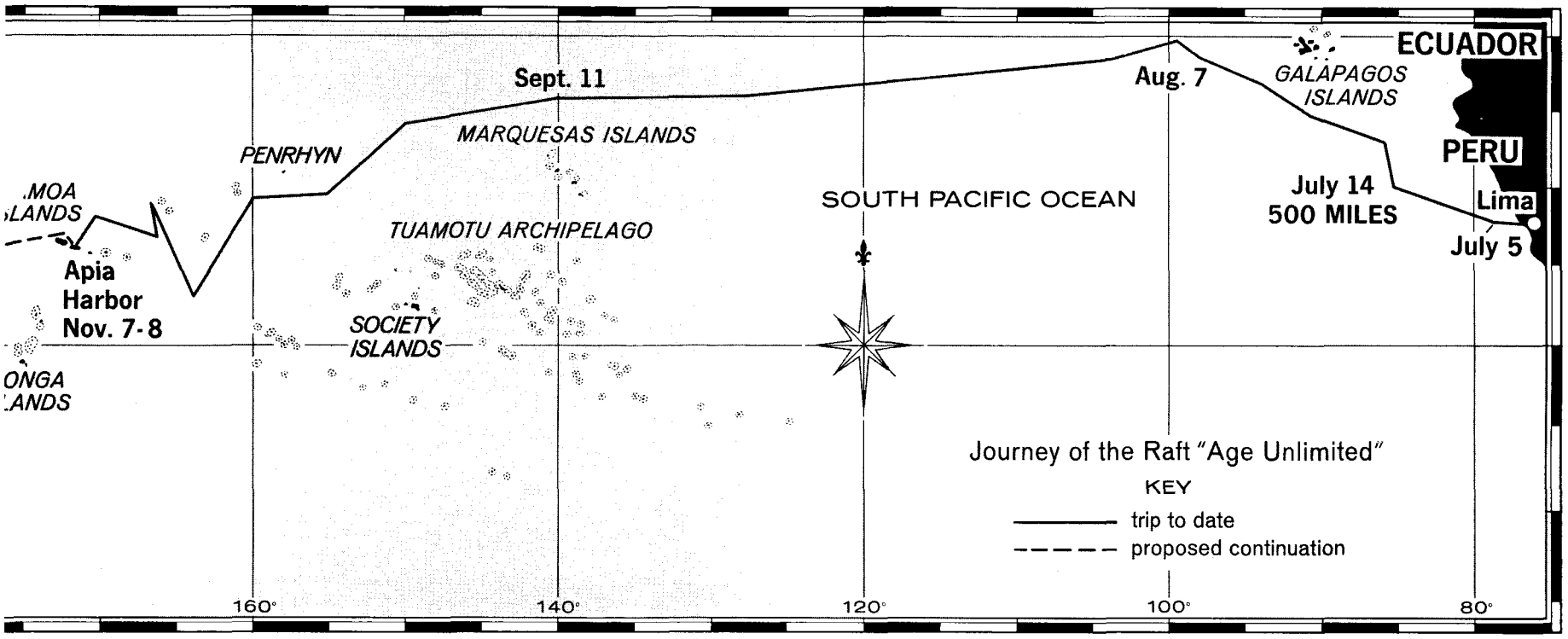

Peru, Willis began the wandering, storm-buffeted journey that ended when his damaged craft was driven ashore on Samoa. Broken line shows course he plans to reach Australia.

although I kept them tied for a month so they would not become too bold and wash overboard.

For me, adjustment took longer, as I had known it would. Solitude has an impact that benumbs a man. It is like being dropped into space, into a new environment altogether. One feels odd at first, and there is uncertainty, as if one's skin doesn't quite fit, and then little by little it comes to fit better. Many people had asked to go along with me—I think most people dream of having a great adventure. But I *had* to go alone; a man is most challenged when he is alone.

I fished every day as was part of my plan. In my hut I had stored staples—beans, lentils, rice and flour, canned milk, fruit and dried potatoes, onions, potatoes, cabbage, lemons and, of course, coffee and tea, but I counted on the sea to supply me with protein. Yet, after only 11 or 12 days out, I could not fish so much because I had a new and unexpected chore.

One morning I was checking the gear, something one must do constantly on a sailing craft, when I came to the rudder. What I saw here startled me. The rudder was turned by two hollow steel rods welded to its sides, controlled by cables leading to the wheel. Both these rods, I saw, were beginning to crack near the waterline. The metal was too thin. Twelve days out and 118 more to go, and already gear was giving way.

I fought down the anger—I have had to be careful with my temper all my life—and went over the stern and splinted pieces of wood to the rods, lashing them with a very strong fishing line. This held for a while, but I would have to do the job many, many times more, and eventually the flaw in the steel was to cause a tragedy.

The foul weather would not cure. This meant I had to stay close to the wheel at all times, alert to the creaks of the rigging and the flap of the sails. Naturally I wanted to keep the big sail up as much as possible, to the last possible moment before a storm attacked with full force. One carries the big sail and then decides in a split second when it must come down. At that instant I must leap forward and lower the canvas and dive into it to get the gaskets on before the wind can destroy it. Then I must set up the jib, crawling out on the jibboom—knowing at some undetermined moment the wind would drop and the big sail would have to go up again. It was an unending fight.

This was a damn hard raft to sail, I reflected. If I can make this—as I shall—it should prove that a person of my age can do a great many hard things. How I loathe the expression *senior citizen.* These two words alone make older people outcasts, even lepers. On the other hand, back in California I had seen many older people who had given up. We must never let society thrust us aside, as it will try to do.

I may have a catastrophe, I thought, but fear is simply not in my nature. Death is only a phase of life, and life has many glories.

The sea's life cycle

There were glories there on the raft, The life cycle of the sea can be seen best from a craft that moves without sound. You watch in awe at first, but finally you are one with the sea. Several families of dolphins had moved under my raft to escape the sharks, and they were to accompany me for thousands of miles. Some of their babies were only four inches long. It got to the point where I gave some of the dolphins names—for instance, Jack and Jill.

The dolphins went fishing in the morning. Unbelievably fast, they dashed after their favorite prey, the flying fish. But these little fish could seek safety in the air. Then the heavy-winged frigate birds from the Galápagos, whose ancestors supplied the world with guano, would come marauding, and for the flying fish there would be no more landing.

Meanwhile the sharks were always around, blending into the shadows. The sharks were patient and pretended not to care about their favorite food, the dolphins. But once in a while a shark would see an opening and flash in, and the water would boil. The dolphin families united in counterattack. I had to keep my fishing handline short—no more than 40 feet—or else I could never get a dolphin to my deck past the sharks' teeth. I would get a bloody head while the shark got the rest. At night my cats prowled the deck, waiting for a meal of flying fish to land. In the morning the flying fish leftovers went on my hook to lure a delicious dolphin for my belly.

Gradually routines established themselves. Dejection is not in my makeup, nor is fear of catastrophe. Yet in evening, energy drains from all living things—even plants droop, and I would want to do so too, but I did my chores. In earliest morning—that is the glorious time. I felt exaltation. The mind opens, the body comes alive. The water coursed through the colors, from black to gray to pink to gold. In the great sea, surrounded by life and power and death, I found it fantastic, and yet I was at home with it.

Slowly and fitfully, with more and more constant struggle but about on schedule, I was bearing northwesterly on a course that brought me 100 miles south of the Galápagos—the islands 600 miles west of the mainland, where Darwin did many of his studies. To keep my mind exercised and alert, I forced it to work. A man must do this in solitude. Otherwise he will go dumb and inert and be helpless when a decision is needed.

As I sailed, I sang old sea songs, because singing makes you feel good.

I memorized whatever printed words were at hand, particularly lines from Bowditch's great textbook on navigation.

I recited lines from *Hell, Hail and Hurricanes,* a book of poetry of my own:

She stood between the palm trees,
swaying, like a shaft of light,
Her flesh and soul all shaped by
wind and sea;
A thousand storms wept in her eyes
and a thousand waiting nights
As they called for love before the
hours flee.

I forced my mind to confront problems I hadn't thought of in years—a better way to raise a square sail, an improved design for a gasket—and I worked out solutions in my mind in the finest detail.

I summoned and explored details of incidents that had happened to me many years before. I made my mind hunt and find the exact colors, the sounds, the faces and even the spoken words—everything. The statues of the Greek gods in Hamburg's Kunsthalle, which I had seen as a boy, I saw again. And there was the first time I had sailed these waters. It was 1908, on the square-rigger *Henriette*, 168 days carrying coke from Hamburg round Cape Horn to the Gulf of California and the copper smelters at Santa Rosalie.

We are westing south of the Cape. The wind has been battering us incredibly. It is the forefringe of an Antarctic hurricane. I ask the sailmaker if we will make it; he has made 11 Cape Horn voyages before; he is a fussy man with curtains at his bunk, made from cloth given him by a girl he is sure waits for him. He declines to answer me. A little after four bells on the twelve-to-four watch: shouts, stomping of boots, and the mate's howl, "All hands!" The mizzen and main royals have blown out of their boltropes, I go up the rigging, and I am alternately smashed against the mast and almost torn loose from it. It is long after daylight before we are done. Then breakfast, a tasteless blueish-gray cereal I cannot

Accompanied by Peruvian sailors, Willis is towed out of naval base at Callao. ▶

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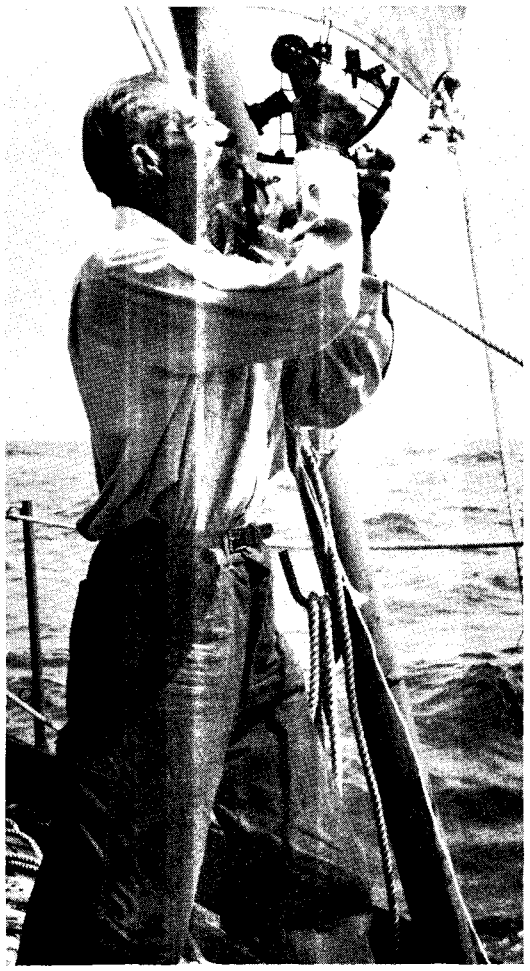

Willis takes noon sights in mid-voyage.

"Solitude brings an impact that can benumb a man. It is like being dropped into space."

One Man Against the Sea

identify. But perhaps later we will have the soup we love, made of prunes and molasses and dumplings.

Sweep the forecastle, polish the brass lamps. And turn into the bunk beneath the sailmaker's. How cold and awesome is the sea. How it boils. The escape into sleep is fitful. Again all hands, again the running. The captain gives the first order I have ever heard him give: "Lee braces!" A white mass is about to engulf us. The mate shrieks: "Clew up the upper topsails." The full hurricane is on us. I claw aloft. A man goes berserk in the rigging. He says he will throw me to the deck. Finally the gaskets are on. Now we get the beautiful soup!

That night the men in their bunks are talking about other nights, other storms, when suddenly the house is buried in water. It is a long time before the *Henriette* comes up again, and then the talk goes on. That was the way it was and I make myself recall it all very clearly. I remembered how the berserk man was straitjacketed and put in the lazaret.

I encountered my first calms in the 3,000 miles between the Galápagos and the Marquesas. About a month had passed when I entered this leg of the voyage. Until that time the winds had been powerful, but then they turned spotty, veering from easterly to northerly, southeasterly—occasionally westerly, head winds that pushed me back. Or they vanished, and the raft rolled hideously and hopelessly for days at a time.

During the calms I made repairs. Every piece of rope had to be checked and checked again. For a sailing ship, a calm is the time of greatest danger. You are without power and steering. The sails flap—the stitches come out. The mast yanks at its legs and rips at its rigging.

The calm is a time that edges into the sockets of your teeth and seeps into your skin and finds your nerves with barbed hooks. In the old days the mate kept the men working hardest during calms—not because he was brutal but because he knew the calm was the time when men would get desperate to go to some port. But there would be no port within 1,000 miles, and so men went mad.

When even a little wind would come, I grasped for it with a sail as if it were food and I were starving. Then it would die away.

Well, what did I expect? These were the horse latitudes, so named because they were the place old ships that carried horses to Australia would be becalmed. The rolling would fling the animals to the deck, their legs were broken and they would have to be thrown overboard.

Naturally the calms brought the squalls. The horizon would be clear, the sun harshly glittering, the temperature around 90—and then a hill of clouds would begin to build out of the sultry heat.

There it would stand, rising and sucking in power from the heat. To the southeast a rainspout anchored in the sea. As always, I watched alert, and with awe. Even as I watched, another mountain formed, this time to the north. Then yet another one, to the west, and another and another, until I was surrounded by these black windy cliffs.

The raft rolled on a windless sea, and the electric tensions grew until it seemed the air itself must catch fire.

Hours passed. Squalls form in day and strike at night. In early evening one squall began to move—a little one, moving slowly away from me. This one will pass, you figure, but that other one you will have to fight. The cloud masses towered gray and squirming against the sky. The main job was to be ready, and keep the raft directly before the wind when a squall finally swept on me. The raft always steered worst before the wind. On the square-riggers we sometimes had three men at the wheel at such times.

For weeks it was like this, for thousands of miles. Later, as I got deeper into the hurricane season, the weather got much worse.

Though I was keeping pretty close to my schedule, I did not like the way many things were going. My raft was too heavy; the mast was unnecessarily high. The sail was very hard to raise, even with a winch. All my life I've been able to say that I can work alongside any man and outwork him, but this was too much, and it was draining me.

The rudder kept getting worse. I used rope and finally wire cable to lash the cracking parts. Sometimes the repair would last a week, sometimes an hour.

My body was wearing now—not just my fingers and arms, which were torn in dozens of places from going over the stern among the eroding steel edges to repair the rudder. I was also weakened by the lack of proper food. I was in a part of the sea which has few fish—not even flying fish—a desert in the sea. I had counted on the sea to supply me with protein, and now the sea was failing me. And the sleeplessness. With such a poor rudder I always slept near the wheel, leaning against the side of the house. I dozed and woke to find myself groping for the flashlight so I could check the needle again.

I was heading southwesterly toward the region where the islands begin to crowd the Pacific—the Marquesas, the Societies, the Tongas. By now the raft was making strange noises that I had never heard before—shrieks and screams and bumps. My ears as well as my eyes had become fantastically acute. However, I began to recognize that my body itself was going wrong. The food was not sufficient; I have experimented enough with diet, even growing my own food in the California hills, to realize I had to do something. And I knew what to do. Each morning, in the dawn hours, I knelt by the side and daubed salt water on my eyes, for that, I knew, would relieve the burning from the sun; and inhaled it into my nostrils, for it cleaned all the passages and kept them healed; and splashed it on my face; and gargled it, and then I drank one mug of the sea. I drank a mug every day thereafter. Believe me, sea water has medicinal power, and my body cured almost at once.

One can also learn a lot about keeping physically fit from watching dogs and especially cats—almost everything there is to know. Aussie and Kiki were superb sailors by now. They prowled everywhere on the raft, even the very edge of the deck, and always managed to leap out of the way of the waves. They were experts at taking care of their bodies. Throughout the voyage they kept perfect health and offered me perfect companionship, since their morale was always superb.

A freighter appears

About this time a foreign object appeared on the horizon and bore down on me from the northeast. It was the *Whakatane*, a freighter from Panama to New Zealand, and I was directly on its course in the only shipping lane I was to pass. It was 3:24 in the afternoon of a fairly bright day—August 16—and too noisy with winds for us to shout back and forth. I raised the American flag and she raised the British, and she came up to me and circled once. The officers and passengers waved and I waved back, indicating I was well and needed no help. I thought briefly of asking for help to fix my rudders, but the raft was too low in the water to do the work; nothing permanent could be done until the raft was on land and in the hands of mechanics with a machine shop. Then the *Whakatane* went on her course and that was all.

That was the only occasion on which I saw a human during the whole voyage, though I came close a second time. The following night, the mutter of an engine came out of the wind and a ship's lights slipped by to starboard, only 100 yards or so away. If they had run me down, I briefly wondered, would they have even noticed in that roaring night?

This was perhaps not an ideal time to observe a birthday, as I did, my 70th, on August 19.

I had just one regular contact with the world, via a transistor receiver. I had brought along a radio sender with a crank on the generator, but after several weeks of trying to send the message "*Age Unlimited*—on schedule and well," I concluded that I was not being heard, and I gave it up. Teddy, my wife, wouldn't really expect to hear about me anyway. But the transistor had to work. It brought me the time signals essential for navigation, broadcast from WWV in Washington, the world's best station for navigators, and then later on relay from Hawaii. I knelt on the deck with my chronometer before me, and clicked on the radio, and a deep, clean voice came out of it: "*When the tone begins again, it is exactly . . .*"

It was the only voice I heard during a 130 days. To use the radio indiscriminately would have worn the batteries; who knew how long I would need them? Besides, what would I hear on my radio?—music, propaganda and silly talk. What good would storm warnings do me? Where could I hide? If a great world event had happened while I was on the raft, I would not have known. Only the one voice: "*When the tone begins again . . .*"

But there are two other voices. I had heard them on my first raft trip, and so I am neither frightened nor surprised now. I accept them. They are part of my experience, and part of me. I believe they come from an unconscious area from which the safeguards and barriers have been stripped by the solitude.

They have started early in this voyage—after about two weeks. They come perhaps six times a day. For a man who likes to study the mind, as I do, they are interesting. My wife Teddy speaks. Or my mother. I am perfectly confident of myself, and now something has gone awry. That is when they speak.

I am aware of their presence, and even of their faces, though there are no personalities. They are 10 or 15 feet from me. They always have the same message. They agree with me and approve of me. "That's right, you're doing just right," or something like that. They never give advice. They bring confirmation. It is very pleasant. I can hear them so clearly. I met my wife on a ship in the Caribbean in 1938, and when we got back to New York we married at once and have been together ever since, except when I have had a call to take one of these voyages. Though she does not want me to go, Teddy does not oppose me, because she knows I must. Before the first raft voyage, it took me two years to get her blessing. Then finally she said, you must do what you must, and then she helped me.

My mother was a woman who could make a decision. She came from Germany, but she was Czech. She taught me that, above all else, each person must make his own destiny; a human must do everything alone eventually. She did not oppose me, either, when I had to go journeying from her house to the salmon fishing and prospecting in the Klondike or to the oil fields or the Texas docks, or to be an acrobat or a wrestler or a sailor. Or, for that matter, when I did nothing for seven years but read the books in New York's big library, supporting myself in any way that would not interfere with what I wanted to do. My mother died in California in 1947. I am reminded of her teaching when I see small American children pout, "What can I do now? I have no one to play with."

And now I hear them both, these two who have been closest to me. It is wish fulfillment, if you please. Sometimes their voices waken me. I wake with a feeling of disappointment, even anger against them. Why are they not there? Why have they abandoned me?

At more than 5,000 miles and 75 days out of Callao, I had yet to have one good sailing day. Then, south of Penrhyn Island, I came into a region of incessant squalls. I had to go overboard almost every day now to lash the

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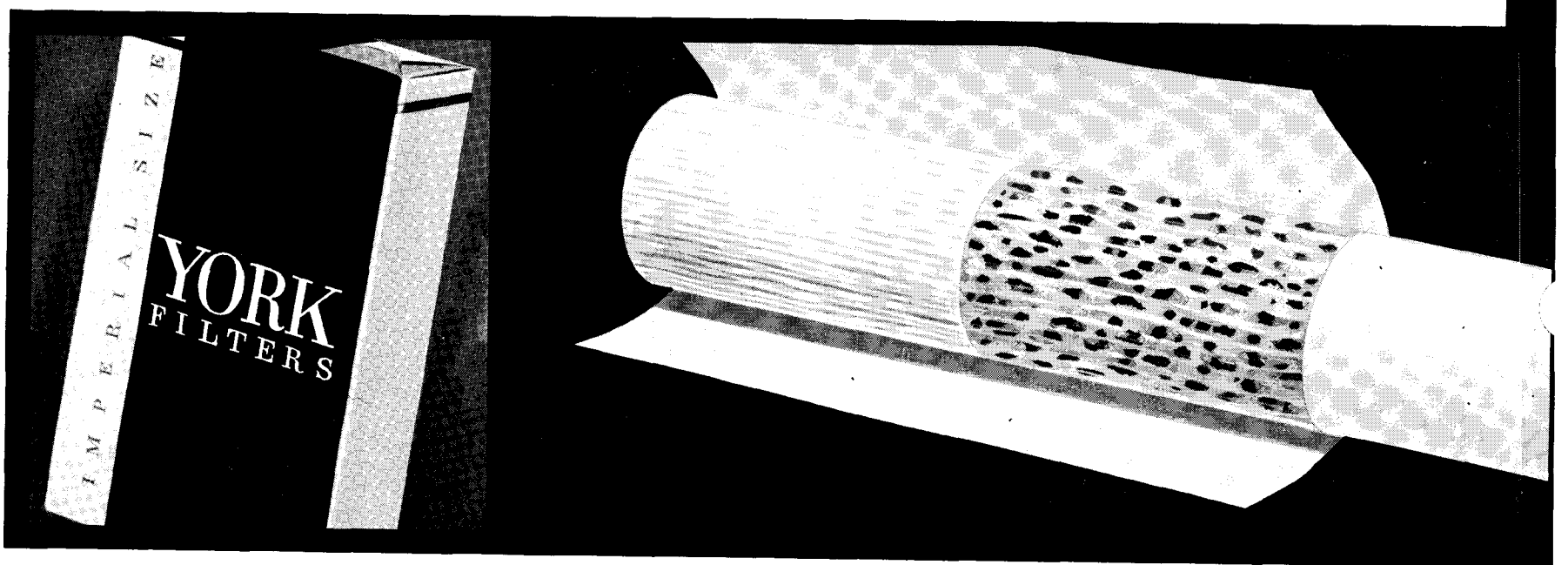
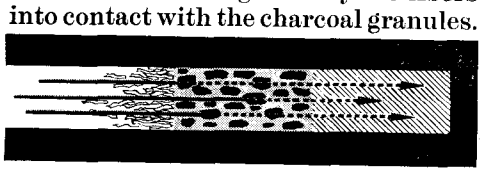


1. What is *Guided Filter Action*?

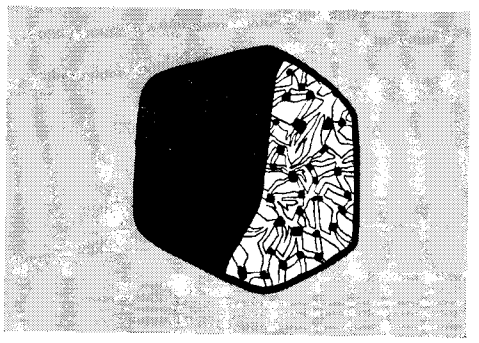
Each charcoal granule is locked-in-place in a fine network of filter fibers. As the smoke passes through the charcoal chamber it is guided by the fibers into contact with the charcoal granules.



This guided filter action assures that all surfaces of each charcoal granule are available for contact with the smoke —to assure you the full taste benefits of charcoal filtration. The smoke then passes through a white, fortified cellulose filter chamber for final selective filtration. The result? See panel No. 3.

2. Why charcoal granules?

Activated Charcoal has tremendous adsorption power. It is considered to be one of the best filtering substances known to science. The charcoal's filtering action smooths the smoke and improves the taste. The result? See panel No. 3.



3. What is the result?

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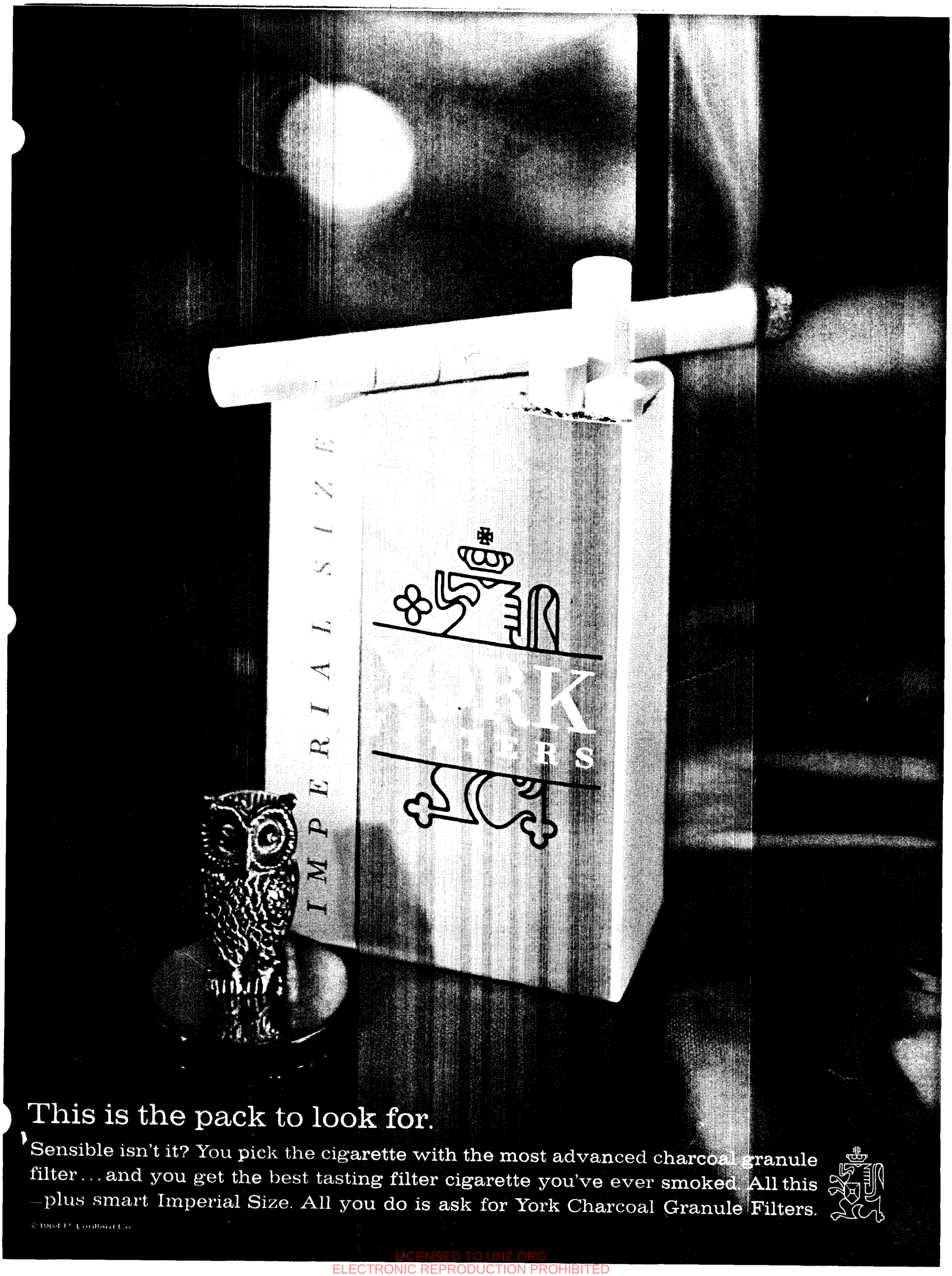

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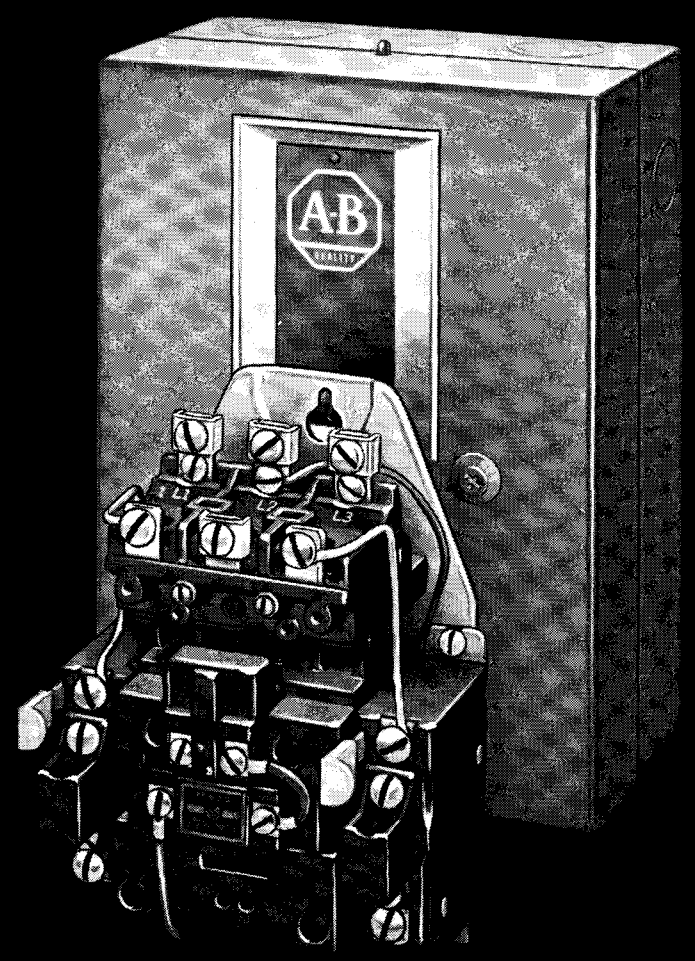

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rudders. I would put a line around my waist, and slip into the water with a pair of pliers or some other tool between my teeth. I had to work submerged half the time, and somehow hold on. When the raft wrenched upward as the waves beat down, the strain seemed sure to pull my arms out of the sockets, and sockets out of my shoulders. My whole body was becoming more and more battered.

The sharks of these waters were naturally attracted to white things, such as human flesh. Some of the sharks swam with me for 1,000 miles at a stretch. They came in families, including young ones of two and one half and three feet, or sometimes just a male and female.

The sharks filled these waters as I approached the region where the Pacific sprouts islands and coral reefs by the thousands. Sharks became part of my daily life. My eyes could spot their gray shapes in the blue water even at a great distance. They were always around me in a hungry pack, eight or nine at a time. The sharks have a wonderful way of blending into the shadows until, suddenly, they are there. The rudder continually threatened to break, and I had to keep going over the stern. What I feared most was losing the rudder in a storm. Because I had to keep going into the water, I had to find some defenses against the sharks.

Fortunately I had taken some split bamboo along, and put it on deck to keep the waves from spraying up between the planks. I lashed some of these strips together and tied them to the stern and slipped into the water with them as a shield against my back. The sharks came so close I could hear them thrashing—I suppose they might even have nudged the bamboo. But they could not get at me, and I could labor on the rudder until the bamboo shield finally washed off in a heavy sea.

Later, I found still another method. I caught a big shark on my fishing line, dragged it to the raft, lashed it, shot it with my Enfield rifle and let the carcass hang at the stern, in the water, near where I wanted to work. Seeing a dead shark, the other sharks of the same family steered clear of the area. All in all, I caught and killed a good many sharks—not that I really minded them so much, but because they deprived me of so much food by devouring the hooked dolphins before I could haul them to my deck.

One day I was trying to fix the rudder from a kayak-lifeboat I'd taken along in case I should be driven helplessly onto a reef. Suddenly my line to the raft gave way. The nylon line had sawed on a sharp steel edge. For a few minutes the raft sailed away from me, looking as if it thought it could do just as well without me. I had to paddle hard to catch up to it, and if the mainsail had been raised I never would have caught up.

One gray, windy afternoon, as I worked in the water on the rudder, I sensed something unusual. I looked around me and saw the most astonishing creature I have ever seen at sea. It was 18 to 20 feet long, and enormously thick. It had the pectorals and tapered body of a shark, but a head that was four feet across the front, and flat. I am not much for estimates—ordinarily I will not even guess at the height of waves—but I knew this monster weighed several tons.

At the time I was passing south of the Rakahanga group of islands. The monster stayed several feet under water, so my rifle bullets couldn't reach it. I shot at it for good reason: It kept nosing around my rudder. I guess it thought my raft was a giant fish and it wanted to make friends. If it had tried to play with the rudder, I would have been in real trouble I shot several times, but it ignored me and finally gave up hope of having a romance with a raft, and disappeared. Later, back in New York, I learned that it was a *Rhineodon typus*—the so-called whale shark—a prehistoric creature that rarely comes up from the ocean depths.

One day, in this region, I went over the stern in a particularly heavy sea, my rope around my waist and my anger against the faulty rudder rushing through my head. I had to ignore the sharks. As I always did, I lashed the rudder, which was about three feet by four, and of heavy steel. But it soon worked loose and swung back and forth and battered me. My hands were cut anew as they moved along the rudder's upper edge, fighting to work and keep their hold. I was constantly being plunged underwater. I had put new cables on and was tightening them with a marlin spike when a particularly heavy wall of water came down just as the raft was rising. An agonizing pain stabbed my groin on the left side. I felt as if I'd been pierced or torn open. I almost screamed. I could not hold on, and I dangled on the rope until the pain had subsided and my strength returned enough for me to move.

When I was able, I climbed to the deck, crawled to the cabin and lay there. By now I knew what had happened to me. Ten years earlier I had had a hernia, on the right side, just before my first raft voyage. I'd made the first voyage without much trouble, but this one was much worse. The pain was horrible. I remembered the doctor who'd examined me before I left New York. My wife had insisted I go. He'd found my condition perfect, but he had given me some morphine tablets, just in case.

The morphine eased me. I explored my abdomen and found that the intestines had not come through the tear in the wall. I knew there would be special danger if the tear was small, since then an intestinal loop might be caught and strangulated. But this tear seemed like a good big one, or, at any event, there was no strangulation.

I wrapped myself in a large rubberized bandage the doctor had given me. That same evening I went back over the stern to go on making repairs. Gradually the pain lessened. After that it did not cut down noticeably on my ability to work, except in the evenings after a particularly long, straining day. Then I would feel so weak I could not lift five pounds.

Thirty feet over the raft's deck, where I am standing as I work on the yard, the steel mast whips fearfully and the salt-coated rungs of the ladder are slippery as ice. It takes legs as well as arms and hands to hold on. The ladder is a single steel pole with rungs welded to it. The rung at my temple line is always plunging at me, and I do not duck in time. It hits me like a club. Through the pain I force myself to think that I must not surrender. I hang on and, when I can, climb down slowly. To bring down the bump, which is rising to egg size, I use an ancient method that I know works: I press a steel knife against the skin to restore circulation. A few days later I see in a mirror that my hair, which had still been brown, has turned white. I don't

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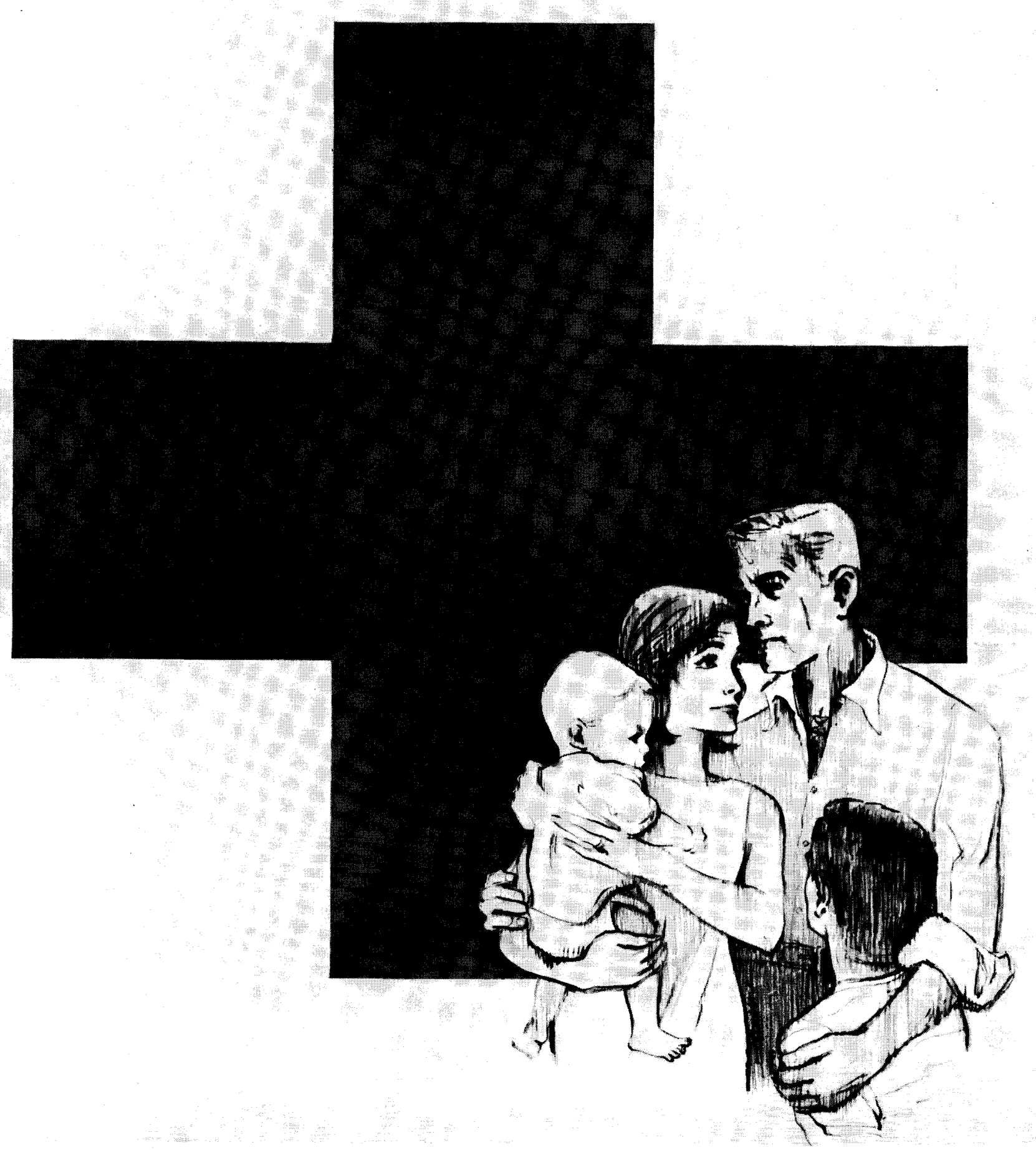

ALWAYS THERE WITH YOUR HELP

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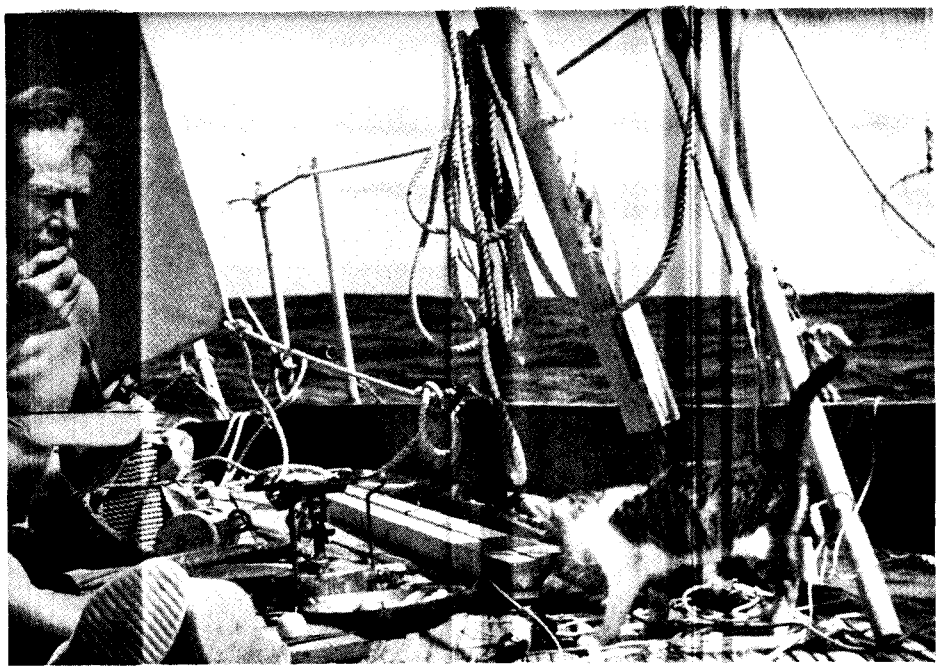

On deck, the author takes respite from his chores for a lunch with Aussie and Kiki.

"I am delayed. I am not defeated. I will get there. . . ."

One Man Against the Sea

know why. I would like to know. I have always wanted to know the why of things.

Why am I here? Well, I want to show what I can do. For me, solitude is a self-expression. I want to prove many things—that my way of life has been good for me; that age can be coped with; that the small signs of physical deterioration I had noticed in the preceding 10 years can be largely obliterated.

Why is the number of a man's years on earth so important? Mankind is only at a doorstep, I believe, beyond which he will make advancements, physical and intellectual, that exceed anything he can now even dream.

Why have the powers of my eyes and ears and nose increased to such an astonishing degree?

Why? And why again? And again—why has my hair turned white?

The worst weather came in the final third of the voyage, as I got deeper into the winter and farther south on a fretful course. My most serious problem came in this area. I had been having constant squalls for weeks, and they were becoming more and more intense. On this particular day squalls started building early in the afternoon. I stood at the wheel, watching the clouds mount up on the sea, eyes on sail as well as sky—and, of course, also on the rudder.

The squalls began to reach me about nine o'clock. The first one swept on me and I brought the big sail down. Fifteen minutes later, to take advantage of the wind, I winched it up again.

The next blow came quickly, and as I always did, I waited until the last possible moment, to draw every possible bit of power from the wind, before taking down the canvas. Again the wind slacked, again the heavy sail had to go back up. Again and again, as the night wore on, I was attacked by squalls. The raft pushed on, and the foam streamed from my face and the seas sloshed over the deck, and I kept sailing. Then, at about midnight, a particular squall arrived and I smelled it and listened to it and felt it out, and decided that I could keep the sail up a little longer. Perhaps I was influenced by a desire to avoid another struggle with the sail. Anyway, I made a mistake. It was the most powerful storm of the night, of full-gale force. It came from the southeast. It crashed on me, and now I really had a fight on my hands, just to handle the wheel. The seas thundered on my pontoons. Then all at once the raft swung off violently and the mainsail was aback and beginning to rip, dashing and shattering against the mast. I worked the wheel hard, but it was no go this time. My rudder had broken completely at the height of a storm, and with more storms coming behind this one.

The raft was in the wind and I knew I had to get the mainsail down before I lost it, to put up the jib, set a reefed mizzen and ride things out.

My hands on the useless wheel, I felt the acid of irritation, the heat of anger, even an instant of self-pity. But then a little later: *I* was all right. It was this raft that was the wreck. And because my raft was wrecked—I had to face this fact—so was I.

All that night the storms battered me. Only my six centerboards, two-by-ten-inch planks that could be lowered through brackets on the pontoons and extended six feet into the water, gave the raft any stability. How it did wallow and wash around. It was flotsam with a passenger. There was little chance I would capsize—not on a raft this size—or sink, for my pontoons were filled with a corklike chemical so they wouldn't take water even if they were punctured. But I could lose my mast, for I was pitching horribly. As my wreck staggered around the Pacific, I sometimes dozed. Morning came. Sometimes I sang as loudly as I could, because that always helps. I recited some love poetry—mine—the pages strangely gray under the malicious sky.

O, the kissing and the holding—
The mingling of the earth and of the sky—
The mingling mad of time and space
While gazing on the loved one's face,
The mingling of the cry.

I had many pleasant words with Aussie and Kiki, and wondered what Kiki's friends at the New York Humane Society would say if they could see her now. And Aussie's friends on the Peruvian ranch.

To keep my mind alert, I exercised it by planning repairs in the greatest possible detail. As I did this, frustration tried to invade me. How could I really fix the rudder? I fought these feelings off, of course, and they proved corrective in a way. A look at despair can be its cure. I would make it. I was going to make it to Australia. Having thought all this, I had a big meal, and felt better. Nervous tension makes one hungry.

At last, on the second morning after the night the rudder broke, the sea was peaceful enough for me to tackle the repair job. I took turn buckles and other gear and went over the stern and gave that rudder hell. It took two hours of struggling to get it working again, and it still worked only very poorly. I patched the big sail along a seam 17 feet long. By the time I was finished, it was afternoon, and squalls were building up again on the horizon.

It comes like a flash. A specter. An impression. I look at the solitude in the ocean, and see it, and grope for the word. There is no right word.

It does not come at a time of struggle—oh, never then, for then I dig in and fight and come through. It comes at easier times. There is no depression before or afterward. And I can examine it and learn from it. The principal cause is the excessive work—of that I am sure. I am not going mad, but I am learning how a man goes mad. It—the specter—comes from inside, but it seems to come from space. It is a flash without light or color. It is very real as it invades me and gives its message and then goes.

I do not have to go on. Why haven't I seen this before? I can get away! Not harm myself—no—simply escape. Escape this raft that will not sail and the rudder that will not stay repaired and the winds that will not ease and the work that will not stop. In that flash that fills the mind with the specter, escape seems attractive. Over the side.

The mind is able to observe itself while all this is happening. I see a part of my mind I had not known about. I learn something about why people commit suicide and how the idea comes to them. I am glad I am an old sea dog and have ways to adjust myself to problems.

The specter finally disappears as it came, without warning or notice. That was a few weeks before my journey was to end in a way that, for me, was so tragic.

A dream is destroyed

On the 120th day, more or less—it is hard to pinpoint some things—I came to the realization that Australia would probably not be mine, not until I had the rudder repaired. To sail there would take another 60 days at least. And there were too many things against me. I would have to pick a new destination—a place with some sort of shipyard. I could go on to the Fijis, 900 miles ahead, and try to put into Suva, or to the Tongas. At either island group, I'd take stock and calculate the chances of continuing.

My hope still hung on to the Australian vision, but my mind and experience said no. To make the raft work at all, I had to steer continually, and I simply could not steer day and night.

On the morning of Nov. 11, at about seven o'clock, as the raft wallowed and struggled after one of the worst storms of all, I had my first sight of land since Peru. It was the Samoan island of Upolu, a mountain rising out of the sea. My navigation had been just right, which pleased me. I was about 20 miles north of the island, and I looked at it through my glasses, though the day was too muddy for me to see much more than the outline. I knew the island, as I'd been there before—the mountainsides green with the mangroves and palms, the shores fronted by a coral reef on which waves pounded themselves endlessly.

I set about the day's work—a bath, daubs of sea water on the eyes, a mug of the sea for my stomach, food for my pets and then for myself, and then repairs to the mainsail, which had been torn again.

Meanwhile the raft was behaving miserably and I could not avoid the reason: Three of my centerboards had been broken in the last storm. Despite the unceasing wind and a sky that told me there was no letup in sight, I wanted to sail on past this island, on to the Fijis, and maybe much farther.

When the mainsail was mended I put it up, but I had to lower it at once. The rudder would not take the strain. The steel rods had given way altogether, and my lashings did little good.

I went over the stern to make new repairs. It was useless. I tried it with just the mizzen and the jib. The rudder did not make enough pressure on the water to keep me on course.

The night before, helpless in the gale, I was not particularly upset. But now to be this helpless was, for me, tragedy. I wanted to keep sailing. But I also thought ahead to the miles studded with reefs without a harbor anywhere. On a crippled raft, there was the possibility that I'd be cast up on some pile of coral and bleach there.

I said to myself that either I put into this island for repairs, or I would never get ashore anywhere. I hated the decision.

By now it was about 11:30 in the morning and I had drifted closer to the island. I could see the sea breaking on the reef. I had gone 7,450 miles; it was my 130th day at sea. Having little power to steer, I hoped to summon a towboat. I began sending S O S's. A gadget on my radio sender let me send the S O S just by pushing a lever, and then winding the generator. I put on my earphones and waited for a response; none came. I put my flag upside down, a distress signal known to all sailors. Meanwhile I maneuvered toward the shore as best I could.

Through the day I edged toward the shore. I sent the S O S's every 15 minutes, and then oftener, and then almost constantly. I scanned the mountainside and the sea with my glass. At any moment I expected to see some sign of life; I was only about six miles down from the town of Apia. Yard by yard, lucky to make any course at all, I edged toward the coral line. By now I would have been happy to see a small boat which would show me where there was an opening through the reef into the lagoon.

Then I gave that up. I would have to make my own way to the end of this trip. I set about the task. I climbed up the mast and, through the binoculars, studied the coral wall, peering for a likely-looking place to try a crossing. Finally I made my decision and headed toward that spot. In most places the coral stuck a foot or two into the air; I could see its black, jagged face when the sea would go back. Three hundred yards beyond the reef, across the lagoon's smooth face, the mountain wall was intensely green. I could hear the breaking of the waves on the reef. Naturally one must expect to tear the bottom out of his boat on a reef like this, but

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now the choice had been taken out of my hands and I was going to go over the reef or get stuck on it, or be capsized by it. My raft seemed to halt just before the coral. I had lashed everything down and stowed my instruments. Naturally everything was shipshape, as it had been during the whole voyage.

I stood at the wheel and braced myself. A wave came from behind. We bumped and scraped and stuttered, and then another wave came and we went over. Somehow the pontoons held together. I sailed over the calm waters and anchored among boulders 20 feet offshore. It was early evening by now. It had taken me an entire day to make those few miles. I had seen a few houses as I came in, but now there was no sign of life at all.

I anchored, lest a tide sweep in, lowered the sails. I fed my cats and opened a can of beans for myself. After a while, a skiff appeared, with a man and a woman aboard. I called to them and they came over. Perhaps it took courage on their part, since my beard was so heavy and my hair so wild and my skin so black from the sun. I imagine I looked somewhat like an old man out of the sea.

But as I'd known would happen, the process of readjusting back to life with people was as quick as the descent into solitude had been slow. I asked the couple if they spoke English. The man was the Rev. Russell J. Maddox, chairman of the Methodist Church in Western Samoa, and the woman was his wife.

I identified myself and asked them if they would notify authorities of my arrival so my wife could hear. They went away in their boat to do what I'd asked.

Later in the evening a native policeman came with some other men and asked if I needed help. I told them no, and they stayed for a while, talking, and then they left. I spent that night on the raft. I was perfectly at home there. I could not desert the raft. If a sailor loses his ship—and if I left mine I could not say what would happen to it—he has nothing.

Next day I had more visitors, and was driven to Apia by Police Superintendent Leo Schmidt and introduced to many of the leading people of Western Samoa including the government leaders. In the evening I returned to my raft and slept aboard it. The next day the raft was towed to a dock to be repaired. This time, to the rudder we attached solid steel pipe three inches thick, and we improved all the steering gear, and I was eager to resume the voyage. While waiting for the work to get finished, I visited a hospital, just to have my hernia checked. The chief doctor there said that while my condition was otherwise fine, the abdominal tear should have attention before I sailed farther, and I decided that if I were to be delayed at all, I'd best get the job done back in New York where I could be with Teddy.

But I am not through with this voyage yet. The raft lies at an Apia dock, fully repaired, its rudder now strong enough to withstand any sea. I have been sending new rope to Apia for storage there, and working out some other final details. A few weeks from now, probably early in June, I will get aboard that raft and head west out of Apia, through the Fijis and south of New Caledonia, a dangerous stretch since there are so many reefs and islands that could wreck me. I set out for Australia, and I will sail to Australia, landing at Sydney, if the winds let me. I am delayed, but I will not be defeated. I will get there. THE END

Sunburned, lean but healthy after long sea siege, Willis stands on his battered raft after crashing over reef to land on Samoa.

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POST FICTION

The Answer Depends

By JOHN O'HARA

Illustration by Des Asmussen

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The plots of those old movies on TV may be dull— but not the stories behind them.

They wonder how we can sit and watch ourselves in those old movies on television. Doesn't it embarrass us to be reminded of the awfulness of the bad pictures, and embarrass us in a different way to see the inferior quality of our pictures that were supposed to be good? Our makeup was so awful, the lighting was so unprofessional, the cutting so jumpy, the direction so unimaginative when it was not artily intrusive, the dialogue so dated, the stories so untrue to life. They laugh, the younger ones, and kid the clichés and ask us why we don't buy up those old pictures and burn the negatives. One of them said to me last week, "Come on, Bobby, you have enough money stashed away. You can afford to buy back a thing like *MacKenzie of the Royal Rifles*." Well, I have not got enough money to buy back *MacKenzie*, but even if I had, I wouldn't buy it.

Yes, I am momentarily uncomfortable when my grandson sees me as a gallant young subaltern—wearing too much lipstick and too much eye shadow. Only too well do I know what he is thinking: His grandfather must have been a swish. His manners are just good enough to keep him from coming out and saying so, but he looks at me on the TV screen and then at me, there in my den, and in his mind are serious doubts of my virility. I, on the other hand, cannot banish those thoughts by revealing to him that at the time I was making *MacKenzie of the Royal Rifles*, his grandmother was sulking in our North Canon Drive mansion because I was away on location with Doris Arlington. I cannot tell the boy that his grandmother had every good reason to sulk. I would not tell him that I very nearly did not go back to his grandmother, that Doris Arlington and I went from the High Sierras location to a cruise in a borrowed yacht that had nothing to do with the making of *MacKenzie of the Royal Rifles*. "My boy," I could but cannot say to him, "if Doris Arlington had been a better sailor, you would not be alive today, and neither would your father."

We don't see what *they* see in those old movies. The news and sports and the weather are finished, and the night's movie comes on. Sometimes it is a picture I never heard of, sometimes it is a picture in which I had the male lead. Most often it is a film that stars men and women I used to know, and frequently I am able to recall the giant premiere at the Chinese or the Egyptian or the Carthay Circle. The pra-meer, they pronounced it. That was the year I had my first Duesenberg. That was the year I had my first Rolls. That was the opening that Lowell Sherman came to in a broken-down flivver—but there I am confusing fact with scenario. Lowell Sherman did that in a film called *What Price Hollywood?* Someone else did it in real life. Who was it, who *was* it that came to a world pra-meer in a broken-down flivver? I remember Connie Bennett in *What Price Hollywood?*, the Brown Derby waitress in a starched, ballooning-out skirt. It was a good, good picture. Gutsy, with a suicide ending. But who actually did drive the flivver to a *grand luxe* opening? I can remember Connie singing "*Parlez-moi d'amour*" in the film, but why can't I recall the actual driver of the actual flivver? I make a note to telephone Bill Powell in Palm Springs. He'll remember. But by the time the night's picture is finished I forget to telephone Bill.

Oh, we would never do anything to keep those old films off TV. It would be like burning

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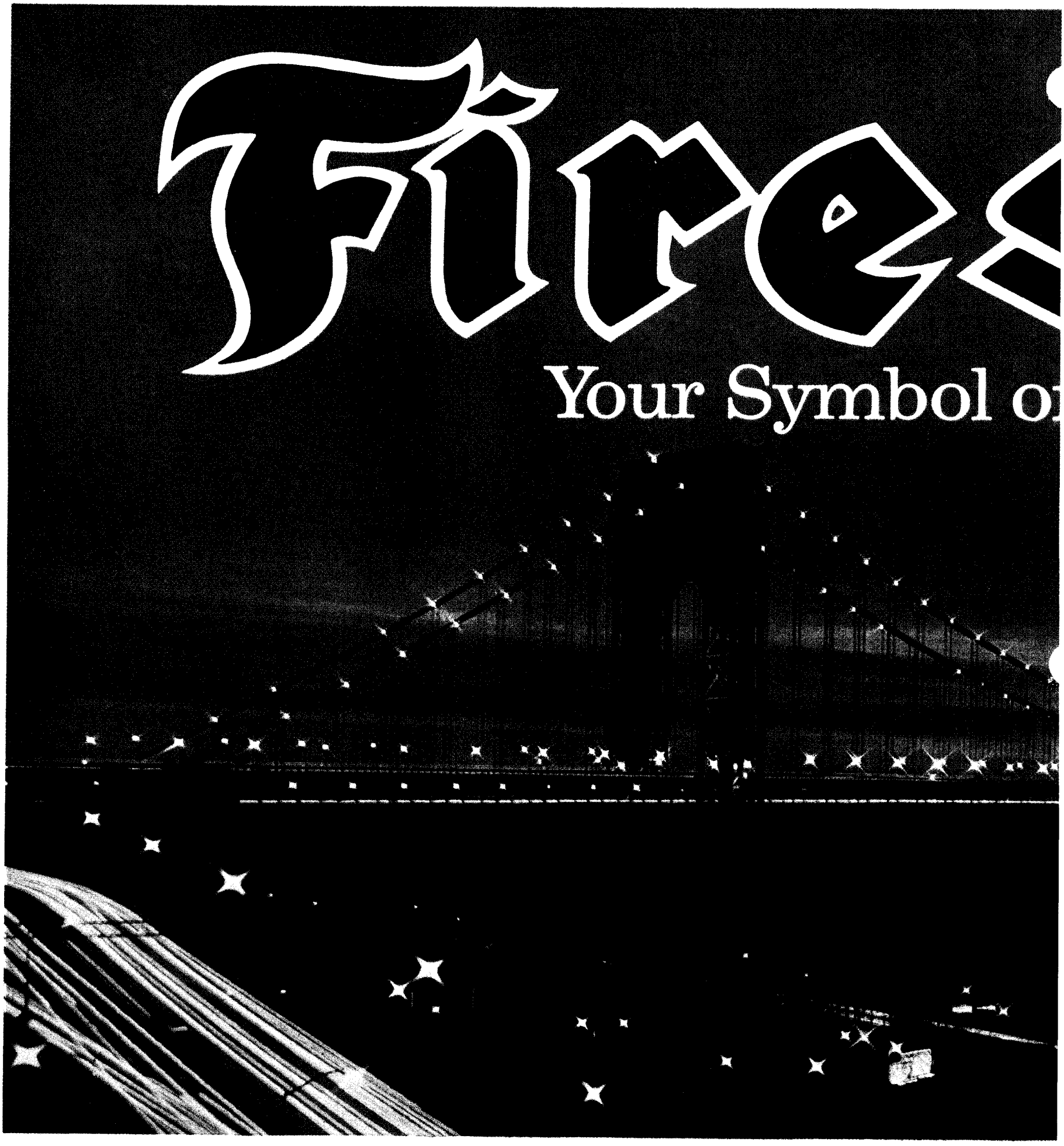

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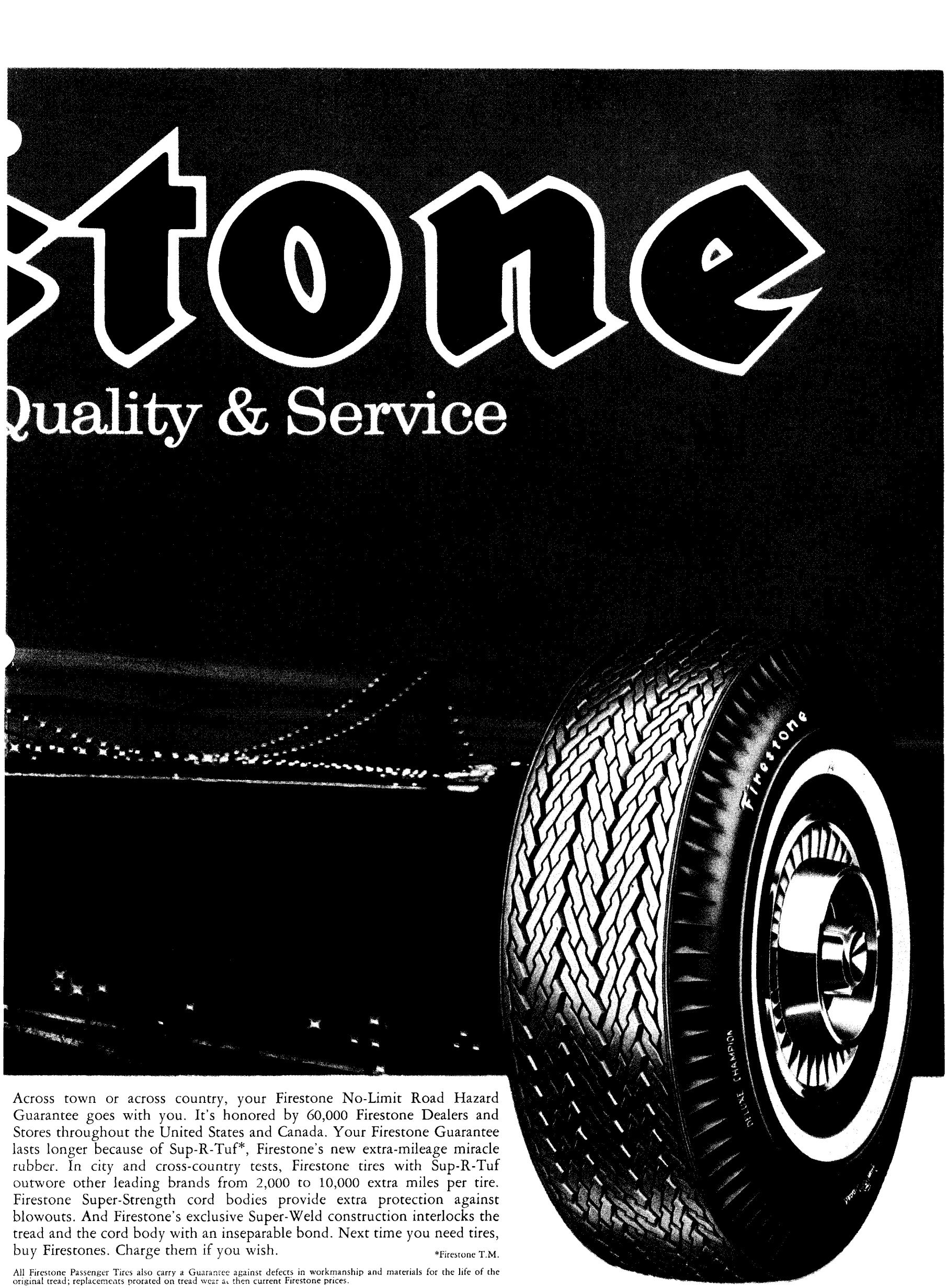

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a diary. It would be worse than burning a diary. I did burn a diary before I went to the hospital a few years ago. No one else knew that I had kept the diary, no one in the world. It contained no written-out names, but there were a few people who would have been able to make pretty good guesses as to identities and events, and their guesses would not have made anyone happy. The doctor said my operation would be merely exploratory, which is what it turned out to be, but he was quite pleased that I seemed to be so calm. "Most men your age put on a good act, but you're not a bit worried," he said. I told him I had great confidence in him and let it go at that. I didn't want to tell him that I had prepared for the operation by burning a diary. Surgeons are such hams, every bit as bad as we are, every bit as hungry for a little applause. And at my age my doctor is almost a companion, if not exactly a friend. I have no friends who are also companions. Bill Powell is in Palm Springs, Dick Barthelmess was until recently in Southampton, Ned Revere has his farm in upstate New York, Jack Paisley has returned to England. They are all far removed from my little ranch in the San Fernando Valley. But I don't really miss them. I could move to New York and join the actors' clubs, take up bridge and pool, and sit in the club bars with men who would do to me what I would do to them—interrupt my reminiscences with questions of fact or because I had been talking too long. I know those clubs, I used to belong to them in my movie-star days because membership in them spruced up my biography in *Who's Who;* but I seldom went near them, and when I did I always came away depressed and redetermined never to end my days in them. I don't need clubs, and I certainly don't want my recollections to be interrupted by other retired actors who think their memory is more accurate than mine.

I get very good reception on my TV set at my ranch. Day or night I can go to my little den and sit alone. My family and my neighbors know that my doctor has told me to stay out of the sun, and they think I am "making the best of it." Well, I am, but not in the way they believe. I am having a very good time. Every old movie, whether it was a super production or what we used to call a program picture, takes me right back to the exciting days when I was on my way up, or to those later days when (according to one magazine writer) my face was on some screen in some part of the world every hour of every day, when I was making $15,000 a week and spending at least half that. I bought suits twenty at a time, ordering them from swatches, and many of them I gave away without having worn them a single time. I once owned a speedboat that I never even saw because I was too busy to go to Catalina. Now, of course, I am limited to a station wagon and a black sedan, neither of them in the $5,000 class, but a couple of weeks ago I was watching an old film about a monarch in a mythical kingdom, played by Jack Paisley. There was a scene in which Jack is riding through a village in the royal town car. The car runs over a child, and a revolution starts. I had forgotten about that film, but I recognized the car. It was my car, a Rolls with a Barker body, and I had lent it to Sidney Gainsborough, of Gainsborough Pictures, as a personal favor, for that picture. I think he paid me a thousand dollars a day, although I had not asked him for any money. They kept the car on the Gainsborough lot for three or four weeks while making the picture, and I recall that the money they paid me was more than the car had cost me new. That was how we did things in those days, too.

The strange thing was that it made sense, according to Sidney, to rent my car instead of waiting a whole year while the Rolls and the Barker people built a car new. That was how we thought in those days, too. We who remember those days are not mystified by the cost of making pictures, even $40-million pictures. I was never paid a million to make a picture, but I made a million a year for six or seven straight years, and Tom Mix made much more than I did. This Taylor girl, by the time she gets through paying her taxes, will wind up with a lot less than Mary Pickford put away, and don't you forget it. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if when she reaches my age, she has less than I have now. I spent it freely, but I didn't spend it all. Ronnie Colman, Warner Baxter, Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess, Jack Paisley, Ned Revere and I held on to enough to give us security. Even Ned Revere, with five ex-wives, won't die broke on that farm of his up near Cooperstown, N. Y.

Good old Ned, the rascal. This present wife of his was an acquisition of his post-Hollywood days, and I don't know very much about her, but she must be a pretty good sort. Ned had that automobile accident ten years ago that left him rather badly crippled, just when he seemed about to be embarking on a new career on Broadway. He got those excellent notices in one play that folded after three weeks, and some young fellow who had never seen him in those comedy movies wrote a play especially for Ned. I would never have thought that Ned would strike anyone as the type to play a broken-down old politician in a southern town. I had known Ned so well that the ravages of time had not been particularly noticeable; to me he was a good light comedian who was getting older, as I was getting older. But to the young playwright seeing him for the first time, he was the perfect actor to play an unprincipled old buzzard who had always been able to get by on his charm. To some extent that was true of Ned himself, in real life, but it had never occurred to me that anyone would get that impression of Ned so strongly as to want to write a play about it. Ned understood it, though, and he told me when he went into rehearsal that it was going to be very difficult to overcome the temptation to play himself instead of the character as written. It was especially difficult, he said, because he was a native Southerner and after all those years of stifling his accent, he was being encouraged to lay it on thick. He was genuinely apprehensive, and for the first time in his life he was thinking of someone else, in this case, the young playwright who had such confidence in him. He wanted to be good for the playwright's sake.

Well, as everyone knows, he was. The notices were unanimously favorable and there was praise for all concerned; for Ned, for the playwright, for the supporting cast, the director. Then Ned was injured in that smashup of his taxi and a mail truck, and the only luck Ned had was that he came out of it alive, plus the fact that he met the lady who eventually became Number 6. She was in the hospital at the same time, and they would meet in their wheelchairs in the sun room. She was a widow, fully aware of Ned's matrimonial record, and inclined to be moralistic about it. But besides being moralistic she was sympathetic toward the afflicted, as moralistic people are sometimes apt to be, and Ned was at his lowest ebb. He had a good deal of pain during a series of operations, and was pessimistic as to his future. His old ebullience was gone, and she began to think of him more as a discouraged invalid than as a much-married movie actor. He in turn began to realize that she never said a word about her own illness, which was cancer, and that she was giving him a lesson in courage. She invited him to visit her at her farm near Cooperstown, repeated the invitation when she was leaving the hospital, and he found after she left that he missed her companionship so much that when it came time for him to leave the hospital, he went to Cooperstown and stayed.

I hear from him once in a while. He has one of those golf carts that enables him to get around in good weather. I have a standing invitation to visit him, but it is one I shall never accept. It isn't only that Cooperstown is too far away. In fact, in a manner of speaking it is much too near. Ned Revere, dependent on a golf cart to get him around, is not Ned Revere in a Stutz Bearcat or a Mercer Raceabout, as he always was when we were making silent films. When the talkies came in we bought the newer cars; Ned persuaded me to buy my first Duesenberg. He doesn't even remember that, and I will not go all the way to Cooperstown to get into an argument over it. He wrote to me a couple of months ago, and I saved his letter, although I don't know why I did. It is so full of misinformation that it is practically a classic.

Dear Bobby (he wrote):

I suppose you saw in the papers that Dick Barthelmess has passed on. The ranks are getting thin. I had not seen Dick in recent years. He spent most of his time on Long Island. Am told he had seven operations and was down to 110 lbs. when he died. Was always fond of Dick in the old days. Sent me a wire on opening night of *The Blighted Magnolia* & had tickets for the night after I had my accident with the taxi and the mail truck. He was one of the first to send me flowers to the hospital. Dear old Dick, a real gentleman & a fine actor.

"I caught you on TV the other night, the late show. It was *Lord of the Forest* the one in which you played a civil engineer who wants to build a big dam & the girl threatens to shoot you when she sees you surveying the timberland. If they show it in California don't look at it. You will want to cut your throat. It wouldn't be hard, either, as you go around in all kinds of weather with your collar open and your chest showing as if you were a sweater girl. It is not the worst picture I ever saw but it will do till a worse one comes along. All I could think of watching that picture was you and Edna Blaine, who played the girl. My wife was watching the picture with me & she said you seemed to be really in love with the heroine. 'I'll say he was,' I said to her. I told her about how you and Edna sneaked away after the shooting was finished and went off on a cruise in Sid Gainsborough's yacht. But you were seasick from the minute the yacht left the dock and Edna got so fed up that she made the captain turn back after you were only gone two days. Still, you were

"You see? It is the ones with curly manes that win."

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quite a chaser as long as you stayed on dry land.

"I saw another of your pictures *MacGregor of the Royal Rifles* with you and Doris Arlington. She was just a kid at the time, everybody was after her, including yours truly, but she was really stuck on you. I was always surprised you didn't marry Doris. I guess you would have if you had to. Then some new kid came along & you palmed Doris off on Jack Paisley, a lousy trick to pull on any girl. I don't watch TV very much. They are always reviving our old pictures & there ought to be some kind of a law like invasion of privacy to keep them from digging into our past. I guess one good thing is that the young people today think we are all dead. The young fellow who manages our farm, a young Cornell graduate, worked for us two years before he discovered that Edward J. Revere was the Ned Revere he saw on the late show. I guess if the truth be told I always hated Hollywood. They kept me doing those damn comedies till I could never get a decent part in anything serious. I was in my late fifties before I ever got a chance to show I could act & then it was Broadway, not Hollywood, that gave me the chance. I was never cut out to be a comedian. I should of left Hollywood thirty years ago and concentrated on the legitimate stage, maybe doing a comedy now & then like Alfred Lunt but mostly sticking to dramatic roles. Well, it is too late now and there is no use being bitter . . ."

No use being bitter, he says. Poor Ned. I see him on the late movies, and it is true that those comedies were not worth remembering (although they made money for everyone connected with them). But I pay so little attention to the dramatic content of our old pictures. I don't try to follow the plot lines of Ned Revere's films. In a few minutes after one of his pictures has begun to roll, I am in a daze of recollection, of remembering Ned as a gay companion; irresponsible, quixotic, romantic, attractive to men as well as to women, and with no illusions then as to his stature as an artist. He himself often said that his pictures were all the same picture, based on the foolproof formula of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl.

I confess that I may have envied him a little in those days. I had to work so hard to create a new character in every new picture, whereas Ned, with his perennially youthful countenance and those surefire parts, could show up at the studio with absolutely no preparation and let the director do the thinking when any was necessary.

I remember a discussion with Jack Quinlan, who directed so many of Ned's films, silents and talkies. Ned's mind, Jack said, was like an old-fashioned schoolboy's slate. You wrote something on it, then you rubbed it out and wrote something else. Ned was never bothered by subtleties or nuances, and I don't suppose he had ever read a book in his life. He had a perfect light-comedy face, as Jack pointed out to me. Regular features, a small straight nose, a fine head of hair with a widow's peak, and an awkward grace that was natural and could not be copied by anyone else in the business. There was absolutely no difference between Ned on-screen and off, and the smart directors like Jack Quinlan never tried to make Ned do anything or say anything that required discipline or invention on Ned's part.

It was his naïveté that got him into so many marriages. He might just as reasonably have married five other girls instead of the five he did marry. He merely happened to have proposed to five girls who accepted his proposals. He had a daughter by his second wife, his only child, but she grew up with her stepfather, took her stepfather's name, and probably has not heard from Ned in more than thirty years. I doubt if Ned ever gives her a thought. Certainly he never used to mention her to any of us. Come to think of it, I can't recall his ever mentioning his mother either. I suppose you would call him a man with no emotional ties, who never inflicted his problems on us because he had none. His lack of them, of course, made him an ideal companion for the rest of us, who may have had a tendency to exaggerate our emotional involvements. You could tell him anything, he would listen, nod at the right places, and forget what you said. I told him, for instance, that Doris Arlington had been seasick on Morris Spitzer's yacht, but he will believe to his dying day that I was with Edna Blaine on Sid Gainsborough's yacht. Sid never had a yacht, but he did have Edna Blaine.

I don't know who is better off: me at my TV, with memories as fresh as the news in the morning paper; or Ned, scornful of those pleasant and profitable days, and with the lingering bitter taste of that one success on Broadway.

Who is better off? Why, I am, of course, unless you put the same question to Ned Revere. THE END

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Napoleon Lyre Clock designed by Festeau Le Jeune, Paris (Circa 1830), from the Old Charter Clock Collection.

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CONCLUSION

THE PILGRIM PROJECT

ALL AT ONCE HE KNEW THAT BOOSTER SEPARATION WOULD GO SMOOTHLY, THAT HIS INSERTION AND MIDCOURSE CORRECTION WOULD BE GOOD, THAT IN THREE DAYS HE WOULD SEE AT CLOSE RANGE THE STARK AND IMPOSSIBLE WORLD THAT NO FREE MAN HAD EVER SEEN. . . . COULD HE SURVIVE A LANDING? OF THAT HE WAS NOT SURE AT ALL.

By HANK SEARLS

The United States had not planned to try so soon to land a man on the moon. But when it became evident that the Russians were determined to get there first, and had actually conducted a manned flight in a lunar orbit, Project Pilgrim was activated, and Steve Lawrence was designated as the American astronaut. Project Pilgrim consisted of two stages. First, a shelter capsule called Chuck Wagon was launched—in which Steve would be able to live for a year. Then, if Chuck Wagon landed successfully, Steve would be launched a week later in a Mercury capsule. When his three-day flight brought him close to the moon, he would be faced with a fateful decision: If he spotted Chuck Wagon and determined that it had landed intact, he would jettison his earth-reentry gear and land as close to the shelter as possible. If he could *not* spot the shelter, he was to abort the mission—swing once around the moon and return to earth. Steve had promised his wife, Mickey, that he would abort rather than risk his life in a landing under unfavorable conditions.

It was a bold, hazardous enterprise, and powerful men opposed it. One of them was Senator Ralph Fellows. . . .

On the floor of the Senate, the minority leader, Senator Ralph Fellows of California, was concluding his remarks.

"I have been assured, gentlemen, that the radiation dose is there. I have been assured that when the man has been on the moon for a week he will have absorbed it."

He knew himself to be a more effective speaker in the Senate than in public. His peers he could address, sometimes even sway, with solid, undramatic fact; he was completely at home on the floor.

"Meteorites and micrometeorites will rain on the moon, as they have for millenniums. When the man has been there a month, he will have been hit . . ."

He saw the Administration's trained poodle from Ohio make a note and start to jiggle impatiently. The young senator had been briefing himself, he knew; he would tear into that statement when he had the floor. Steal his thunder, then . . .

"To be sure," he continued, "those who would toss the man to the moon have assured us that he will be protected if he can bury his Chuck Wagon shelter. I am no astronaut, Mr. President. But I have been a hard-rock miner in California. I can assure even the young gentleman from Ohio that what works in the laboratory does not always work in the shaft."

He paused, looking into familiar faces on both sides of the chamber. They trusted him, to the right and left. He sensed that the authority with which he spoke was solidifying their convictions. He had given even doubtful senators the material to justify to their constituents a vote for a NASA cut.

By the time he finished, he knew elatedly, he would have won. He had a few more coffin nails to pound into the Pilgrim Project, though.

There was not a man in the chamber who would not by tomorrow have felt from his mail the odd, youthful ground swell in favor of Pilgrim. Well, he would dampen that too. Not like a cold-eyed politician tightening the purse strings, but on grounds of humanity.

"This young American civilian has proved his courage in war. Do we have a right to ask him to prove it in this senseless race?"

He leaned on his desk. It was time for a passing glance at the dollar.

"For, gentlemen, it *is* senseless. Senseless and very, very expensive. The Russians may well have trapped us. Their audacity in establishing a space station, and in launching a manned probe around the moon, may have caused this nation to act precipitately and unwisely. For what this has cost and will cost . . ."

He heard the Vice President's phone buzz softly. He looked up, saw the senator from Ohio move quickly to the Chair, confer with it and return to his seat.

Ralph Fellows pointed to the Ohio senator. "Let me ask the gentleman from Ohio, now that he has apparently settled down, if he knows how many B-52 wings we might buy when this Pilgrim mission is prohibited?"

The young man looked up quickly. "Is the senator from California yielding?"

A tingle of alarm disturbed him. The junior senator was too eager for battle.

"No."

"Is it the senator from California's opinion that there is more military value in the bombers than in the moon?"

"There is no military value in the moon."

He felt all at once that he was losing control, that he had handed the offensive to the opposition.

"Sir," the young man asked innocently, playing with a fountain pen, "is this opinion based on the fact that the Russians are apparently allowing us to land first?"

Alarm bells were ringing wildly now. Something was happening. To give himself time, he looked up at the Vice President.

"I have *not* yielded," he said ominously.

The Vice President cautioned his cohort, rubbed his eyes for a moment. Then he called Fellows to the Chair.

"Ralph," he said softly, flicking off his microphone and handing him a slip of paper, "I'm announcing this when you're through. I

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You can do the same thing with four different "Benefits" that used to require buying separate policies. Besides that, you can add five additional "Benefits."

With these nine "Benefits," you can custom-tailor a *single* policy to fit your needs. *Add* the "Benefits" as you need them. *Subtract* them as your needs change.

What are these "Benefits?" Besides the "Wife and Children Benefit," there's a "College Savings Benefit" that lets you pay *less* than all other endowment-type savings plans. There's one that guarantees you can get more insurance as you grow older regardless of your health. And there are six others that you can add to a Nationwide policy to fit a specific need.

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If you now own a basic Nationwide policy and bought it since 1948, he'll show you how you can revise it with these "Benefits."

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guess I have to show it to you before you get too far out on a limb."

He read the paper. The Vice President's clean, rounded handwriting seemed almost alive. The senator's hand began to tremble.

Large Russian vehicle departed space station 3:17 EST today on lunar trajectory. No Russ announcement. Goddard communications intercepts indicate at least one occupant. Deep Space Network now tracking.

With a great effort Ralph Fellows kept his face impassive.

"Thanks," he said gruffly. "But I can take care of myself. If this is true ——"

"It's true."

Ralph Fellows found his mouth dry. He glanced at the decanter of water on the Chair's desk. The Vice President poured him a glass. He drank deeply.

"Then why *launch* Pilgrim? Why back a losing horse?"

The Vice President seemed to have aged in the last two weeks. His voice was tired.

"Is that going to be your argument, Ralph?"

"Argument? Hell, it's a fact! If a Russian's on his way, it's too late! Isn't it?"

"There's a difference between landing late and . . ."

"And what?"

"And never being allowed to land at all!"

"That's *your* argument," Ralph Fellows scoffed, hiding a tug of uncertainty. "Now can I continue?"

"Of course," the Vice President nodded wearily. He glanced at the young senator from Ohio. "That kid doesn't know it yet, but you have them. Don't you?"

"Yes." Ralph Fellows smiled grimly. "In the palm of my hand."

He regarded his beaten enemy and found himself reluctant to leave the platform.

"*Is* there a military reason?" he asked.

He had asked the President once, and he knew the answer, but he found that he must hear it again.

"We don't really know."

Ralph Fellows shrugged and began to move down the steps.

"Ralph?"

He turned.

"The Russians seem to think so," the Vice President said quietly. "Don't they?"

Ralph Fellows moved slowly back to his seat. Angrily he tried to throw off the feeling of discomfort the twinge of doubt.

This was his Senate; he had served in it for almost thirty years. He had seldom stood in this chamber and vacillated. The way had always been straight, no matter how hard, once he had made up his mind. Then why this uneasiness today?

He stood by his desk, ready to continue, but the words would not come. He looked around at the cream-and-red marble, the solid leather chairs, the busts of Vice Presidents high in the gold-silk walls. He glanced at his notes. Someone coughed in the gallery. Ralph Fellows' hand roamed the warm mahogany desk top. He gripped it tightly. There was utter silence. He looked up at the Chair.

"I yield," he murmured hoarsely, "to the gentleman from Ohio."

The Vice President, his conscience writhing, listened to the young Ohioan with half an ear. The senator was fervently invoking the spirit and example of American heroes from Lewis and Clark to Sergeant York. He was overdramatic after Fellows, but somehow effective, boring in with desperate intensity. He had felt the flame of an enthusiasm that the President had sworn this morning was sweeping the nation. He was fanning it for the Press Gallery, but it was not all demagoguery. He was prepared, as well.

"My distinguished colleague from California complains of expense! We are the richest country on earth! We spend forty billion a year on conventional defense! He balks at five billion to reconnoiter a field that might make all our defenses obsolete! We spend as much on amusements as on space, three billion more each year on tobacco and liquor, *twice* as much on advertising . . ."

The Vice President knew that he should be happy; when Fellows had succumbed they had won. Nothing political could now prevent the Pilgrim launch. When the young man from Ohio was through, the Vice President would announce the Russian firing, and the Senate, stung, would end up secretly cheering Pilgrim.

The Vice President shifted guiltily. He wished he could have told Ralph Fellows of the earlier phone call, the one that had plagued him since before the call to order.

But damn it, he could not. No one was sure, yet and to have handed Fellows such ammunition would have been fatal.

He glanced at the data he had jotted down.

Noon position Chuck Wagon. Excellent trajectory at 30,500 miles.

But then:

Possible problem: Shelter capsule radar beacon failing intermittently—strength fading.

That was for neither him nor Fellows to worry about, was it? That was for the scientists to solve.

Angrily, he crumpled the scratch paper and threw it into the wastebasket.

The Central Monitor Room at Goddard Space Flight Center near Washington seemed to be heading toward panic. Pilgrim was in trouble before it had even launched the man.

On the Chuck Wagon shelter capsule was a radar beacon, like the one now faithfully beeping on Surveyor Six, which had been launched earlier to the moon's surface and served as a sort of lunar lighthouse. But Chuck Wagon's beacon was fading.

The giant radar dishes around the world could track the shelter without its own help almost to the point of its contact with the surface. But without the radar beacon they would never pinpoint it once it had landed on the moon. Without pinpointing it, they could not send the man. No matter how close to the old Surveyor beacon they thought the shelter had landed, they simply could not launch him to the surface of the moon and tell him to start looking.

"This is Central Monitor. Beacon strength?"

The technicians and engineers watched the last moments of the shelter's flight. In the adjoining room, computers whirred and signals crackled to and from Goldstone, Woomera Johannesburg. And the fragile thread extended to the tiny shelter hurtling toward the instant of retro-fire.

Tens of millions of dollars, hundreds of thousands of man-hours stretched out along the delicate web; minute bits of information returned to jog electronic memories and trigger the synapses in the next room.

But when it had all been done, when every relay and circuit and microswitch had been checked a score of times, the system was still man-made and was failing.

In the lonely capsule a quarter of a million miles away a mischievous speck of dust, perhaps, or a minute droplet of water, had escaped the gowned and masked surgeons of the clean-rooms. And the minuscule piece of matter had interposed itself between the shelter's feeble voice and the men who waited to hear it, and a man's life might well be saved because of it.

The Scoreboard, as the Goddard people called their transparent tracking

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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display, was enormous. It stretched along the whole front wall of the room. It was made of Plexiglas; projectors behind it could etch on it the planets in their paths, or the mountains of the earth, or the topography of Mars.

On it now was displayed a map of the lunar landing site. The dawn line was approaching it from the right, still several days away. In the semidarkness the faithful beacon on Surveyor Six was represented by a pulsing red light in the shadowy Sea of Storms.

Toward Surveyor, fifty miles above the moon's surface, crawled a tiny orange rectangle, urged by the computers next door. It denoted the shelter capsule. As long as the hundred-foot dish antennas at Goldstone and Johannesburg could distinguish its faint radar pulse, its position would be known.

But when the beacon finally failed and the giant ears of radar lost it in the jumble of other echoes from the moon's surface, the rectangle would change to a circle.

A question mark might have been more appropriate.

Now the orange rectangle passed across the dawn line into the darkness in which it would land. The lighted capsule was a minute ghost following the real one as it passed from shining daylight into night.

Dark or light did not matter to the shelter. Its responses were triggered by its altimeter; it could land as well in lunar night as day.

A manned landing was another matter. The Russian in his Vostok was not represented on the screen, for he was only halfway to the moon by now. Tomorrow, when probably he must commit himself to land, he would peer through the same darkness.

For the Russians to ask a man to trust to an automatic landing, or even the feeble half-light of earthshine, was barbaric. Perhaps when the world learned today that the beacon on the U.S. shelter had failed, that Pilgrim was scrubbed, that the panicky race was over, the Russian cosmonaut could swing past the moon and return. The Russians could, after all, try again in a month.

One of the scientists, flopped in his seat, stared bitterly at the tracking board. "So beautiful a launch, so nice a trajectory. And so damned dumb a payload!"

He was right. There was no reason to think that the shelter would not retro-fire perfectly, brake to a hover, and land somewhere near Surveyor Six with scarcely a jolt. Its searchlight, triggered on landing, would start to rotate patiently. It would become a solitary lighthouse waiting for its keeper. And its keeper would never come, because its voice had failed. Or almost failed . . .

"Signal," snapped the intercom. "Strength one. . . . Fading, fading. . . . Gone."

"Damn, damn, damn."

The pulsing figures below the scoreboard showed one minute to retro-fire—fifty seconds, forty-nine, forty-eight . . .

The room tensed. There was no responsibility here; the flight had been controlled, as a manned launch would be, from Houston. Here at Goddard they had only to watch and answer questions. But the tautness of the engineers was a physical force.

"Four, three, two, one, fire!"

The orange rectangle continued, then almost imperceptibly began to slow its pace.

"Retro-fire OK," the intercom said. "Deceleration within limits."

The rectangle was still a rectangle; incredibly the enormous radar dish at Goldstone was clinging to its target, picking its shape from the pocked *maria* and surrounding craters and rilles of Oceanus Procellarum.

It seemed impossible that without help from the shelter capsule radar could hang on so long.

Below the display flashed the altitude above the moon.

One hundred thousand feet, ninety, eighty . . .

And still the little rectangle stayed a rectangle and not a circle.

Seventy, sixty, fifty thousand feet . . .

All at once the rectangle was gone. A red circle was growing by the second like a cancer on the screen. Its area showed the scope of possible shelter landing sites. It grew swiftly, because when you lost a moving target its possible strayings became larger the longer it strayed.

The altitude reached a thousand feet and the circle was far too big already. The predicted time to touchdown showed now on the board.

"Eight seconds, seven, six . . ."

It was a shame. It was shattering to see so much human effort almost succeed, and fall so short.

"Zero. . . . Impact."

"We think," a voice corrected.

The circle had stopped growing at touchdown. But it was almost twenty miles in diameter. Over 300 square miles in which the capsule could be.

Some day men would find the shelter. Some day a lunar explorer would crest a crater or peer across the Sea of Storms at a blinking light, and then, when no one really cared, they would learn how accurate the launch had been.

A word came over the intercom: "Contact!"

"Where?"

"Gone," the voice said sadly. "One last pulse. And gone . . ."

"Where, though, damn it! Where?"

"Somewhere north of Surveyor Six," the disembodied voice said. "I wasn't about to get a fix. Just a quick pip. And it was gone."

"It survived," someone whispered. "It's there."

"But where?"

"Do you suppose the signal's just attenuated? Too weak?"

"Maybe. Why?"

"Maybe closer, maybe approaching the moon, he might pick it up."

"You'd ask him to go *blind?* And hope? Just hope?"

Dr. Franz Ludwig, the old German scientist who had come to the United States with Von Braun after the fall of the Third Reich, had opposed the Pilgrim Project from the moment he had first heard of it—even though, ironically, it was he who had originally calculated the equations that proved such a mission feasible. And now that the Chuck Wagon signal had been lost, he was more determined than ever that no manned capsule should follow.

Now he finished his plea in the plush green Treaty Room off the President's study. The scientists gathered with the Vice President around the massive table were silent.

He regarded the faces, the blank ones, the faces frozen into pained dissent or deceitful respect. He had known most of them for years. They had been quiet academicians, modest and incorruptible men, utterly objective. But somewhere during the race they had been tainted, and now they would not even listen.

A star chamber, he thought, and the Vice President was the robed and hooded judge. He wondered if the last three weeks had been a nightmare or if he had died in his sleep and been plunged into hell.

On the opposite side of the table were the NASA administrators. Ranged along the walls behind them sat a few astronomers and microwave men from Harvard and M.I.T., like witnesses at a trial.

The young astronaut they were sentencing to death was not even here. Franz Ludwig knew that he was making a poor advocate. He had stumbled over phrases as he spoke. He was tired. When he was tired he thought often in German. And tonight was not the evening for faltering words.

"Thank you, Doctor Ludwig," the Vice President said coolly. "Was there anything else?"

Franz Ludwig glanced toward the empty green-velvet chair at the head of the table, wishing it were occupied. The President was supposed to be here tonight. Where was he? No affair of state could be more important than this.

He cast about for another argument, any argument, to keep the floor until the young man arrived.

"To summarize," he began, "to search by eye a three-hundred-square-mile area on the surface of the moon is not even as simple as on earth. The horizon there is much closer, *ja?*"

Ja? Damn. He must not sound like a comic professor, but like a competent scientist. Pleading for help, he caught the eye of a Princeton astrophysicist he had always respected. The man was on a NASA grant; he nodded but looked away guiltily.

"And," Franz Ludwig finished lamely, forgetting the last plaintive signal the shelter had sent after landing, "we do not even know that the capsule stands erect. Perhaps it crashed!"

He regretted the slip immediately. A young scientist addressed the Vice President.

"That's not quite possible, sir. As you know, there was a post-landing signal. It definitely proved that the landing was successful. Furthermore, its approximate bearing was caught. This narrows the search area considerably . . ."

"I know," the Vice President said. He smiled gently at the doctor, as if he were a child to be permitted a slip now and then. "Was there anything else, Doctor?"

"Nothing else," Franz Ludwig said bitterly.

"Then," said the Vice President, "we are agreed that ——"

The President entered. He did not bother to sit down. He moved to the fireplace, whisked a piece of lint from the mantel. He turned to the Vice President. "Briefly, what's been the general direction of this discussion?"

Franz Ludwig groaned inwardly. For the last hour NASA had presented its case: The flawless trajectory of the shelter capsule proved that the manned flight itself was feasible; there was an excellent probability that the capsule's beacon was not dead but only sick; closer to the moon it might come in strong and clear.

And if it did not? That was no problem either, apparently. A U.S. Weather Bureau scientist and a NASA optical expert testified that Gordon Cooper, a hundred miles high in Mercury, had spotted huts in Tibet and a vehicle in Arizona.

It seemed that to see the shelter from an altitude of a hundred miles with the naked eye was almost a certainty, now that it was a primary need.

The President had a question. If the radar beacon was not merely faint but gone; if the twelve-foot-high shelter in the glaring waste could *not* be seen from orbit, what then?

"Doctor Ludwig," the Vice President admitted, "expressed fears that if the shelter is *not* spotted from the air the astronaut might land too far from it to find it on the ground."

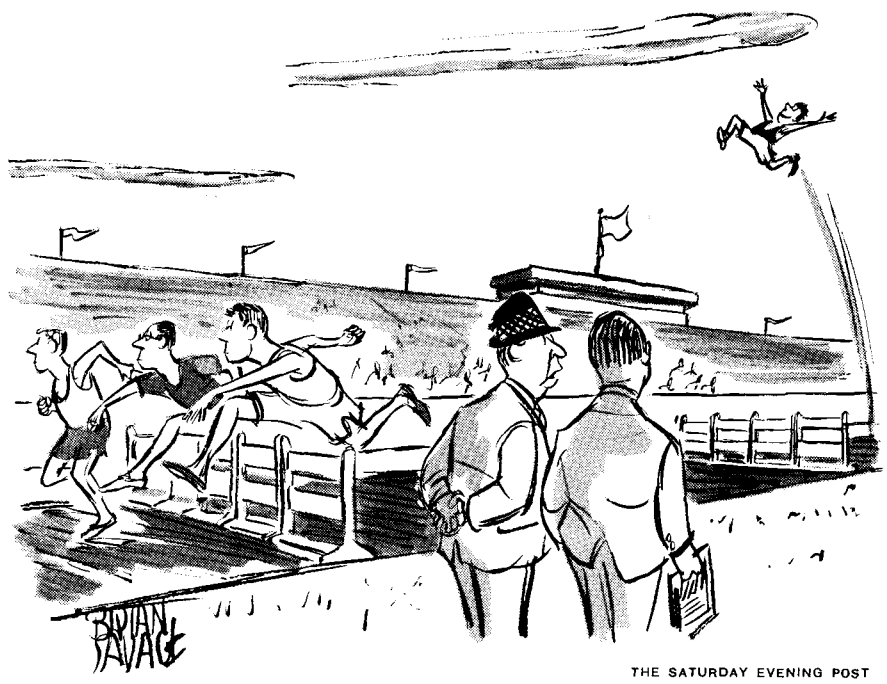
"That is true," Franz Ludwig broke in. "The odds are very poor."

The President moved opposite him. He leaned on the table, looked into his eyes. "Suppose he doesn't see it from the air ——" the President murmured.

"He will not!"

"Suppose he doesn't see it?" the President repeated, scanning the faces. "There's no question of his being able to abort?"

"Of course not," an engineer exclaimed. "Without a move on his part, he swings past the moon and returns to earth!"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Lot of raw talent going to waste there."

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THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64

Not all leaders are born

some are made

The rather handsome car above is what you might call a two-time winner. Dodge is leading the nation in percentage sales increase for the second straight year.

It's also called a 1964 Dodge. Or the low-priced car that doesn't look like one or feel like one. People who have bought one, and who, incidentally, are trading in all kinds of other cars in record numbers, say they like: 1. The looks. 2. The roomy and rather posh interiors. 3. The extra savings of its famous Slant Six. 4. The lively V8 that goes on regular gas. 5. The self-adjusting brakes and 32,000-mile interval between major grease jobs. 6. The solid way it's put together—with a fully unitized, rust-protected body. 7. The price (right with Ford and Chevy). 8. The way their Dodge Dealer does business.

If these seem like pretty good reasons for buying a car, join the swinging set of trend-setters that is changing the look and feel of the low-price field. You'll find them at your Dependable Dodge Dealer's. He's just around the corner.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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Pilgrim Project

Franz Ludwig felt a marrow-deep weariness. He wiped his mouth. "To toss him up there for nothing but a look, Mr. President? And hope he comes back? No! It is even worse!"

"Not *hope* for his return," the President said. "He *would* return. Wouldn't he?"

Franz Ludwig licked his lips. He had built his life on the certainties of celestial mechanics; facts were facts, and the astronaut would indeed return if left in the charge of the great, immutable laws of force.

But he would be riding a man-made device, and man was not God; if he had to return, they were forgetting the fiery beast of reentry, waiting for a slip.

He shook his head stubbornly.

"It is not right!"

"But Doctor, you drew the trajectory." The President's eyes were far away. "You see, Doctor, the country needs this now. The country wants it. I think we must give it every opportunity to succeed."

"*Wanting* it does not change the odds!"

"You said once that good intentions didn't change them, either," the President remembered. "And maybe you're right. But . . ."

He straightened and moved to the front of the table.

"Gentlemen, thank you. I'm going to call Mr. Lawrence at Cape Kennedy. If he still wants to go, I intend to let him."

Steve Lawrence, waiting on the telephone in the motel room, watched his wife Mickey leaf blindly through a woman's magazine.

"I'm sorry," he murmured to her.

He should not have come.

He and Mickey would have been more insulated at the Astronaut Quarters in Hangar S; at least someone could have buffered him from the telephone.

He had jerked an hour from the last-minute rush and even the hour was turning into a fiasco. Only the medics and the colonel and the C.I.A. boys knew where he was. But the time was almost up and he had been on the telephone almost continually.

Well, this call, at least, had to be taken. It was from the President of the United States.

When the familiar voice came on the line, it was vibrant and clear.

They spoke of the silent beacon on the shelter capsule. Steve glanced at Mickey, chose his words.

"I can't evaluate it as well as NASA can," he admitted. "The possibility of aborting has always been great."

He saw that Mickey had stopped turning the pages. She was tense. He took a deep breath and continued.

"But, with them, I don't see that this changes the odds on survival, Mr. President. If I don't spot it on my screen or out the port, I abort. That's all."

There was a heavy silence on the line.

He found that he was quivering, hanging on the President's words. They could not stop him now; it was monstrous, unthinkable.

"OK," the President said.

Steve sagged with relief. As if she sensed the decision, Mickey began to turn the pages again, but now her hands were trembling.

He talked to the President of launch weather, and the President spoke sincerely and without flag-waving of the contribution of the mission to the country's pride.

Steve shifted uncomfortably.

Words, words, words . . . while Mickey waited for a touch, a kiss, the promise that he had learned could drive the shadow of fear from her eyes.

He grasped the moment to mention Gus Scarbo, the aeromedical officer who was his closest friend and who had violated security in order to protest—in full view of a nationwide television audience—the suicidal folly of Project Pilgrim. Gus was in custody now.

The President hesitated. "It depends," he said, "on how much harm he really did. If the Russian actually lands ——"

"Scarbo's intention," Steve cut in, "was to save my life."

"If he triggered the Russians early and they beat us," the President said firmly, "he's sabotaged our whole program." There was a pause. "Steve?"

It was the first time the President had used his first name.

Steve swallowed. "Yes, sir?"

"Things come up I'd like to do for people. Every day. And sometimes I can't."

"Yes, sir."

"Abe Lincoln could have done it, maybe. Things are more . . . impersonal now. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"But," the President said suddenly, "I'll see. . . . Now, *I* have a request."

"Yes?"

"Come back. Right away if you have to, or be there when they go to get you. Consider it an order or a request. But you come back!"

Steve smiled across the room at Mickey.

"We kind of feel," he said, "the same way ourselves."

He hung up the telephone, reached for it again, changed his mind. He felt Mickey standing over him.

"Call Gus," she murmured.

"How'd you know?"

"Call him. They'll let you through."

He put in a call to Gus in the detention ward at Bethesda, and they did let him through. For a moment they talked, feeling for the old rapport.

"I appreciate what you were trying to do, Gus."

"It's OK."

"I . . . talked to the President."

"Thanks," said Gus Scarbo. "I don't care too much, you know?"

He sounded relaxed to Steve. Relaxed, or resigned. Mickey talked to him for a moment and Steve wandered to the window.

He found himself sneaking a look at his watch. He was due at the hangar in twenty minutes for the final bio-pak check-out. He saw Mickey regarding him with a faint smile across the room. She said good-bye to Gus and hung up.

"He said to tell you to stay loose."

Steve smiled and she touched his lips.

"What?" she murmured at the smile.

He shrugged. "'Stay loose.' A guy we knew in Korea was always saying that . . . Real gung-ho."

"But," she said firmly, "my man is not gung-ho?"

"Your man," he said softly, "is a mass of alarums, feeling always with the toes before taking the next step."

"'Staying loose,'" she prompted, "only to spring faster for the exit."

"An antelope with twitching nerves, taut and cocked to . . . to . . ." He ran out of words.

"Leap for safety at the sound of the hunter?"

"To leap for safety at the *thought* of the hunter."

The smile faded from her face and her green eyes were wet.

"And he promises me this?"

Promise her, he thought. You must promise. Again and again, until you go!

He would see her for a few hectic minutes at the door of the trailer when it delivered him to the pad tomorrow, suited up and ready in the glare of the predawn searchlights.

And then he would not see her again for . . .

Six days, perhaps. A year, perhaps. Or . . .

If all went wrong in a roar of flame or a whisper in the void, then when would he see her again?

"He still promises me this?" she insisted.

"He promises," Steve Lawrence said, "with all his heart."

He watched the shadow fade from her ocean-green eyes. Then he kissed her and left.

The air-conditioned van rumbled along North Cape Road in the predawn Florida darkness. Steve Lawrence, encased in his rubber-jointed pressure suit, flexed his curved gloves under the eye of a technician. In a moment the pressure-suit man was replaced by a meteorologist.

The weatherman unrolled a map.

"The North Atlantic high we saw yesterday has moved roughly northeast . . ."

With part of his mind, Steve followed his briefing, anxious primarily for the launch weather, but reassured with every turn of the wheels. The nerve-tightening stratus clouds that seemed to haunt every manned launch at Cape Kennedy had been breaking up when he stepped from Hangar S to the van; he had seen a few stars through the chinks.

Incredibly, he was calm. He had slept for six hours. Sitting with the colonel in the astronaut trailer, he had eaten a low-residue midnight breakfast of strained orange juice, steak and poached eggs.

They had been leaving the hangar when Archie Gorman of the C.I.A. caught them. He had lost weight in the last weeks.

Goddard Center had called. They had tracked the Russian as carefully as his own shelter; followed it almost to impact. It had been decelerating normally and touchdown seemed to be in the general area of Surveyor Six, as anticipated.

They were assuming a successful Russian landing, despite lunar darkness and official Russian silence.

For a crazy moment Steve envisioned a meeting on the moon. It was an interesting proposition. Would you stick out your hand in friendship, take cover and watch, or run like hell?

But the odds were small. Whether the Russian was returning immediately or living in his Vostok awaiting rescue, they were no more likely to see each other than two prospectors in the Mojave Desert.

Well, there were other things to worry about today.

"T minus 147 minutes," snapped the radio in the van, "and counting."

The colonel looked up from the countdown manual. "You through, Swami?"

The weatherman finished. "We're predicting less than ten percent cloud cover at the pad by nine A.M."

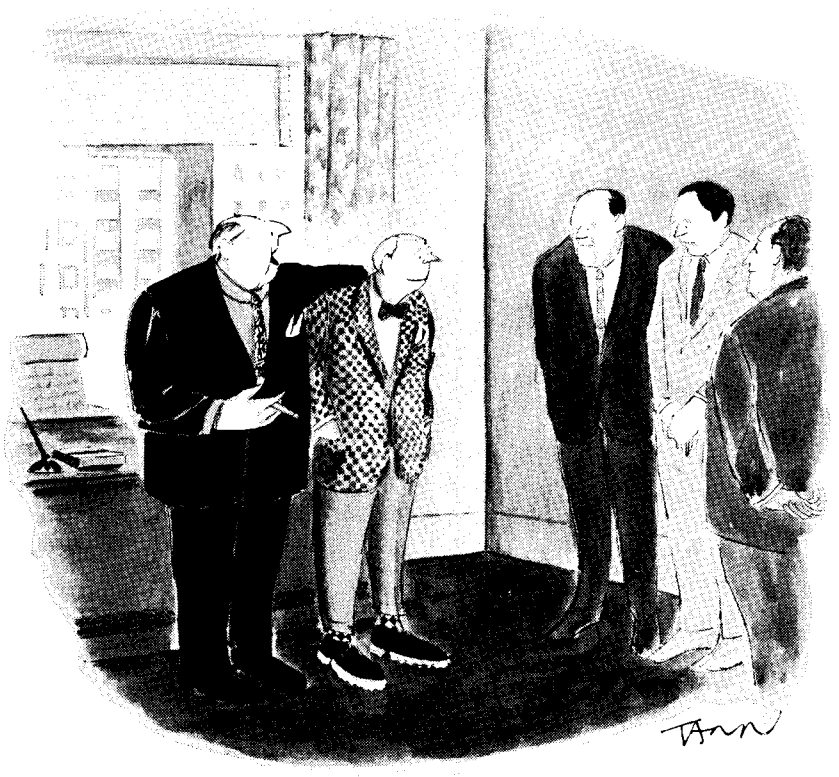
"Physical Ed. time," announced the colonel.

Without moving from his seat, Steve clasped his hands and began to tug, straining his muscles until he could pull no harder. Immovable, Charles Atlas exercises were the only ones you could perform in a space suit anyway. They were perfectly effective, because muscles had no brains and could be fooled.

He worked down his body, tensing his abdomen, thighs, calves and toes. When he was through he was breathing hard and sweating in the suit.

Every four hours in flight he would repeat the drill. On the moon, in the shelter capsule, he could take up more conventional exercise.

The van slowed and Steve knew that they were at the guardhouse to Complex 37. He heard the door open. The guard stuck his head in.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gentlemen, today my son Sidney joins the firm as first vice president. I expect you to give him your full cooperation and loyalty. However, bear in mind that he's not too ight-brey."

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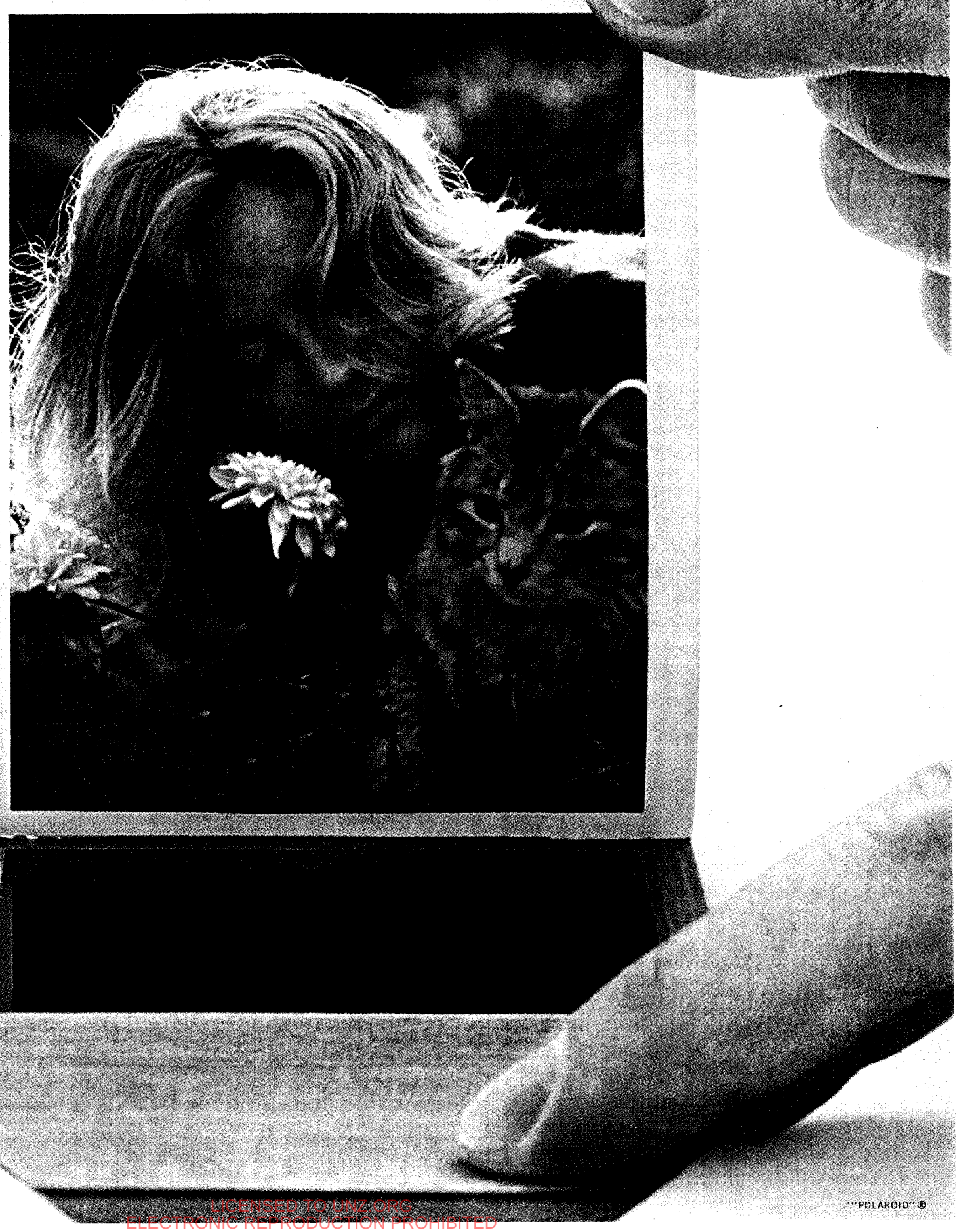

"POLAROID" ®

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"You guys got passes?"

"We're thirty seconds late," the colonel announced coldly. "Do you really need to play games?"

The man blushed and retreated and the van started up. Steve glanced at the colonel.

"Relax, Skipper." He paused. "Stay loose."

A shadow of anguish crossed the colonel's face.

He's remembering, Steve thought, that it might be him sitting here.

"Next year," Steve said softly.

"Next year?" shrugged the colonel. "A lot can go wrong with an old man in a year."

The van stopped. Steve shivered. He knew what faced him outside, what faced him and Mickey, who was waiting here to watch the firing from the blockhouse.

There would be one TV crew from the networks, one still photographer from the wire-service pool, an official NASA photo crew. Not many, but too many.

He could not subject her to the glaring lenses without seeing her first.

"Call my wife in," he said suddenly.

The colonel nodded and opened the door. Then she was climbing the short stairs, moving down the length of the van.

They stood for a moment, looking into each other's eyes.

"Last night," she murmured, "I was thinking . . ."

"Yes?"

"I've asked you to do all the promising," she said. "I haven't promised anything."

"That's all right." He forced a smile. "You're a big girl now."

"No," she said, "I'm not. But I'm promising now, no matter what, I won't go to pieces."

"Mickey, I know."

"You can't know, and it's bothered you."

He had to nod. She took both his hands.

"I promise, Steve."

There were no tears in her eyes. And she did not ask for his own word again, and he found that he could not give it.

"I love you," he said. "I love you more than ever."

He kissed her. Then he waddled to the door, out into the glare of the pad. He helped her down the steps, swung to face the cameras with his arm around her.

Someone asked them to kiss. He shook his head. He squeezed her hand through the clumsy rubber glove and let it go.

One of the C.I.A. men offered her his arm, and they moved away.

Steve had thought through this moment and promised that there would be not the slightest hint of the theatrical. But he could not help himself; the immensity of the Saturn vehicle simply overwhelmed him.

Slowly his eyes rose along the boosters sparkling with ice in the arcs. He followed the stark lines to the tiny, almost invisible capsule at the top.

He raised his hand stiffly to the sleeping monument of metal and power. He began the walk to the tower.

"T minus one-one-seven minutes . . ."

He lay in his couch.

Through his open hatch drifted the smell of the RP-1 fuel, exactly like the odor around a jet. The tiny cabin had an airplane smell too, of rubber and plastic and oxygen, like all things man-made that flew.

Until the hatch was closed he had no more to do. He found himself strangely relaxed.

Now Steve waited for the colonel to finish checking the countdown manual.

A gray-haired scarecrow in McDonnell Aircraft overalls stretched across his lap to test an ammeter, hesitated, looked up defiantly.

"My wife, you know . . ."

"Yes?"

He had a Yankee face and a southern drawl, and it was a moment before the words came out.

"My wife, she said, 'God be with you.'"

Steve smiled. "What do *you* say?"

The man's eyes clouded unexpectedly with tears. He shook his head, grinned lopsidedly, and squirmed back out the hatch.

The Florida dawn had come quickly. In its brassy light the colonel stood on the platform, silhouetted against a puffy cloud. The sky was deep blue, the cloud was stark white; everything on this morning seemed to be in gaudy Kodachrome.

Steve found himself staring at the colonel's sky-blue overalls, looking at a bright-orange girder on the umbilical tower, peering through his periscope at the red hard hat of a foreman 200 feet below.

He seemed to be spreading hues on the palette of his memory, as if he would be color-blind the rest of his life.

The colonel closed the manual and leaned in. "A few days ago," he said softly, "I noticed something they'd left out. Did you?"

Steve looked at him anxiously, and shook his head.

The colonel zipped down the diagonal fastener over his chest, and pulled out a carefully folded flag, wrapped in plastic.

Steve winced. "My God . . ."

"Not surprising," said the colonel. "We live in a hurried age."

Steve took the flag without a word, and crammed it in the emergency case strapped to his bio-pak.

"T minus nine-one minutes," the loudspeaker blared. "Commence bolting capsule hatch."

"Well . . ." The colonel seemed reluctant to go. "Steve?"

Steve's throat was tense. "Yes?"

"If we—if you make it . . ."

"'*We*,'" muttered Steve. "OK?"

The colonel shook his head.

"If you make it, we've won. Even if they've beaten us by seventy-two hours, it's close enough. To the guy in Tulsa or Walla Walla, we've won."

Steve nodded.

"But if you bust your neck . . ." The colonel seemed to be forcing out the words. "Anyway, you've been ordered not to land unless you spot the shelter. Be *damn* sure you don't."

"I'm not *crazy*," Steve gaped. "And you seem to have changed your attitude."

"Maybe," the colonel suggested, "because you've changed yours."

They shook hands. For a long moment the colonel held his eyes, and suddenly he was gone and the men outside were positioning the hatch and it slammed into place and the sapphire sky was gone as well. Then there was only the whine of the pumps and the groan of tank walls freezing and the hiss of lox and fuel.

He felt a dull rumble as the blockhouse swiveled the giant nozzles in a final check 200 feet below. The last bolt on the hatch creaked home. Someone banged twice on the capsule to signal his departure in the elevator.

He was alone. For a wild second the cabin seemed to shrink. He gasped for air. He was sure that the oxygen pump had failed and that he would strangle in the capsule before they could get back to drag him out.

He took a deep breath and turned the handle on the check-off scroll.

"Communications?" he asked into his microphone.

The voice of Rick Lincoln, a fellow astronaut, snapped back.

"Communications, 'go.'"

"ASCS, 'go,'" someone said shrilly.

"Aeromed, 'go,'" chimed in a flight surgeon in the blockhouse.

The chants went on for an hour.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's just that Marxism has been making a tiny bit of sense to me lately, and I thought that perhaps a little raise might straighten me out."

"T minus thirty-five seconds," the countdown voice said finally.

"Astronaut?" the colonel asked briefly. He had replaced Rick Lincoln as Launch Control Communicator and would fly to Houston after the firing to take up his vigil there.

"Ready," Steve grunted. He heard the last umbilical cord pop from its seat and bang against the skin of the first-stage booster.

The periscope retracted with a whine. His only link with the world outside came now from the tiny window a foot from his nose. Through it a wisp of departing cloud moved across the sky.

"T minus ten seconds," the colonel began. "Nine, eight, seven, six . . ."

Steve put his hand on the abort handle and breathed deeply, as he had practiced. Nothing could stop the flight of the capsule now: if the booster went up in a sheet of flame he would still be hurled thousands of feet skyward by his escape rockets, to parachute into the waters past the beach.

And then it came with glacial inevitability: "Four, three, two, one . . . zero!"

There was a thump below and he knew that the first two engines had ignited. Another, another, and another, and a million and a half pounds of leashed thrust seeped up the boosters, through the braking rockets, into the cabin walls, crept to the deepest pit of his stomach. And still the clamps gripped, forcing the thrust to build and build and build.

"All engines!" the colonel called. "Ignition all engines!"

With a distant, brutal clank the clamps flew aside. Gradually, smoothly, a giant hand pushed him back into his couch; the swaying became wider; he was an ant on a wind-blown stalk of wheat.

"Lift-off!" the colonel's voice crackled.

Steve jabbed the clock on the panel.

"Roger," he heard himself murmur in perfect coolness. "The clock has started."

The altimeter began to move, faster and faster until it was spinning.

In the depths of his body he felt the upward rush, but until he glimpsed a wispy cloud flick past the window he could not really believe it.

He was the one. He was on his way.

He knew all at once that booster separation would go smoothly, that his insertion and midcourse correction would be good, that in three days he would see at close range the stark and impossible world that no free man had ever seen.

And feel it? And walk on it?

He shivered.

Of that he was not sure at all.

He woke up hungry.

Fascinated with the growing detail of lunar terrain, he had studied it through his window long past his sleeping time on the second night.

His panel clock read T plus 60 hours. He had slept four.

Despite his hunger, his first thought was to open the louvers to see how the moon had grown.

But there were things to do first. He had only a little more than five hours before the moment of truth.

First he reset the gyros in his computer; then he began to cleanse his body of waste. He flushed out the relief tube in his suit with a flick of a switch.

"Pilgrim One to Pilgrim Control," he called.

He waited. The lag in Houston's answers was growing by the day. On the moon there would be a three-second

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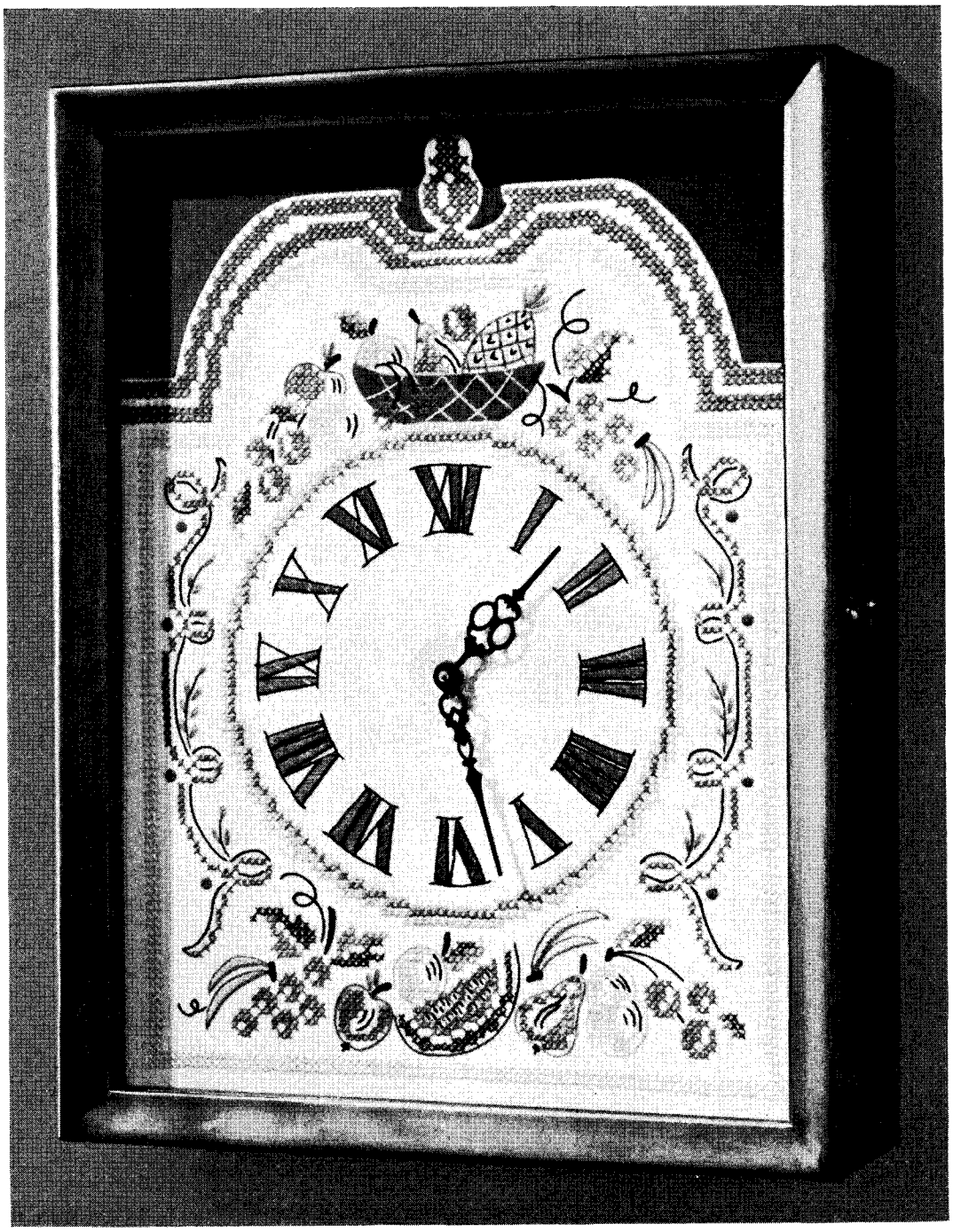

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delay before the radio waves could complete a round trip.

The thought of it brought back the sudden sense of loneliness.

The reply came faintly.

"This is Pilgrim Control. Good morning, Steve. Go ahead."

It was the colonel. He must have moved a bunk to the console; for two days Steve had heard no other voice.

They spoke of Steve's physical condition for a moment, and Steve pulled a packet of food from his cabin stores. He mixed it with water and squeezed himself breakfast.

He stuffed his empty food container into the waste bag, rolled the checkoff scroll to "T plus sixty hours."

"Conditioning exercises: neck, deltoids, biceps, triceps, abdomen, gluteus maximus, thighs, calves . . ."

He strained each muscle in turn, and reported the item to Houston.

"Final check manual attitude-control system," read the scroll.

Final! Five hours to go! His heart began to thump.

To save the hydrogen peroxide that fed the tiny attitude jets, he had simply drifted since his midcourse correction two days before. The control system had not been used. Suppose something had jammed? Or frozen?

He tried the nozzles one by one, easing his stick through roll and pitch and yaw.

"Houston from Pilgrim One," he announced triumphantly. "Attitude jets A-OK! On the nose!"

Now the delay in answering seemed interminable. When finally it came, the colonel's voice was very, very weak. Steve's enthusiasm chilled.

He opened his louvers and gaped.

When he had closed them the night before he had been 40,000 miles from the moon. It had been glorious even then, a crystalline, virginal world half filling his window, with the dawn line etching the Riphaen Range into the bare backbone of a dinosaur.

Now the dawn had come to Flamsteed and Hansteen craters in the vast gray Sea of Storms; it touched the saw-toothed brink of Grimaldi at the moon's western rim.

He felt an odd sensation, half fear, half love for a land he might be the first to see. Perhaps a Neanderthal man cresting a hill would have sensed the same proprietary pull from an untouched plain.

It was too early by hours—he was still 15,000 miles out—but so stark and contrasty was the surface that he had the illusion that if he used his binoculars he might already catch sight of the Chuck Wagon shelter.

Knowing that it was foolish, ashamed of his weakness, he raised his glasses and began to look.

The colonel's voice was barely readable.

"We have you at 500,000 feet lunar altitude. . . . Do you have . . . sight . . . of the shelter yet?"

Long ago the moon had ceased to be a sphere. It dominated him as the earth dominated a jet no matter how high one flew.

"Down" had become where the moon was, not the earth. The lunar vista stretched vastly ahead of him, and Houston and the colonel became annoying distractions.

He did not answer but swung the capsule slightly, lifting his glasses for the tenth time in the last half hour. He searched all the way from the slopes of Grimaldi to the edge of Copernicus.

He deliberately avoided the crevice near Flamsteed, because he had strained so hard at it that he was afraid he might turn the odd shape to an optical illusion.

He flicked on his radar, glaring at the green scope on the panel. At each sweep the faithful blip from Surveyor Six flared and died; it was closer with every turn, but there was nothing from the shelter.

He must reply to Houston, but he found himself reluctant to admit failure.

He gave in to the crevice and raised his glasses to the strange shape. It had grown larger, with the rest of the shadows in the side of the crater.

Man-made angularity? Or his imagination? The shelter? Or nothing?

He called Houston, described the terrain as best he could, milking the flight.

"I estimate the several small craters north of Hansteen to be one or two hundred feet in height. The general surface of Oceanus Procellarum from this altitude appears smooth and a landing would appear feasible."

He stopped for a moment and the colonel came back.

"Chuck Wagon shelter! Do you . . . have it in sight?"

He rested his eyes for a moment on the curve of the eastern horizon. In ten minutes he would pass beyond it if he did nothing to brake his speed.

It seemed impossible over a body so large that he could not be falling, that the vast mass of it would not overcome his momentum and yank him from orbit.

And yet, if he did not spot the shelter in minutes—eight minutes—then without a move on his own part he would clear the dawn line, hurtle through the far-side night, and in less than an hour be falling back to earth.

He reported "no joy" on the shelter; continued, as he searched for it, to comment on terrain. But behind his professionalism he was fighting himself.

The crevice, the crevice—what was in the crevice?

He swung his glasses to it again. The shape seemed to jump out at him.

Man-made! He looked away, then back.

No, maybe not.

He must not allow himself to be trapped by curiosity, or stupidity, or his role. He must be sure, no matter whose hopes rode with him or how many millions prayed for success.

He had promised the woman he loved.

Three minutes . . . two minutes fifty seconds . . .

He swung his glasses back to the crevice.

The shape had not changed, but all at once he knew what he must do.

He must land. If it was not the shelter, then he would die, but if he returned safe and someday men found that he had missed his chance, he would face a death of the soul that he could not stand.

If he must land to find out, he would land.

"Pilgrim Control!" he called. "Pilgrim Control! Believe I have sighted the shelter. East side of Hansteen . . ."

He was already starting his retro-fire checkoff list by the time the colonel's voice came back.

"Understand. . . . Request you verify. . . . Certain of sighting? Not to land unless . . ."

But by that time he was yawing the capsule until he was riding backward, his eye dancing between radar altimeter, attitude gyro, and velocity gauge.

The clock ticked toward retro-fire; his computer under the panel clicked as Goddard sent it a minor bit of information; the clock hesitated, continued.

The moment of reality rushed toward him.

Hand off the switch, return to earth.

Flick it, and the moon . . .

But he promised her . . .

Four, three, two, one . . .

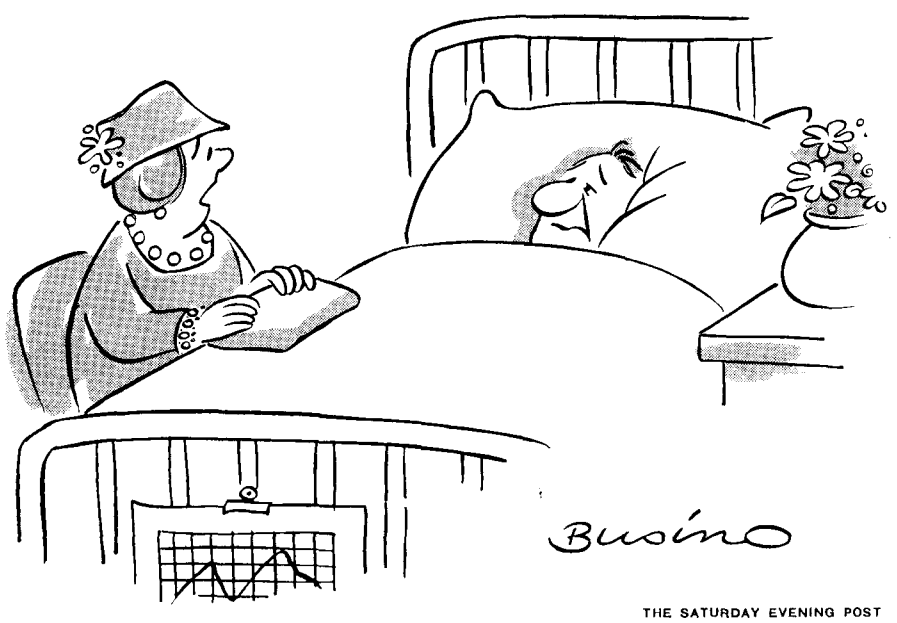
"Zero," he grunted.

He pressed the switch, felt his escape gear jettison with a gentle nudge. Heat shield, chute, and life raft spun into eternal orbit, and he could not return.

Then the mighty braking rockets were pressing him into his couch.

In the great green amphitheater in Houston the colonel sagged at his console under the glassed observation balcony. He had not left the room for almost three days. Theoretically, Rick Lincoln, with his knowledge of lunar terrain, was supposed to have the capsule-communication watch during this final phase, but the colonel had no thought of relinquishing the microphone until he found out if Lawrence had sighted the shelter.

His eyes were on fire, he needed a shave; his nerves were so tight that a clacking relay behind him had sounded



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"As it turned out, there was a typographical error in my recipe book."

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

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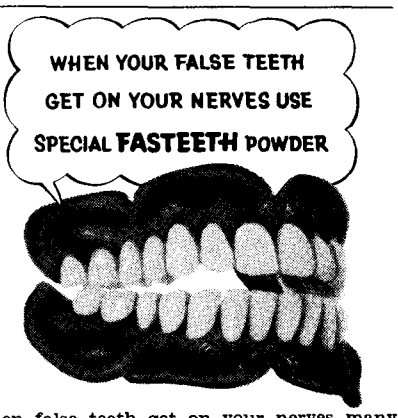

When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

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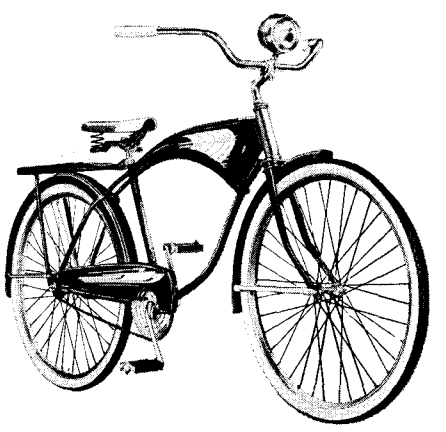

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for hours like an approaching railroad car. And now, with Mickey Lawrence in the glassed balcony behind him, he could not even allow himself the relief of striding up and down behind the console. He straightened his shoulders for her benefit, glanced at Archie Gorman in perspiring consultation with Rick Lincoln, taut as a steel wire. Sy Larson, another C.I.A. man, who was sitting next to him, looked over blankly. He had been checking transmitter voltages.

"I don't know, Colonel. All the channels check out OK."

"Archie," the colonel said tightly, "get this amateur s.o.b. off the console. Now!"

Sy Larson looked up, startled. He studied the colonel for a moment, then nodded and made way for Rick Lincoln. Lincoln made a quick check and shook his head. "Low capsule voltages. When he lands and his batteries get a rest, we might hear from him again."

The colonel accepted the report and moved closer to the tracking display on the plastic screen stretching along half the circumference of the room. The familiar Flamsteed-Hansteen area stood out in photographic relief. The orange triangle that was Pilgrim One was slowing visibly; the old Surveyor probe pulsed faithfully; everything showed on the screen but the lost shelter capsule resting somewhere in the Sea of Storms. The giant radar dish at Johannesburg was hanging on to the capsule nicely, and it appeared that Lawrence would land within a very few miles of Surveyor. The colonel stared at the display, willing a miracle, demanding that the silent radar beacon on the shelter come to life. He found that his fists were clenched, his arms shaking with the effort.

He wandered back to the console. Lawrence was committed, his decision was made; the laws of celestial mechanics and his own flying skill would determine his fate on landing, but someone must tell Mickey whether or not he had sighted the shelter capsule. "Believe I have sighted" was not enough. He picked up the microphone.

He called the capsule three times; the room fell into tomblike silence except for the inane clatter of the relay. He squeezed his earphones to his head, as if he could press Lawrence's voice from it. It was no use. Across the endless void came nothing but a faint crackle of static.

And in that moment he knew, as surely as if Lawrence had confessed it, as surely as if he had been in the capsule himself, that the man was not sure that he had sighted the shelter. He was no suicide, but he could have been fooled.

If he had not sighted it, he would be better off if he crashed. Next year they would as surely find him in the twisted wreckage as in the whole capsule, and the thought of a slow death as his oxygen ran out was almost too much to bear.

"Believe I have sighted" was a hope, not a fact. It was the claim of a fighter pilot prodded by his leader to shoot in the dark. It was the cry of a child trying to please his father.

He had to close his eyes suddenly against burning tears. Slowly, very slowly, so that the woman in the balcony behind him could not tell his thoughts, he sat down. He kept his shoulders stiff and square, for she must never know what he knew. Oh, God, he thought. Good God, what have I done?

"Pilgrim Control, Pilgrim Control," Steve called once, just after the main braking stage had separated. "Solid separation was at 32,000 feet."

Then he was slowly and inevitably tilting backward, backward, backward, and the motion felt far too violent after the lazy, drifting flight. Through his window he took a last look at the gentle plain of Procellarum, a final glance at the solid eastern horizon.

The horizon and the crescent earth which hung above it had slid below the edge of his window, and his frame of reference was lost except for a few crystal stars in a velvet sky. Had he rotated too far?

In Houston he had done it all before, over and over, and once he had suffered vertigo and panic. Now it came again: the clammy, sickening fear, but this time with reason, and his intellect felt it as well.

He shifted his view from the window to the enormous eye of the periscope between his knees. The eye was black and empty. His mouth went dry. He was blind; he was sure that the shock of solid-stage firing had somehow disarranged the optics. Must he land as if it were darkness, trust to a thousand synapses in his computer? Were his reflexes at the mercy of a hundred transistors and microswitches that did not care or hope?

But then, moving up the lens before him, he saw the eastern horizon, glorious and sharp. The lunar dawn etched low-lying craters from Copernicus to the Sirsalis Cleft. He looked at Grimaldi Crater as if it were an old friend.

The vertigo was gone; there was a north, an up, a down.

Then, as the field of vision continued to drop, he caught another glimpse of the light-colored shape in the crevice far to the north.

It was gone in an instant, but from 20,000 feet the instant was enough.

The shape was a trick of the early-dawn light, or an oddly formed rock, or a gash from a recent meteor.

Whatever it was, it was not the Chuck Wagon shelter.

By 2,000 feet the capsule had righted itself like a buoy in calm water and the periscope craning past its base was gazing on terrain directly below, level and bleak and pockmarked by only a few tiny craters.

Steve fought through a fog of despair and checked his drift on one of the craterlets. It was moving only minutely across his scope. More important, it was hardly growing in size. The altimeter passed through 800 feet, clung to 700, wavered and continued down.

With hardly a touch of his hand, his automatic control system and its computer had cradled him to perfect hover. He checked his radar screen for a last position on Surveyor Six.

It was four miles away, somewhere northwest across the plain. He called Pilgrim Control and told them.

The colonel's voice came back garbled, in the cold, impersonal tone that space lent to communication: ". . . your range and bearing to Chuck Wagon shelter?"

It was too late to reply, so he ignored the question, inhaled deeply, switched to manual control and tested with a squirt of fuel. The rockets beneath him pulsed and his descent stopped. He rocked the capsule cautiously. The tiny reaction jets responded.

He drifted a few hundred feet to the south to avoid a shallow depression. Then he began to ease toward the drab and endless plain.

It was very quiet.

He lay on his back, staring through the dusty window at an ebony sky and a few stars. A hard beam of sunlight slashed across his body and glared from the panel to his left; otherwise the capsule was quite dark.

He had touched down gently (as gently as he ever had at Edwards). Then he had tried unsuccessfully to report his landing to Houston. Now for an hour he had lain in the silence waiting while the fuel-cell battery rested and the dust settled outside.

Whether Houston answered next time or not, he supposed that in a few minutes he must tighten the straps on the bio-pak nested in the couch under him, depressurize the capsule and leave. For where, he was not sure.

He felt no anger at himself or the silent shelter radar beacon or the devious shadow. If he had not been misled by that shape, he would have imagined another somewhere. He would have landed, come hell or high water, because an hour ago he had been for a few unexplainable moments either very brave or very foolish.

Or not brave enough to return.

Now he was no longer brave or foolish. He was emotionally drained, dead as the sea of dust outside. He hated the vacuum of feeling. Go out yelling, or waving a flag, or crying or laughing, but not with a sigh . . .

A pump in his oxygen system cut in with a smooth, reliable murmur.

He began to wonder if he could drive himself to leave the capsule. Nursing from his bio-pak, moving strenuously outside, he would not survive a day. Inside, with the capsule's oxygen, he could last three or four.

In three or four days he would perhaps be prepared to die. But a few hours from now? Wandering on the blazing lunar plain to feel the clammy hand close over his mouth so soon to know that his heart pounded in vain, that the body would in a few hours be rotting in the suit, that the mind would be nothing?

Now he felt emotion. It was terror; he was shivering with the shock of it. Stay with the capsule, of course! Don't open the least chink in it! Stay in the womb!

He let the panic wash away, keeping his mind blank. Then he checked his voltages and tried the radio again.

"Pilgrim Control, Pilgrim Control . . ."

The colonel came back faintly. Nothing in the cold, impersonal tone that space lent to the human tongue could mute the excitement in his voice.

"I read you now, Pilgrim. . . . I read you! Very weak, but I read you!"

Steve reported a safe landing, described the site as he had seen it. But when he paused for an answer, he knew that his fuel-cell batteries were through.

"Understand landing," the colonel was transmitting. "All else unreadable. . . . Essential . . . transmit coordinates of Chuck Wagon shelter when you arrive at it . . ." And then the voice faded and was lost.

They still thought, or hoped, that he had spotted the shelter. Good. When the three or four days were up—when, lying flat on his back, he had misered his oxygen by inactivity—then he might squander the last hour of it moving toward the faithful Surveyor, so that when they discovered him they would think he had simply been unable to find a refuge he thought was near. Mickey would never know he had cheated.

He glanced about the tiny capsule. Much to be thankful for, he thought bitterly. A soft landing, food, water for four days, and the little patch of ebony sky. All sorts of excitement too. In four days the beam of sunlight would perhaps have moved to his lap. He could time it for amusement.

Anger made his cheeks tingle. "The hell with that," he said aloud. "The hell with it . . ."

He cinched the shoulder straps on his bio-pak, locked his faceplate, and began to depressurize the cabin.

He stood for a moment in the black shade of the capsule, looking at the crescent earth floating above his southeast horizon. It was dazzling with clouds; even the shadowed portion shone softly. On the sunlit rind, North Africa anchored a blue strip of Atlantic, but above it Europe was covered with clouds. Reluctant to subject his suit to the ultimate test of heat, he looked around for a moment at the glaring wasteland before stepping into sunlight. He kept a hand on the capsule against the inertial forces of his own motion, and squatted to scoop up a little of the gray-black lunar dust. He held the dust idly in the light, feeling the sun on his hand, then let it sift gently to the surface.

Finally he took a deep breath, stood up easily against the moon's weak pull, and stepped from frigid shadow into blazing heat. He moved very slowly, to cushion the shock on the system on his back.

The suit, the bio-pak, his body—all took the change of temperature without flinching. He remembered the head suitman, half dead with fatigue, snarling at his own assistant while he traced a sticking valve in Environmental Repair.

He began to shuffle through the sandy dust with the rolling gait he had mastered at Houston an eternity ago. He moved northwest toward the Surveyor beacon, keeping the white-hot morning sun to his right.

Once he looked back. He had traveled hardly more than two miles across the flat surface but already his Mercury capsule had fallen beneath his horizon. He had another moment of terror, an irresistible desire to retrace his steps.

He fought it down and did not stop again for two hours. He had passed two or three small low-lipped craters. They were surrounded with jumbled black rocks. He skirted them widely because the walking was easier on the dust. But now he spotted a hummock with a plateau on top; doubtless an older craterlet eroded, over the ages, by millions of micrometeorite impacts.

It was hardly thirty feet high, with a gradual slope, but when he reached its crest, his body was running with sweat. He had an insane desire to rip off his pressure suit. To die instantly in an explosion of tortured flesh seemed less horrible than to cook inside.

He must not panic. He stepped down a few feet on the shady side of the rise. While the suit cooled, he began to scan the northwest horizon for a glimpse of the rim of Flamsteed or one of the ranges ringing the Sea of Storms. They were still beneath the curvature, though, so he dropped his gaze, watching for a sign of Surveyor on the plain beneath him.

A thousand yards across the gray desert, near a crater perhaps a hundred feet high, he spotted a crevice. He stiffened.

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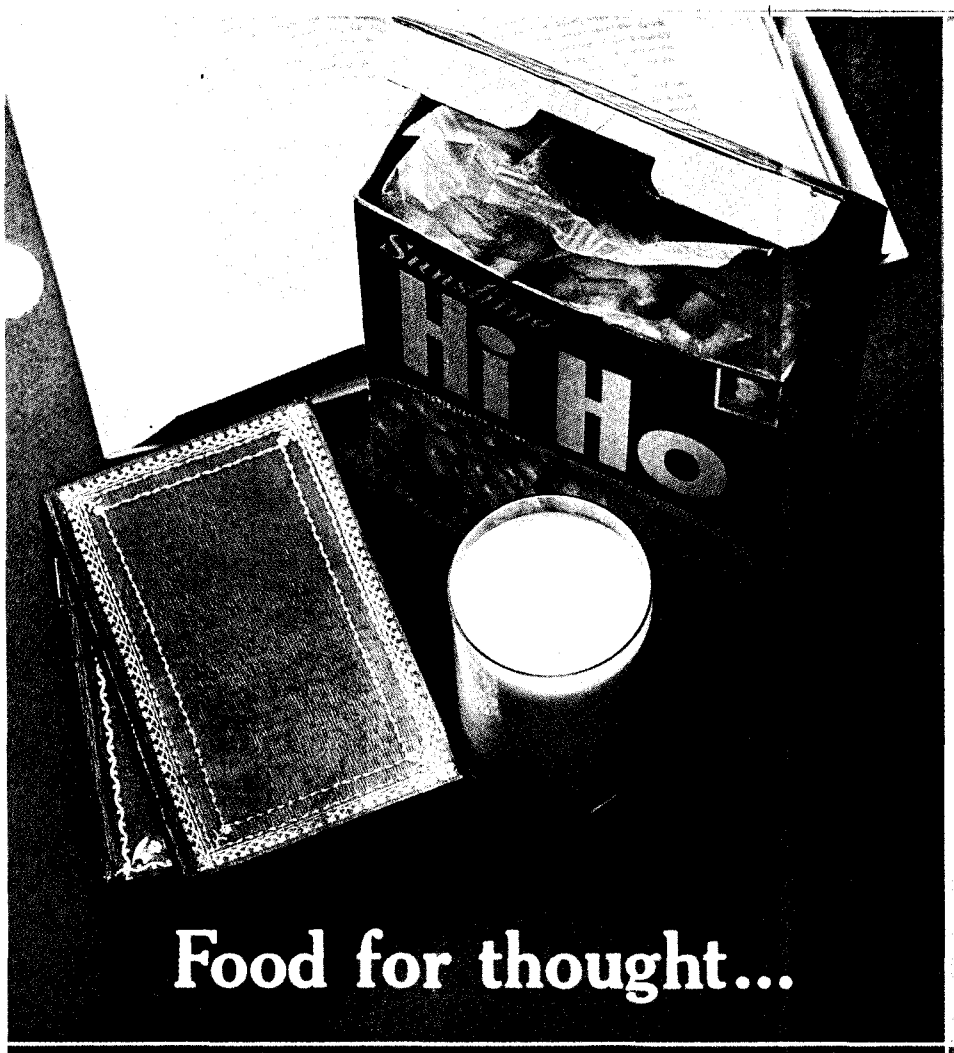

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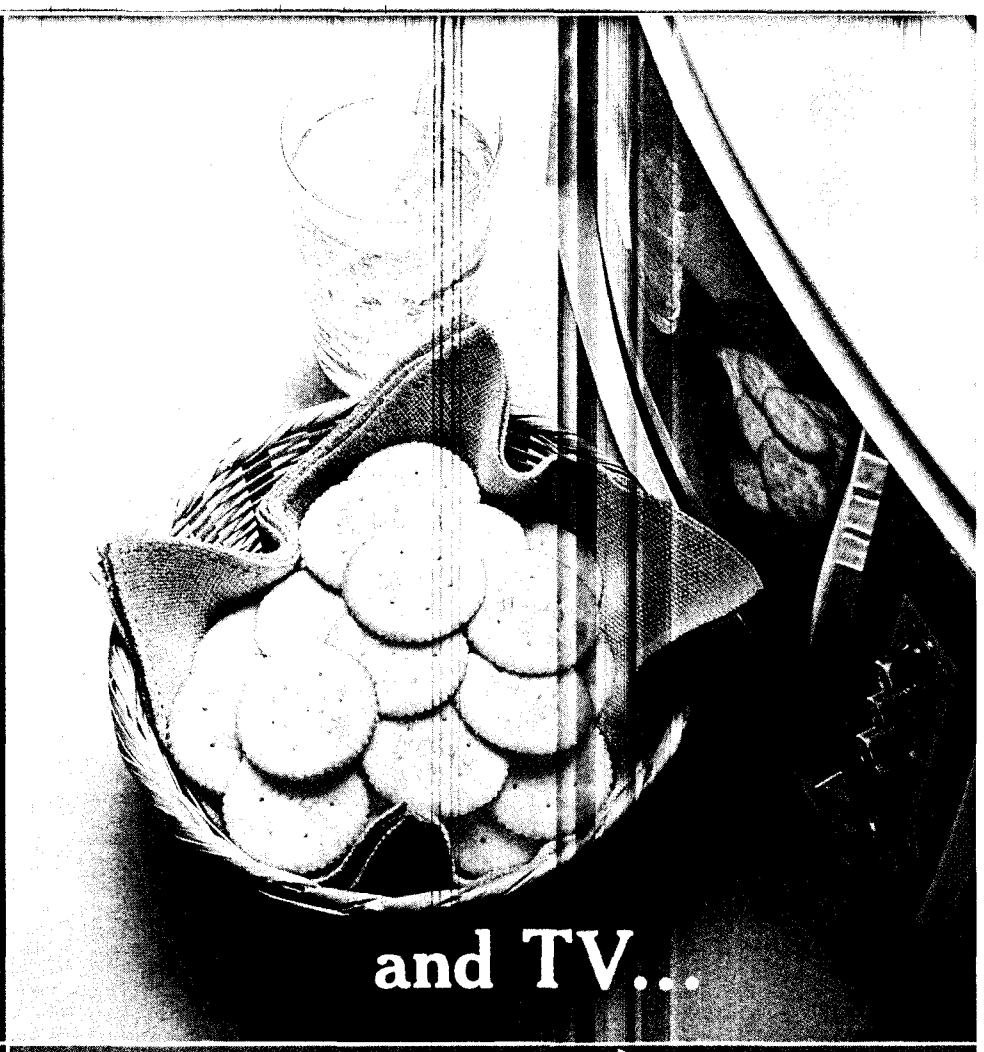

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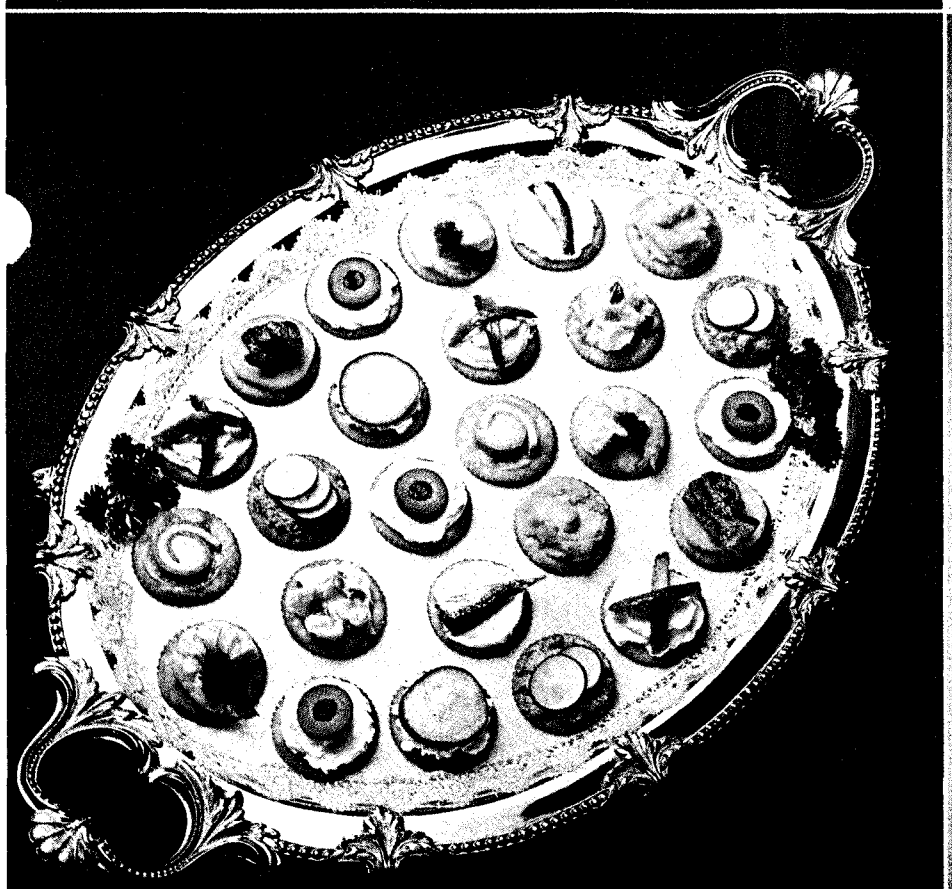

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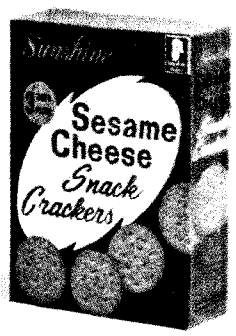

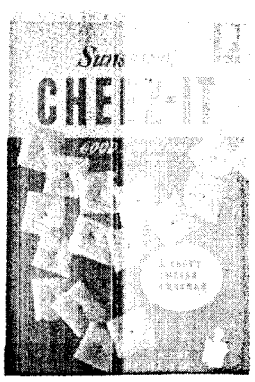

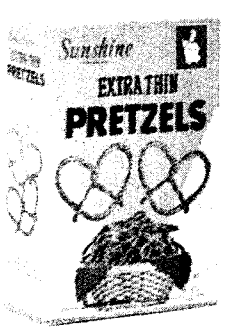

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Pilgrim Project

There was something familiar about it. The angle was different, but it was the one that had tricked him. And something within it was tricking him again. He began to move down the slope, his breath coming faster.

For a moment he forgot his shuffling, careful walk. He stumbled, almost pitched forward. He put a hand down, caught himself, forced restraint on his legs as he reached the plain and started across it.

The crevice was in the shade of the crater. Around the crater was scattered lunar rubble from the meteoric impact that had hammered it out—black, basaltic rocks, pebble-size to cobblestone. He picked his way over them to the brink of the gulch, accustoming his eyes to the deep black shade.

He peered down and froze.

The crevice was a huge, shallow grave, not more than twenty feet deep. Lying half in it and half out of it was the twisted framework of a white spacecraft, blackened by an explosion.

His mouth turned dry, his eyes turned hot, he began to shake.

It was the Russian Vostok.

The braking stages were larger than his own by a half. They were crumpled and destroyed, but through a split-open bulkhead he caught a glimpse of a broken tank, obviously for oxygen, and a work table.

The Russians had incorporated shelter with spacecraft, as some American scientists had guessed that they would. For a wild instant Steve thought of trying to rummage in the wreckage for anything that would help him survive.

It was ridiculous; nothing but an operating, airtight shelter could do the least good. And there was no airtight shelter in this twisted mess.

He was as dead as whoever had piloted it. His eye followed the strewn wreckage up the side of the crevice, stopped at a seared capsule on top.

It had retained more of its integrity than any other part. He skirted the crevice carefully, inspecting it.

Circling the depression, he had to watch his footing. When he looked up again he very nearly yelled.

The hatch was open. Halfway out of it a pressure-suited figure leaned, arms spread as if in supplication, or as if to gather in the plaudits of a crowd or embrace the world he had discovered. But of course it was only the oxygen trapped in the suit that had forced the figure into this posture. For as Steve moved closer—and he could have reached up and touched the man—he could see staring brown eyes in a black-stubbled face. The eyes were lifeless. A dried stream of blood led from the corner of the mouth. In the glacial shadow, near absolute zero in temperature, there had been not the slightest deterioration of the skin. In a few days, though, the sun would touch the capsule.

Steve shivered. His first impulse was to try to bury the man, but he knew that he himself would run out of oxygen long before he finished scrabbling in the rubble with his fingers or a piece of the wreckage.

His eye fell to a limp rag hanging on a twisted strut beneath the Russian. He looked at it curiously, inched down the incline to get it. It was a red flag with a gold star on it, and a hammer-and-sickle emblem. Steve picked it from the strut, looked up at the staring face, marveling. Whoever he was, he had known that unless he succeeded his country would try to hide from the world the knowledge that he had even tried; and yet his first and last thought on landing had been to plant the flag. Slowly, Steve climbed back to the man's level. He stared into the lifeless eyes. Then he began to move up the slope of the crater behind them.

The moon was gibbous, almost full, low on the western horizon. It was gold with the haze of the Texas plain, but Mickey could discern faint outlines of the Sea of Storms on its convex edge. She clung to the sight, fighting tears. She took a deep breath and began to try her game: Watch me, my darling. See how firm and steady I am, how full of hope. Now, tell me. In a few moments, when the strain of your landing doesn't show too much on my face, should I get our son, wake him at this unearthly hour, tell him that you are safe, that it is only the silent void that separates us?

She found herself smiling. When she tried, when the moon was there, she could imagine him moving toward his shelter, maybe already lowering it. Perhaps already safe inside, punching the buttons and tuning the dials that would let him tell her so. When you're through, my darling, or tomorrow, take the time to step outside and look this way, and maybe I'll know that too.

A wisp of cloud from across the Gulf flew toward the golden disk. She tried to stay it with her will, but it reached the face of the moon, and then there was nothing.

He had climbed in the shade. Even so, he was very, very hot. He rested for a moment before cresting the lip. The man in the wreckage was a puppet on a stage a hundred feet below. He glanced at the earth hanging above the black horizon. North America dominated the lighted crescent now; the southern portion was shrouded with clouds; perhaps even Houston was hidden under the veil in the sliver of light.

But it did not matter. Mickey seemed closer every moment; when it happened she would know, and know that he had gone thinking of her, whether the moon had risen over Houston or not.

He mounted the last few feet into sunlight, and began to build a pile of lunar rocks on the edge. When the pile was three feet high, he carefully lodged the Russian flag on one side of it, then reached into his pack and drew out the American flag the colonel had given him.

It was smaller and had no staff, but he wedged it carefully between two rocks and spread it out. Unless men disturbed it when they came, it would stay forever just as he had placed it, through the windless, blazing days and the silent, frigid nights.

He moved a few feet down the slope into shade.

He was more ready for what was coming than he had been all through the day. He sat down, watching the earth pensively, feeling in his pack for a tiny notebook-pencil combination.

He had a few technical notes to leave, and a few things to write to Mickey—very few, for she knew all there was to know about him, anyway.

A star sat alone on the black horizon, just below the earth. He noticed its brightness and began to write. His pencil stopped.

He looked up. The star was gone.

His pulse began to race. He started to count, for he could not tear his eyes from the dark horizon to look at his electric watch.

At the count of fifty-three, the light appeared again. Now he forced his eyes to the watch, his hand shaking. At eight seconds he looked up.

Two more seconds and the light blinked out.

He very quickly checked his oxygen. Four hours left. And if the light on the shelter capsule was blinking, the shelter had landed erect; if it had landed erect it was operable. The shelter might be two, three, four hours beyond the horizon, but he knew with absolute certainty that he would make it, if he had to crawl the last mile on his hands and knees.

He moved down the slope. Passing the wreckage of the Vostok, he paused for a moment, looking up at the man.

Then he struck out across the eternally quiet dust of the Sea of Storms.

THE END

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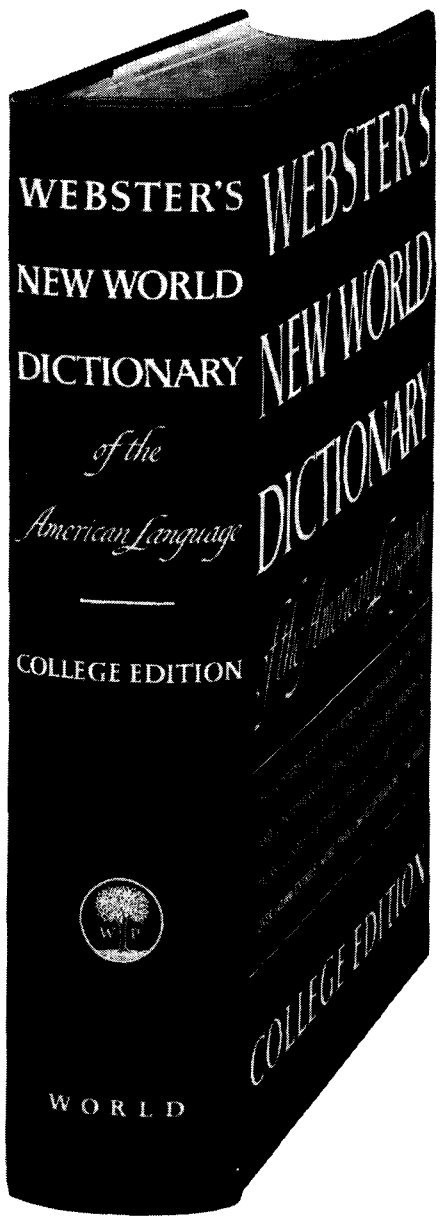

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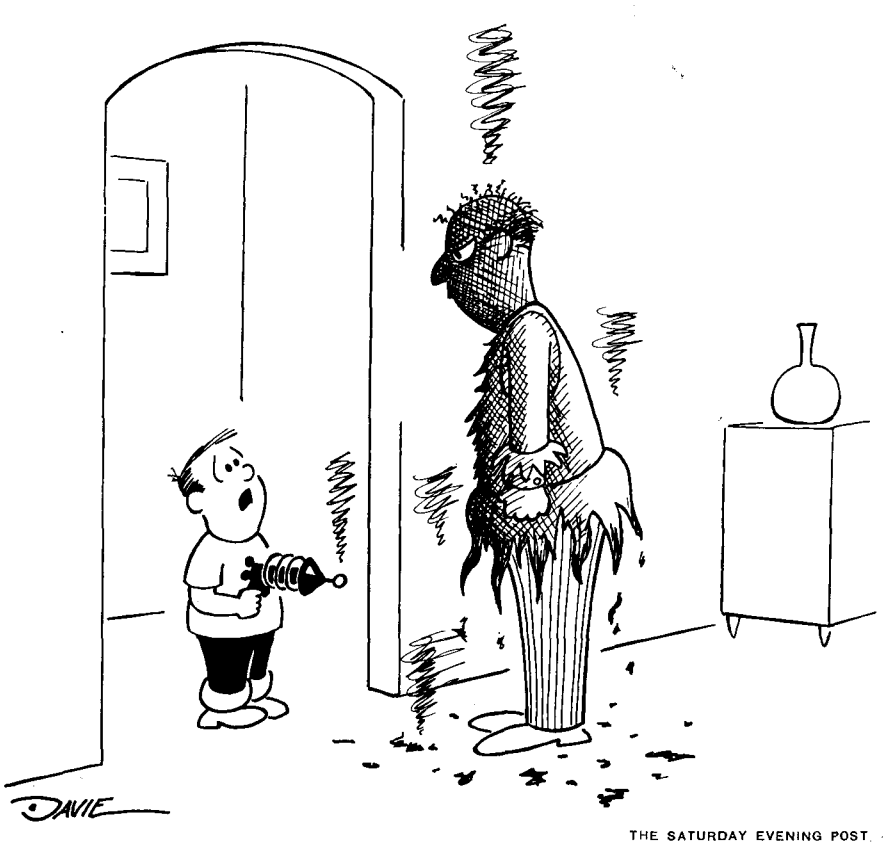

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I got it for a dime and a Crispy Whizzy box top."

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THE ECONOMICAL NEW CHEVY-VAN

This new Chevrolet delivery truck is economical all ways: It has a low price tag, is built to work a long time and carry a full ton of payload, and doesn't cost much to operate or keep up.

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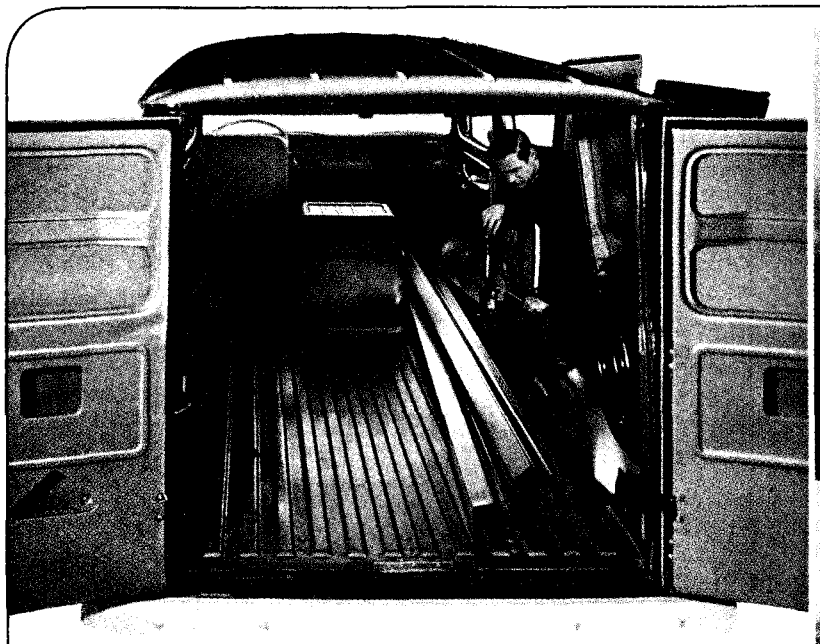
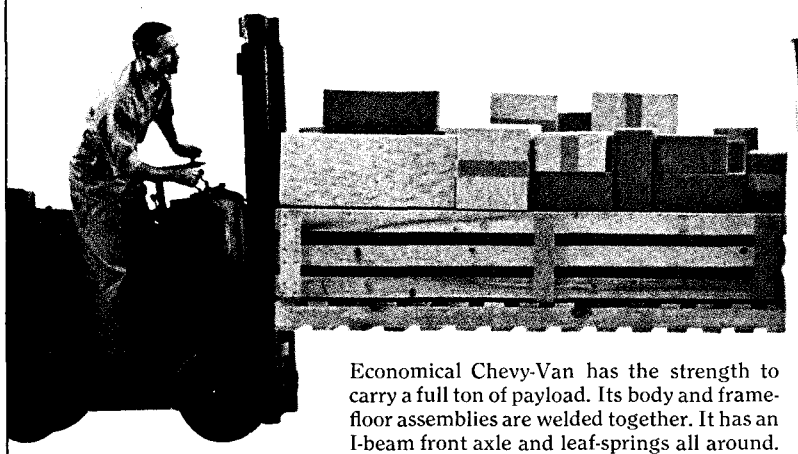
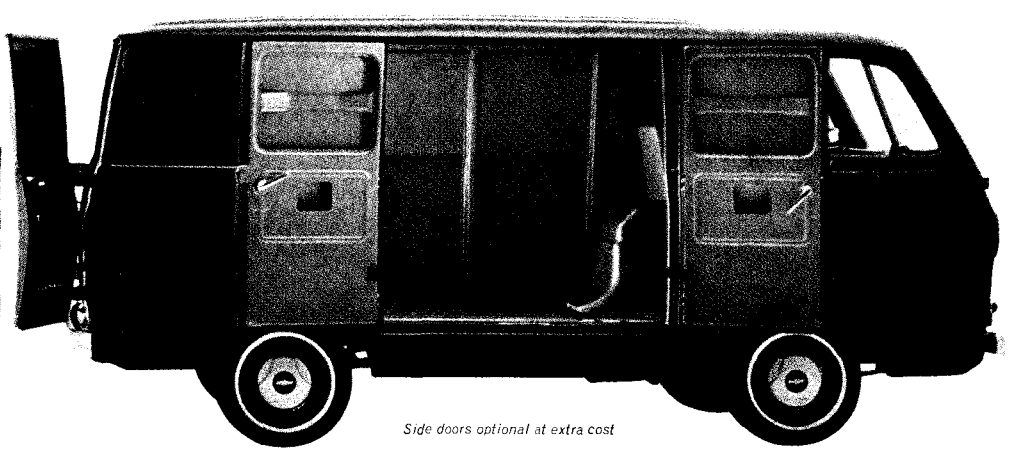


Economical Chevy-Van has a completely usable flat floor 7½ ft. long, over 40 sq. ft. in area. It's only 22 inches above the ground for easy loading. The engine is to the right of the driver. You can put objects 12 ft. long to the right of the engine. Floor to ceiling is about 4½ ft. There's a lot of room in the economical Chevy-Van.

Economical Chevy-Van has unusual resistance to rust and corrosion. Especially vulnerable areas such as front stepwells and rocker panels are galvanized. The underbody is virtually free from moisture traps and exposed ledges that collect mud and snow. Sealers are used at all critical joints. Certain sections are treated with high-zinc-content primer, others with an aluminum-wax preservative.



Economical Chevy-Van has the strength to carry a full ton of payload. Its body and frame-floor assemblies are welded together. It has an I-beam front axle and leaf-springs all around. All the doors have double-wall construction. The economical Chevy-Van is well built.



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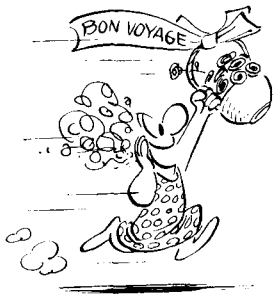
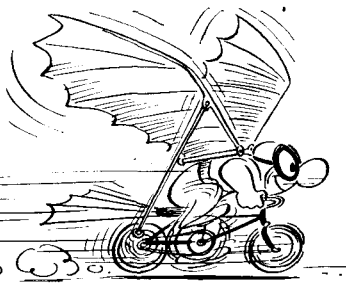
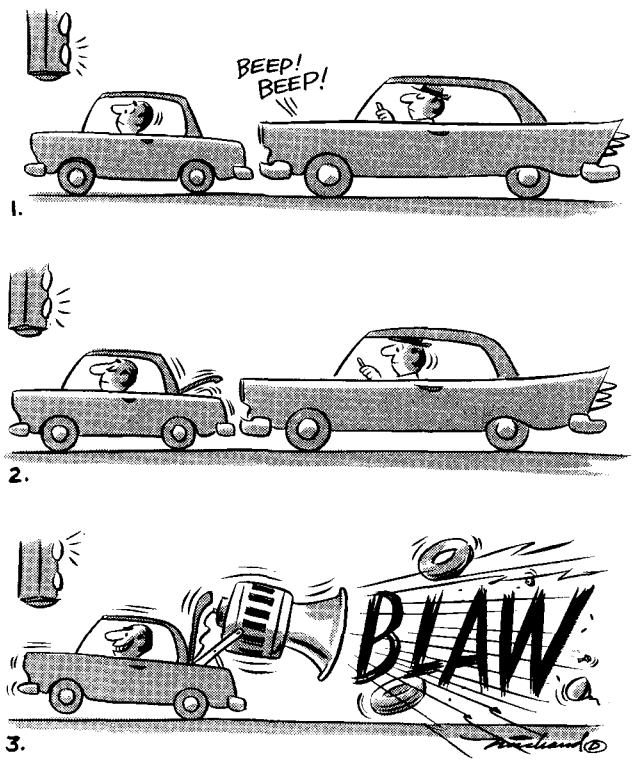
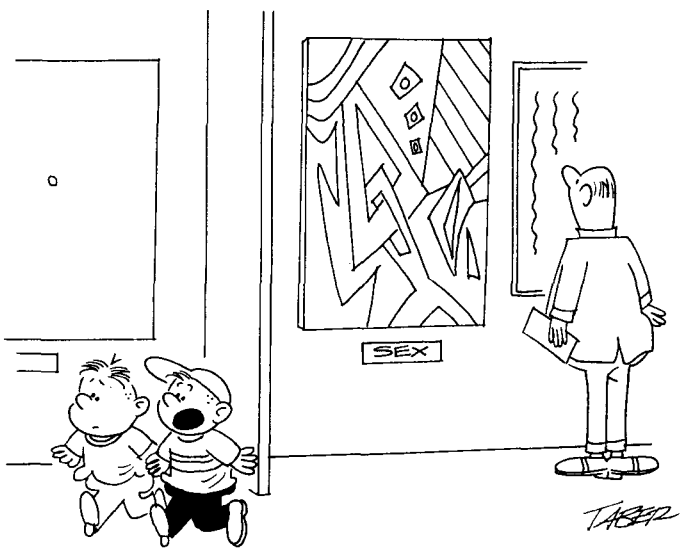


post scripts



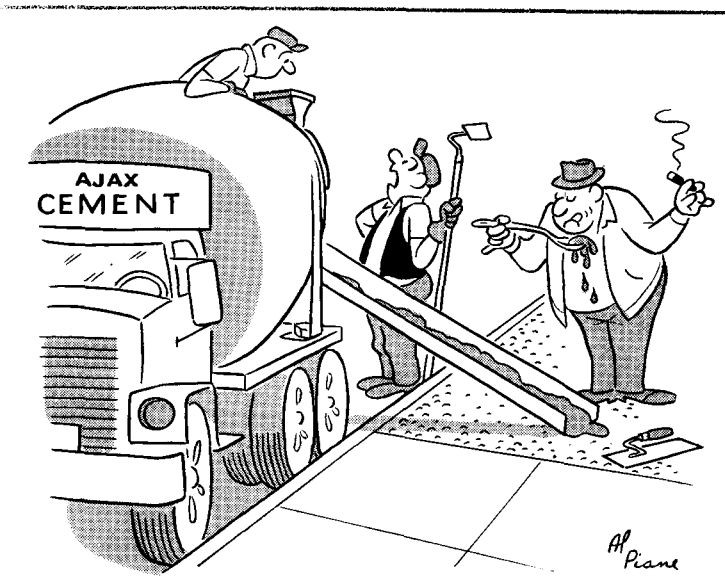
"So I told them, 'Your service is poor, your rates are too high, I'll just go to a competitor.' Can you hear me, Harry?"



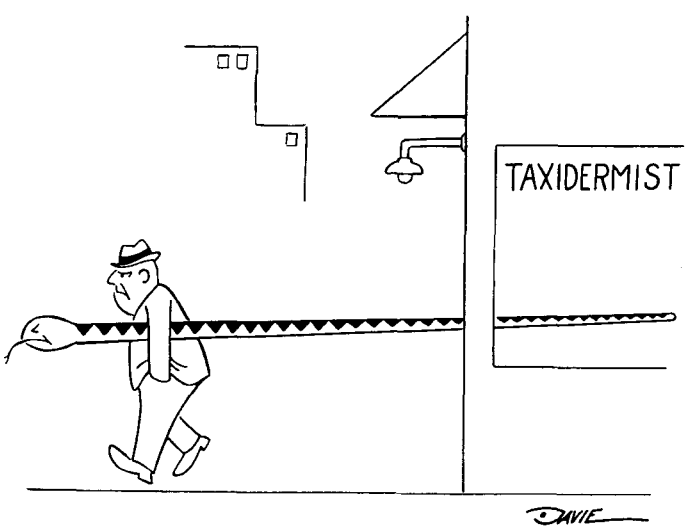


"Now I'm more confused than ever."

"I thought you'd never get around to looking in your suggestion box."



"He says it needs more sand!"



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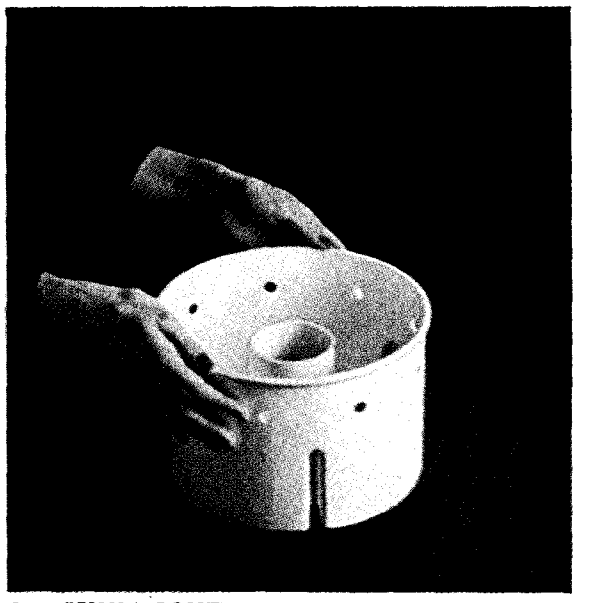
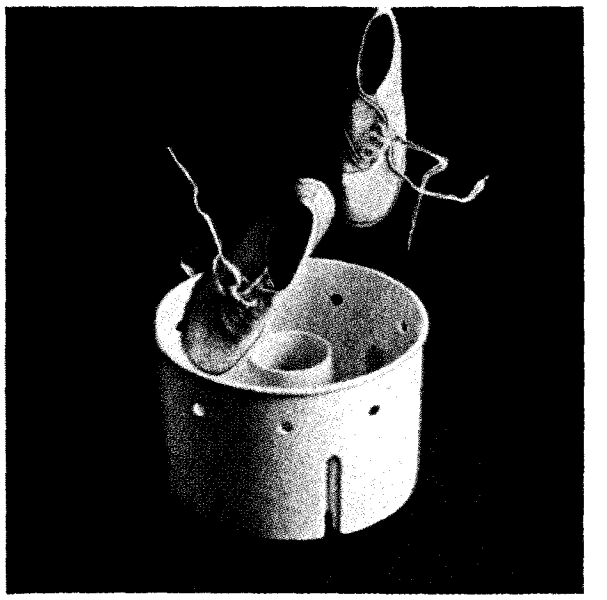
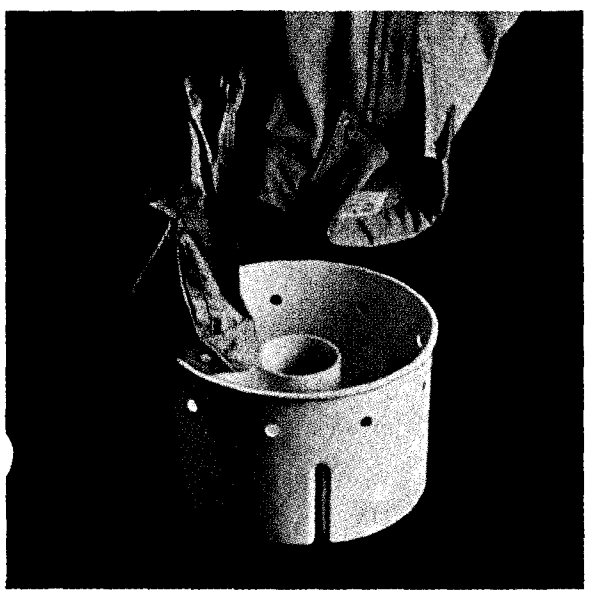


has MINI-BASKET.

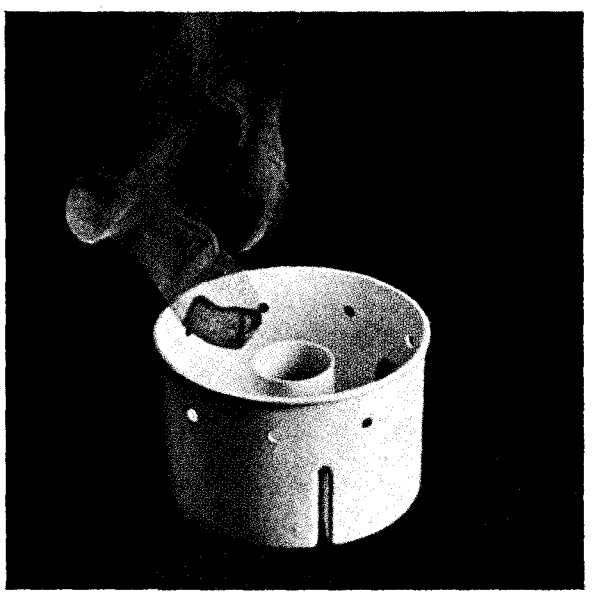


This exclusive extra does nuisance loads...



and last-minute leftovers.

It also takes loving care of frilly things...



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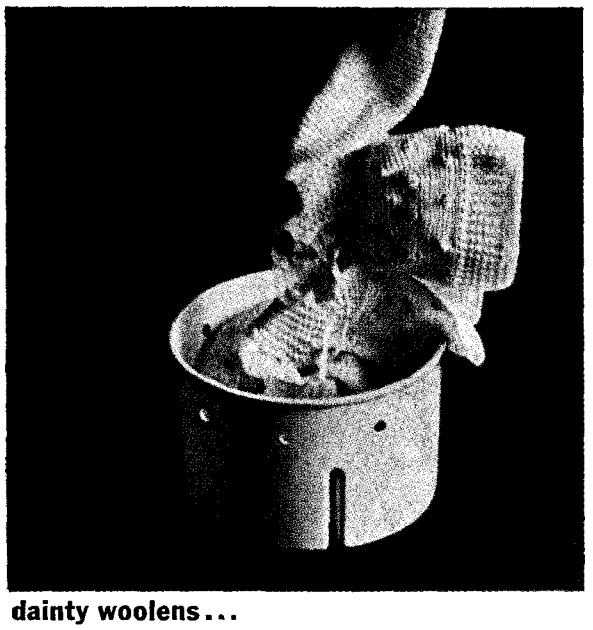

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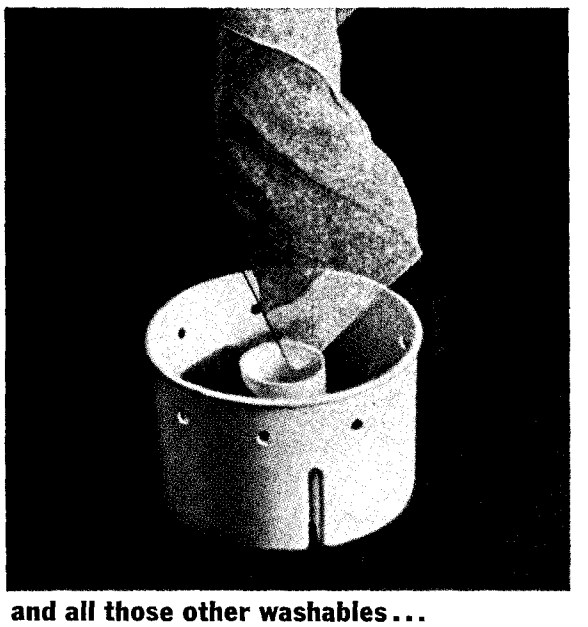
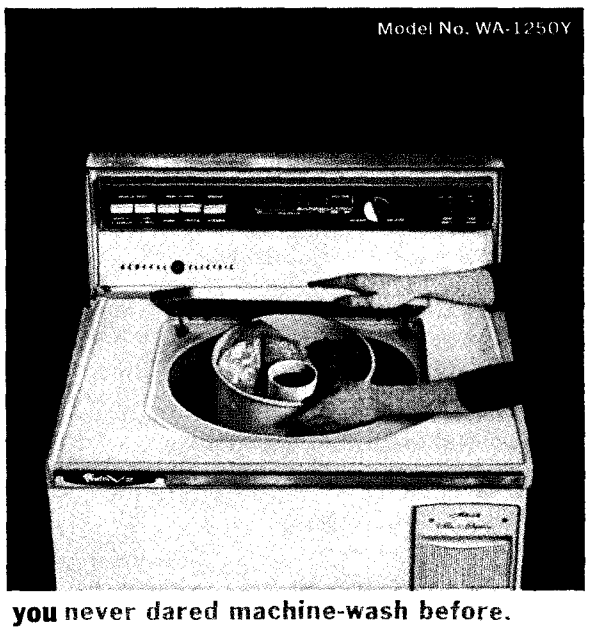


and all those other washables...



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By JOE HYAMS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DENIS CAMERON

A SEASON OF SOMMER

Some critics deride her acting, but her beauty has won her European fame and a fat Hollywood contract.

She sleeps in the nude, her left thumb in her mouth, her right arm cuddling a stuffed lamb. Asleep, she resembles a child. But awake and in fluid motion before the cameras, she makes Bardot look like an awkward schoolgirl. There are critics who deride her talent, but her movies have earned her a half dozen fur coats and three homes. She says she has no time for love, but the European press claims that two men have committed suicide over her. On screen she seems kitten soft; but off screen she possesses an iron will, a soaring ambition and the mind of an electronic computer.

This is Elke Sommer. In Europe her first name suffices—like Gina, Sophia, Brigitte or Liz. *Fräuleins* in Berlin ape her hair style and dress. Her name and face adorn hairsprays, lotions and deodorants which promise the user the allure of Elke. In the past three and a half years she has made 16 pictures and has been away from the cameras only 43 days.

Now Elke has invaded American movies. She had a part in *The Victors* and costarred with Paul Newman in the $4 million production of *The Prize*, based on the best-selling novel about the Nobel awards. She recently completed *A Shot in the Dark*, a comedy made in England with Peter Sellers, and soon will be shooting *The Unknown Battle* in Norway with Tony Perkins.

Her three-picture contract with M-G-M is unprecedented for a Hollywood newcomer. It includes $75,000 a picture and $500-a-week living expenses plus the service of a Rolls-Royce and chauffeur when on location. All this is being paid to Elke as a face, a body, a personality. There is some doubt whether she can act at all. Peter Sellers was reported so upset with her lack of ability that he wanted her removed from *A Shot in the Dark*. He finally accepted her when director Blake Edwards pointed out that Sellers once boasted he could act with a barn door.

Elke is aware of her deficiencies. "I don't think I am a good actress yet," she says. "But I hope to become one. It's much more difficult for me as a blonde with a pretty smile than for a brunette who can go screaming about the room. Some people don't take me seriously. But they will."

If Elke is not yet a talented actress, why all the excitement about her? "She projects on the screen an image of astounding sexuality," says Edwards. Her lush looks and superb figure—her 24-inch waist flows into a yard of bust and a yard of hips—inspired one avant-garde film magazine to hail Elke as "a mother goddess type whose physical presence in a picture awakens in the audience a realization of its unity with life."

Unlike many European film makers, Hollywood producers have decided Elke is sexy even with her clothes on. But when the image makers got their first look at Elke, they attempted to improve on perfection. They told her to lose 10 pounds. She did. They sent her to the M-G-M dentist. He found two all but invisible spaces, which he capped.

They sent her to hair stylist Sidney Guilaroff, who has worked on every Hollywood great lady from Gardner to Taylor. His expert eye determined that this beautiful blonde would be an even more beautiful blonde if her hair were a different shade. Elke was dispatched to appropriate geniuses who rinsed her hair with silver. After that, Guilaroff set Elke's hair seven different ways. The studio brass then decided she looked best the way she had always done her hair.

Meanwhile, Elke was under strict orders never to appear in public unless dressed to the nines. Her agent, Kurt Frings, ordered a complete tailor-made wardrobe for her. "You must always be perfect," said Frings.

"I am not perfect," Elke admits. "I have seven scars on my face and a tooth missing that I would not let the dentist touch. I don't like the image of perfection, but I am not my own boss. I am always being molded by somebody, so I do what I am told."

Elke abets some aspects of the molding process herself. Aware that the right side of her face is more photogenic than the left, she tries to arrange scenes so she has the good side facing the camera. She insists that gentlemen who walk on the street with her stay on her right side at all times. She has a masseuse visit her three times a week to keep her body firm.

Elke is not, however, just a glamorous mannikin carefully assembled by makeup men, costumers, stylists and dentists. She speaks Spanish and Italian fluently, and her English is flawless. She can quote Homer and Plato in the original Greek, or Goethe and Schiller in her native tongue.

Because continental actresses tend to have racy reputations, Elke led a conspicuously discreet private life in Hollywood. She lived alone with her mother. With polite coolness she declined party invitations extended by such celebrated Hollywood bachelors as Horst Buchholz

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In "A Shot in the Dark," a forthcoming movie which stars Elke Sommer and Peter Sellers, the blond German actress capers in a nudist colony that is decorated with statuary.

and Cary Grant. "I've been to parties in Europe," she says. "I know what it's all about. It's like the Via Veneto—to see and be seen. But it's not part of my job to stand up in a cocktail dress making awkward conversation. Why should I put on an act? Why should I give something of myself to the public if there's no need for it?"

She is almost somber on the subject of love. "I am twenty-three years old," she says. "There have been men in my life, but never, I think, has there been love. I fear love. It would own me. But if I were to love a man, there would be no other woman for him. I would fill his days and nights completely. I am jealous and possessive. I cannot understand why in America the husband shoots the lover and not the wife. I would shoot my husband and not the woman. Then perhaps I would shoot myself, because the real failure was mine."

There is a fierce drive in Elke which makes failure of any sort unlikely. Her real surname is Schletz, and she has been the man in the Schletz family since her father, a Lutheran minister, died when Elke was 14. The family lived in a town 15 miles from Nuremberg, Germany.

"Daddy was fifty when I was born," Elke says. "He always wanted a boy, and I was raised as a boy. I went to school with 500 boys and two other girls. I studied Latin and Greek. Until I was sixteen I dressed like a boy in hand-me-down slacks and sweaters. I never owned a dress except for confirmation."

Elke grew up during the Allied occupation of Germany. Her family was poor. "I milked ten cows a day for seven days a week for a dollar to get money," she says. "I used to walk five miles to trade an egg for a cigarette for my father—how he would treasure that smoke!"

The early days of postwar poverty left their mark on her. She still gets angry when food is left on a plate, and she is probably the only movie star who carefully sets aside half-smoked cigarettes, and later relights the butts.

When she was 17, Elke felt the stirrings of ambition. She decided to learn English and applied to an agency for a job as a domestic worker in England. She sent a picture of herself with a poodle that

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Her father wanted a boy. "Until
I was sixteen, I dressed like a boy in hand-me-downs.
I had a dress only for confirmation."

Conceding her own shortcomings as an actress, Elke Sommer has still stirred movie excitement on two continents by "projecting on the screen an image of astounding sexuality."

was named Pity, because he looked sad.

The picture and Elke's autobiography, written in schoolgirl English, appealed to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Nathan, an Irish-Jewish couple who lived with their two children in Chigwell, a London suburb. Joe Nathan, a wholesaler at the Billingsgate Fish Market, recalls that Elke was wearing pigtails when she arrived in England. "She also was wearing a light trench coat even though it was freezing cold," says Nathan. "She was lugging a big suitcase—empty except for some meat, bread, presents for my wife and children and a stuffed toy brown bear that she called Brumm-Brumm."

Elke's salary was three pounds a week (about $8.50). Mrs. Nathan, a beautiful brunette says, "Elke was just like one of our family. She loved the children and they loved her. And she was so strong. She used to pick a child up under each arm and run with them. She could climb a tree faster than any child in the neighborhood. And how she ate! She was always starved."

Elke enrolled at a night school for foreigners where she studied English and history. To save money, she walked the mile and a half from the bus stop rather than take a taxi. But at night she cried herself to sleep. She missed her home and her mother.

The Nathans, who are kindly and generous people, brought Elke's mother, Renata, to England as a Christmas surprise for Elke. Mother and daughter shared a small room together and took over the management of the household.

After one year in England Elke went with her mother on holiday to Viareggio, Italy, where they stayed in a boarding house for about $1.40 a day. One night she and a young Italian attended a dance. A tag was pinned to each girl. At the climax of the evening the music stopped, and a man stepped up to the microphone and announced that the judges had decided No. 14—Elke's number—had won a contest. Elke had been chosen Miss Viareggio of 1959.

Just as if it were an old-fashioned movie plot, an Italian producer then came out of the audience and asked Elke to play in his next film. She had sensible doubts about his sincerity, but the next day he showed up at the boarding house with his wife. He offered Elke the equivalent of $1,500 to play in the film, and guaranteed all expenses for Elke and her mother if they would go to Rome.

They went. The first film was followed immediately by a second, directed by Vittorio De Sica. After a long series of European films calling for her to display a maximum of herself in roles ranging from a juvenile delinquent to a stripper, Elke got her first big break—a call from producer Pandro Berman in Hollywood.

Berman, looking for a girl to play the lead in *The Prize*, saw Elke's recent German film, *The Girl*, and liked what he saw. "She was beautiful and wildly sexy," he said. "She was young and blond and could play the Swede we needed. And she looked like she'd fit in Paul Newman's arms."

Now, at 23, Elke seems to have it made. She is rich and successful with a $300,000 18-room mansion in Erlangen, Germany, a villa in Alicante, Spain, and a flat in Switzerland. She has more cars than she can drive, more suitors than she can handle. But Elke is not satisfied.

"I feel I am going to die young," she says. "And I want to die with the feeling that I have lived. Acting has become my life now. But it is an empty life for a woman. I must do something to change my life. But what and how?" She paused and stared off into space. "I don't know. I really don't know." THE END

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"I feel I am going to die young," says the 23-year-old Elke Sommer. "I want to die with a feeling I have lived. Acting has become my life now—an empty feeling for a woman."

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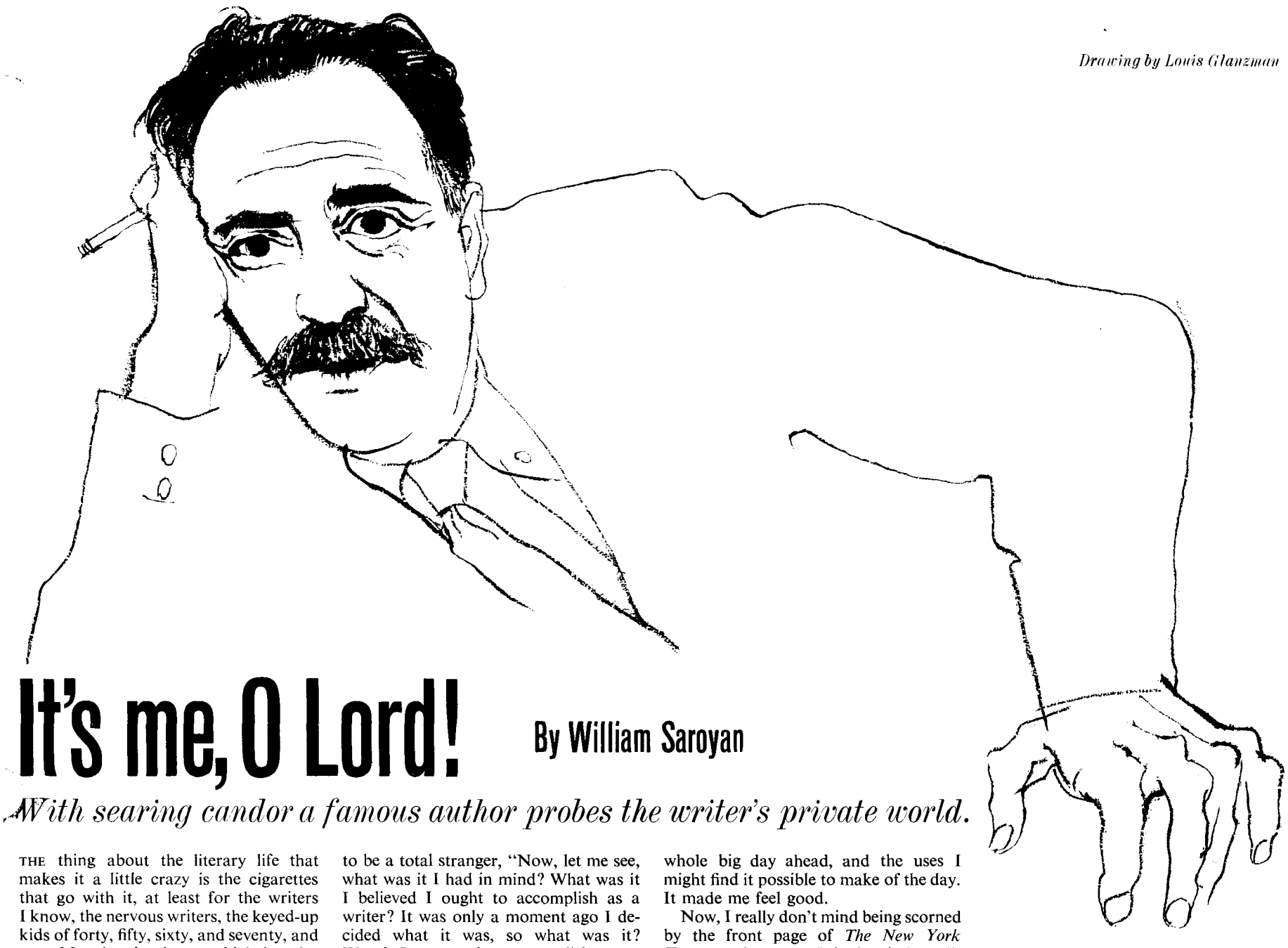

Drawing by Louis Glanzman

It's me, O Lord!

By William Saroyan

With searing candor a famous author probes the writer's private world.

THE thing about the literary life that makes it a little crazy is the cigarettes that go with it, at least for the writers I know, the nervous writers, the keyed-up kids of forty, fifty, sixty, and seventy, and now Maugham's ninety, which is a lot more than most lawyers, for instance, get to be, and a lot more than perhaps Maugham himself ever imagined he would be likely to have the pleasure of becoming. These keyed-up kids who live the literary life come and go, or come and stay, or come and go and then come and stay and then come and go again, and finally something rather extraordinary happens: it turns out that nobody really noticed that they had come and gone, even if for a while they enjoyed great fame.

All of a sudden it's somebody else being fussed over, and the fellow who had sat alone for so many years getting out one book after another, getting reviewed on the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, getting his face on the cover of *Time*, painted by Artzybasheff, getting himself highly regarded in the best circles, getting the severest critics to take him seriously, this lad of the literary world all of a sudden is an old gent, his books are too long, there are too many words in them for what the words say, and even he himself knows this. It's a kind of rude thought to come so late in life, so near the end. Should he kill himself, to give his going a little style, or a little arrogance? Or should he forget it?

He can still open a fresh pack of cigarettes, and take one out, and put a match to the end of it, and inhale deeply and say to himself, who by then has got to be a total stranger, "Now, let me see, what was it I had in mind? What was it I believed I ought to accomplish as a writer? It was only a moment ago I decided what it was, so what was it? Wasn't I supposed to accomplish something rather special? If it *was* fifty years ago, did I make it, or was the *Time* cover and feature a mistake? Was I the writer they should have fussed over the way they did, or was that only part of the policy of the magazine to provide its readers with a little amusement? If so, why did I let them do it? What did I want?"

The literary life is a good life, it's certainly as good as the medical life, the legal life, or the political life. It may even be as good as the religious life and the scientific life. The question is, is it life?

The answer is, Bet your life it's life. If the literary life isn't life, no life is life, because those larger-than-life shadows that moved north, or west, or whichever way it happened to be, and then disappeared, they all turn out to have belonged to nobody at all unless somebody *wrote* about who they belonged to. If the name and address aren't put to paper by somebody, whoever that was, whatever it was that he did, whatever it was that he thought, all of it is no more now than a swift-moving shadow that is gone forever.

I, a shadow, not more of a shadow than anybody else who is still a shadow, was thinking about all this when I got up at five o'clock this morning, eager to get under the shower, into my clothes, and upstairs for six cups of coffee, and as many cigarettes. I was alive in the literary life early this morning, thinking about the whole big day ahead, and the uses I might find it possible to make of the day. It made me feel good.

Now, I really don't mind being scorned by the front page of *The New York Times Book Review*, I don't mind at all, actually, except that it very nearly drives me crazy every time I remember that so far *The New York Times Book Review* has never put one of my books on its front page, and *Time* has never had my head, a rather handsome head too, on its cover, along with a big story all about the extraordinary character I am, the way it has done with so many other writers, and where are they now? I'm here, where are they? And I don't necessarily mean the ones who are dead, God love them. I mean the ones who are the big ones, the highly regarded ones, the ones who have had the best critics write whole books about their stuff, and have had six or seven earnest biographies written about them, and have won all of the prizes there are, one by one. Where are they?

I'm here in San Francisco, looking every bit as old as I am, looking frequently a lot older than my fifty-five years, but still getting up a long time before daybreak, shaving, showering, singing, making dirty cracks about a lot of things I've grown accustomed to, getting on the scale to confirm that a lot of lard is loaded all over my bones. I am now five feet nine, or almost five feet nine, and I lug around a hundred and eighty pounds. And then I get upstairs and fix myself a pot of coffee and I have at it, living the literary life all the while, remembering, thinking, planning, and lighting one new cigarette after another, enjoying every one of them, every puff of every one of them, but always, always not sure I ever worked hard enough, or learned as much as I should have learned, especially about the biological aspects of living matter, not sure I shouldn't have learned French, at least, not to mention Russian, Hebrew, and Chinese. And what about my inventions? Why did I neglect them? And my music, what the hell happened to my symphonies? I can still light a cigarette all right, but what about what I might have done and didn't do, and how much time do I have left? Will somebody let me know how much time I have left?

Is it that I am getting more and more scared about dying, or at any rate more and more aware of the probability of it, the probability of something which only thirty years ago I frequently believed was never actually going to happen? Die? Why should I die, of all people, with all of my work to do? Why me, just because it happens to be inevitable?

Is it me, or was it ever me? The reason I ask is that when I was in Russia in 1960 I paid a few pennies for a collection of short stories by English and American writers, and among the writers was an English one by the name of A. E. Coppard, whose name I had known for a long time but without knowing his actual writing, which I finally found to be absolutely wonderful in a very real way,

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not *this* way, which is also a very real way, certainly my way, or one of my ways, although a little troublesome for a lot of readers. I've lost more readers by writing troublesome stuff in a troublesome style, most likely, than I ought ever to have permitted myself to lose, but the hell with them, if they don't want my writing, I don't want their reading, and I'm perfectly satisfied to have them read whoever the hell they like.

The stories by A. E. Coppard that I read in Russia made a powerful impact on me, much more powerful than the impact made by the other writers in the book, who were all good writers, earnest writers, men who had also lived the literary life, but whose stories I found impossible to read. I found it possible to *start* reading them, but after about fifty words, I'd had it. I knew I wanted no more of it. And I was surprised—I find it rather pleasant to still be surprised now and then by something or other—that A. E. Coppard had written such good stories when I for my part hadn't read his stories, and then he had died, and one day in Moscow at one of the big book stores I found the shelf where the books in English are, and I found a collection of stories by a lot of English and American writers, and among these stories I found three by A. E. Coppard, and I read them, and was delighted and surprised.

The first thing I wanted to do was find a biography of him, because I wanted to know who he was and how it had been for him. Well, there didn't seem to *be* a biography. When I got back to Paris I looked him up at the American Library on the Champs Elysee Elysesse—all of a sudden I can't spell it, so the hell with it. I looked him up at the American Library on that big boulevard in Paris, and what they had was his autobiography, which I would rather read any day than a biography, and the point I am getting to is the name he had given it: *It's Me, O Lord!* Man, that pleased me, that made me admire A. E. Coppard more than ever. That struck me as being the best title anybody could ever give his own story, and so of course I wanted to get the book right away and read it, which I did. But the question is this: *Was* it him, O Lord? *Is* it me, O Lord? I *think* it is, I think it was, but the longer I linger the less I can be sure.

A. E. Coppard was a runner as a young man. That's going to seem confusing perhaps to some people because hardly anybody anywhere is ever a runner, let alone a man who is soon going to start living the literary life. A. E. Coppard as a young man ran in races, distance races as a rule, for money, or for prizes, and a number of his stories are about young fellows who were runners, and these young fellows almost never won. They just ran, they just liked to run. In his autobiography there was a photograph of him in his running trunks. There *was?* There *is.* The book is still around, although out of print. He's just a kid, maybe eighteen or nineteen, with a lean face that is full of humor and kindness and what I am going to take the simple liberty of calling innocence, because there is nothing else to call it. He's got very thick black hair, but this is the important thing about him in that photograph: he's on his mark, and ready to go. A. E. Coppard started his literary life as a runner. To me that means a lot, that's really great. How did a beautiful thing like that ever happen? Did it happen to any other writer, ever? Perhaps to a Greek long ago? Or was he himself a Greek long ago? *It's Me, O Lord!* he called his story: he didn't call it, It's A. E. Coppard, O Lord. It's me, that's all. If *You* don't know me, who the hell does?

I ran, too, of course, but he ran as a way of life, and I'm surprised that I didn't, although it may have been only because there weren't any races of that kind in Fresno, in the San Joaquin Valley, in California, when I was there. I also rode a bicycle, but as a telegraph messenger, not in races, although I had a bicycle-rider who rode in long-distance races in one of my plays, one of my *unknown* plays, I might say, the one called *Don't Go Away Mad.*

A. E. Coppard was a great fellow, it is an honor to belong to more or less the same mystic order that he belonged to, to be one who also lived, who lives the literary life. And then years later another Englishman wrote a rather wonderful

novel, I've heard, called—well, the name of the novel is one of the best I have ever seen: *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner*, and the name of the writer is Alan Sillitoe. When Alan Sillitoe had been a young man he had read a novel of mine called *The Human Comedy*, and then when he was no longer a young man he reviewed a paperback edition of the book for one of the better London weeklies, possibly *The New Statesman*, and among other things Alan, a total stranger to me, said the novel just didn't hold up, there was something unfortunate in it, something bogus, something wrong, something possibly clever, something unsatisfying. And this hurt me, really hurt me, because when he had been young, when he had first read the novel, he himself in his review said he had been moved by it, it had meant something to him, but after a number of years, perhaps no more than ten, when he read it again, it was no good.

Now how did that happen? What had changed, and whatever it had been, had it changed for the better? I was so hurt I wrote to the weekly and said yes, it's true, what Alan Sillitoe said about the novel was true, but there it was, I was stuck with it. The letter appeared in the weekly, and that was that—but not quite. Had I done right? Had I had the right, even, to say that what Alan Sillitoe had said *was* true? Well, perhaps I did, because the fact is that I myself regretted some of the stuff in *The Human Comedy*, especially near the end. All the same I kept wondering if I had done right in writing and saying so. I didn't defend the book, I didn't try to justify the bad writing in it, which wasn't actually bad writing at all, the writing was all good, all simple and straight, it was something else that wasn't good, and it was this that I was stuck with. The good writing near the end of the story lied. Nothing is more painful than a lie, to tell, to have told, to have been told by somebody else, especially somebody who shouldn't lie.

And only thirteen short days ago, late at night, at a little bar just off Place Pigalle, owned and operated by a half-Scotch lady named Jennie, one of my favorite ladies in all of Paris, I was drinking brandy at three in the morning when over the jukebox came an American song I had first heard in Fresno as a kid, called (and don't laugh just yet) *Are You Lonesome Tonight?* The singer was Elvis Presley, one of the greatest of the singers, although much-maligned. After singing the first verse, Elvis Presley does something like a recitative, in which he speaks words, and one of the things he says to this girl is, "Honey, you lied." Elvis Presley says these few words, these banal and unacceptable words, with so much earnestness, so much astonishment, pain, honesty, and art that the words are suddenly not banal at all, but magnificent, and not unacceptable, but welcome. He says them as if to God himself, to the world itself, life itself, after which he goes on to say the equivalent of, "But I would rather have you and your lies than anything else in the world," and again it's as if he is talking to the verities, the enormities, the unverifiable verities, and the very probably terribly small enormities. And so I had to have the jukebox play the song six more times before I was willing to say good night and go on down the hill to my ice-cold house in Paris. Well, I call it my house, although it's actually the fifth-floor flat of this 200-year-old building in which or near which George Sand and Chopin had lived and the Goncourt brothers had entertained other Frenchmen who were living the literary life, including my favorite of them all, because he taught me so much, Guy de Maupassant, and the hell with the rest of them. They were all good writers, highly regarded, famous, important, and these days almost impossible to read unless you insist on it for one reason or another, as I frequently do. The good writing near the end of the novel Alan Sillitoe had liked as a kid but had not liked ten years later, give or take one or two, lied, but I certainly never had in mind that it should, so was it me, O Lord?

I don't know, and while it *seems* to be me, right now, how long *is* now, ever? Almost twenty-five years ago, sometime in 1939, I believe, I went into Lindy's on Broadway late one night in New York and sat down with Leonard Lyons, and after a little while Oscar Levant, the famous neurasthenic piano player came and sat with us, and we got to talking, because we always do—that's one thing we always do, especially when we are at a table—and all of a sudden Oscar said, "Why do you always write about yourself?"

"Me?" I said. "Write about myself? Isn't the question, rather, 'Why do I always write about you?'" Which impelled Oscar to laugh the way he laughs, which is a way nobody else in the world has, as if laughing were even more painful, or maybe even more disgraceful, than crying. And Leonard Lyons scribbled on a pad.

I don't know, I don't mind living the literary life, I live it the best way I know how. For instance, less than five hours ago I had a manuscript of a short story to mail to an editor in New York. The rain had stopped, so I walked a mile downhill most of the way to the neighborhood post office, and then I walked to the ocean, as I always like to do in San Francisco, and on the way I found a penny dated 1963, which was last year. But that wasn't enough, and only six blocks later I found another penny, this one dated 1959. Finding two pennies on one walk is a very literary thing, and to me very meaningful. Well, if it isn't especially meaningful, if it has no meaning at all in fact, it certainly makes me feel good. I don't know why, and probably don't really need to. Later on I found a rather good nail, too, and of course on the beach I found a lot of pebbles, and brought them home. Why? Because the pebbles were there. Or rather because I was there, and I saw them, and loved them, and needed them, and picked them up, and put them in my pocket, and now have them, and am looking at them, in water in a jar, only pebbles but alive, and no lie, no lie at all.

And that's it, so who is it about? Me? Or you? Or who? I'll be damned if any of that is any of my business. My business is to go on living the literary life until there is no more of it left to live, no daybreak to beat to the world, no coffee to make and drink, no cigarette to light and smoke, no thought to think, no joke to tell, no laugh to laugh, no truth to tell, and certainly no lie, no lie at all either to tell or to be told. THE END

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Red threat in Black Africa?

After the tidy, peaceful spice island of Zanzibar erupted in revolution, neighboring Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya echoed with army mutinies. Are Britain's former colonies going Communist?

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

It bloody well served them right, I say. For years, these blighters have been promising their people utopia, a farm and a car for everybody, if they could just get rid of the dirty British. Now, at the first sign of trouble, who do they run to for help? The British Army. It's a bloody joke, I tell you."

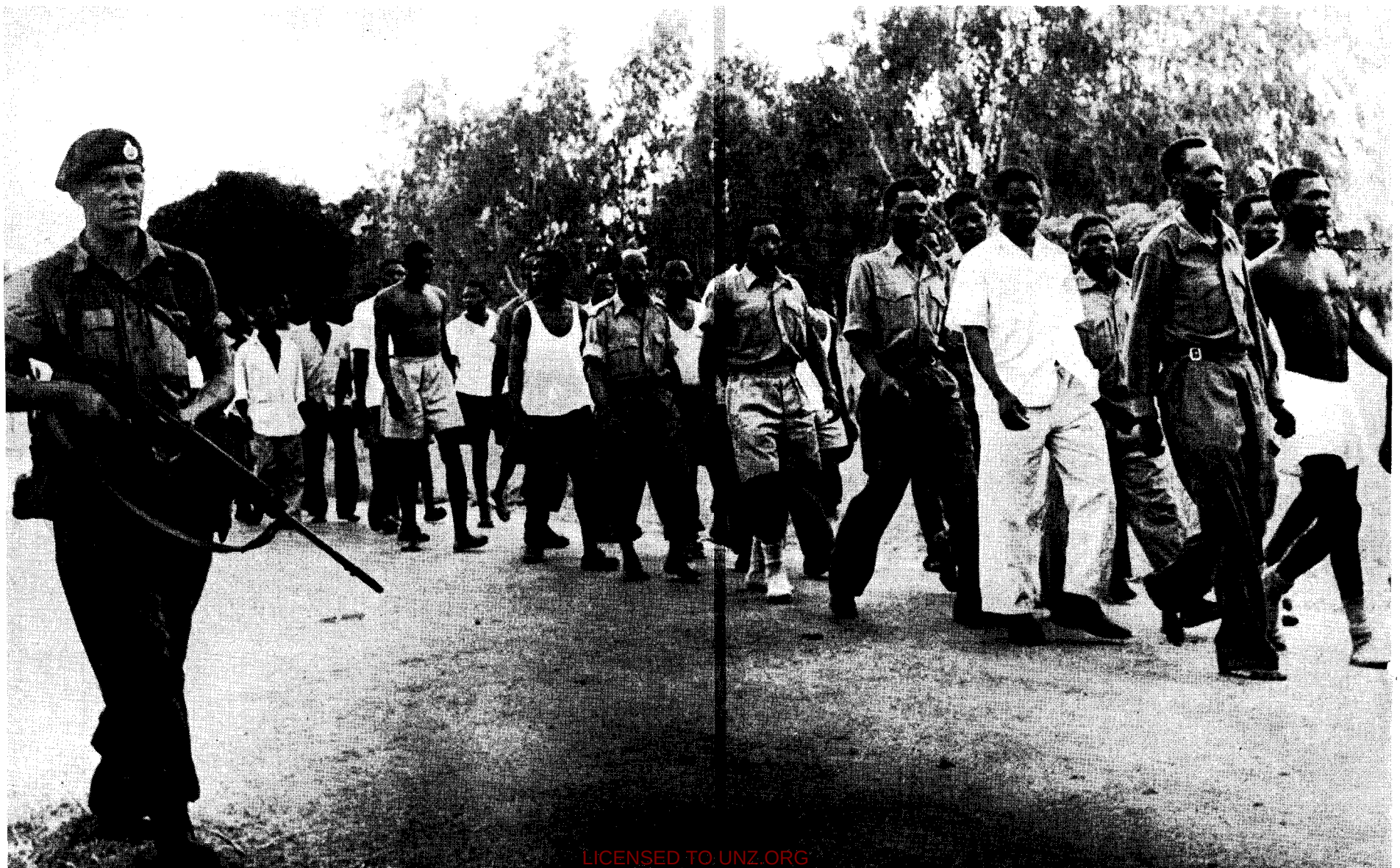
Even to the speaker, the joke was bitter rather than funny. He was a tanned, blue-eyed English farmer, and he spoke as we walked between rows of rich green coffee plants on his farm in the Kenya Highlands. We both knew the deep humiliation cast on the new African leaders of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, when their armies recently mutinied and British soldiers returned to restore order in Britain's former colonies. But we also knew that the temporary return of Royal Marine Commandos had been by African invitation; when asked to leave, they will go. And the scornful English farmers, the husky white hunters, the frightened Indian shopkeepers who form a tiny minority in these overwhelmingly African lands will be left to fend for themselves. "I'd go tomorrow, if I knew where to go," said this Kenya farmer. "Britain? Faugh! It's the bloody British who stabbed us in the back."

It was the British who made three nations out of this huge swath of mountain and plain on the eastern side of the African continent. Kenya and Tanganyika stretch westward from palm-fringed beaches on the Indian Ocean, across dry bushlands inhabited by elephants, zebras and giraffes, to mountain peaks surrounding Africa's great equatorial lakes. Uganda is a lush, green world of rivers and lakes, lions and crocodiles. Along the shores of Lake Victoria, itself almost as big as Ireland, little red-roofed houses are lost in the thick growth of banana trees and plots of coffee and cotton.

The British came to this part of Africa a scant 70 years ago, stopping first on the legendary spice island of Zanzibar, a few miles off the East African coast, to stamp out the Arab trade in African slaves. From humid Mombasa on the Kenya coast, the British pushed a railway northwest across the plains, built the modern city of Nairobi, and stopped only on the shores of Lake Victoria, 400 miles inland from the sea. In seven decades, British soldiers and administrators suppressed tribal hostilities, battled the tsetse fly which still keeps two thirds of Tanganyika and half of Uganda unfit for human habitation, and erected an economic and political structure of telephone lines, roads, schools and courthouses. Encouraged by the British government, settlers came out from England and put down roots on farms straddling the equator.

It was inevitable that the Africans

A grim trooper marches a ragtag column of mutineers toward a detention compound after British soldiers overpowered Tanganyika's rebellious army.



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whom the British had schooled in Western civilization should one day demand *uhuru* (independence). It also was certain that Britain, despite the outcry of East Africa's white minority, would grant that freedom and do its utmost to insure a peaceful transition from colonialism.

Last winter, however, East Africa exploded. Violence erupted first on the tiny clove-producing islands of Zanzibar. Until January 12, Zanzibar was the peaceful home of 310,000 people: 245,000 Africans, 45,000 Arabs, 20,000 Indians. The Arabs were on top; their ancestors had sailed their dhows down the coast from Arabian sheikhdoms to get rich on slave trade. The Indians were shopkeepers, as they are throughout East Africa. The Africans farmed the millions of clove trees and stared in silence as the 33-year-old Arab sultan drove by on his way to hunt wild boar. But at three A.M. on January 12, Arab rule on Zanzibar came to a sudden end. Three hundred ragged African guerrillas, led by a 27-year-old African policeman named John Okello, attacked two police armories with broad-bladed *pangas* and bows and arrows. Grabbing machine guns, they roared through the city of Zanzibar. All day long the chatter of automatic weapons split the humid air. By midnight the sultan had fled to the steamer *Salama* anchored offshore. Okello's men then turned their guns on any Arabs within range. No one knows how many Arabs died; estimates range from 500 to 5,000. In this welter of blood, the People's Republic of Zanzibar was born.

The Soviet bloc quickly recognized the new regime, but the West did not. In retaliation the revolutionaries expelled Western diplomats. Stunned officials in London and Washington began trying to find out who was behind the revolution. Some decided that Okello and his guerrilla army had been trained in Cuba and got their orders from Moscow, Peking or Havana; others thought the plot was Okello's alone. Even now nobody on the outside really knows.

Whoever planned the attack, a bizarre cast had taken power in Zanzibar. The president, Abeid Karume, is a slow-moving, slow-thinking African, a former labor leader, whose strength lies in his great popularity with Zanzibar's African majority. The vice president is a man named Abdullah Kassim Hanga, who was trained in Moscow, hates the United States and is married to a Russian citizen of American parentage named Lilly Golden. Zanzibar's foreign minister, Abdul Rahman Mohammed, called Babu (Swahili for Father), is an Arab who recently got back from Peking. A former stalwart of the Arab party on Zanzibar, he somehow has made a successful transition into the present anti-Arab regime. Okello contented himself with the military rank of "field marshal" and a microphone. "Our enemies will be executed by being cut into pieces that will be spread on the streets," he bragged. "Imperialists and capitalists are devils." As soon as they could do so safely, Karume, Hanga and Babu booted Okello out of Zanzibar.

While Okello raved, the West fumbled for a response. Two British aircraft carriers cruised offshore on the chance that London might decide to restore the deposed sultan. Eventually, with the sultan and 25 relatives settled into a British hotel, Britain and the United States recognized the new People's Republic. "We feel that by getting back in there, we can help Karume hold his position against Hanga and Babu," explained one hopeful American diplomat.

Pajamas at the airport

There is an old proverb that says, "When the flute is heard in Zanzibar, all Africa must dance." On January 19, a week after the Zanzibar coup, Babu and Okello both appeared in Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika's capital, only about 40 miles across the Zanzibar Channel from the little spice island. At midnight that night, a battalion of the Tanganyikan Army suddenly arrested its British officers and bundled them, some still in pajamas or underwear, off to the airport to be deported. In the hours before dawn, the troops seized the post office, the police station, the cable and wireless office and the broadcasting station, primary targets of any coup. Then, strangely, nothing happened. Tanganyika's gentle, moderate president, Julius Nyerere, disappeared from sight, but the soldiers told his tough, leftist defense and external-affairs minister, Oscar Kambona, that all they wanted was a pay raise. Houseboys, they pointed out, got $21 a month, dockworkers $36.50. They got only $14.60.

For the next four days law and order disappeared in Dar es Salaam. Gangs of Africans looted Indian shops and killed 15 Arabs and Indians. Nyerere, a slight, graying man with an oval face and a small toothbrush moustache, whipped off messages to Britain, asking for help.

At dawn on January 25 the British aircraft carrier *Centaur* suddenly appeared directly off the bathing beaches of Dar es Salaam and loosed a noisy barrage of blank shells. Jets howled across the rooftops, green-bereted commandos swarmed in by helicopter and put a bazooka shell through the door of the mutineers' barracks. By breakfast, the mutiny was over in Tanganyika.

The British response was equally swift when a battalion of Uganda troops mutinied. Uganda's prime minister, Apollo Milton Obote, is a young, radical nationalist in the mold of Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah. Normally, Obote is not especially keen on "colonialist" or "imperialist" intervention, but when his own troops mutinied, he quickly shouted for help. As British troop transports swooped down on Uganda's Entebbe airfield, Uganda officials were waiting to give them a formal welcome. The first plane rolled up, men leaped out, brandished automatic weapons, and rushed past the startled officials to tactical positions on the airfield. Later, after disarming and arresting the mutineers, the British apologized: "We didn't know what the situation at the field was. We would have looked proper Charlies if we'd been formed up in threes, presenting arms, and someone had started going *tat-tat-tat* with a machine gun."

Tanganyikan President Julius Nyerere needed British help to save anticolonial regime.

The next morning another African battalion mutinied in Kenya. Bearded old Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, once cursed by British settlers as the alleged chief of the Mau Mau, quickly called in British troops. To his people, Kenyatta declared, "There will be no compromise. I do not intend to meet [the mutineers] or to . . . negotiate with them."

The extent to which the Zanzibar coup was connected with the mutinies on the mainland remains a subject of dispute. British Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home says flatly that "simultaneous subversive movements and attempts at coups" in all four East African countries cannot be coincidental. But Jomo Kenyatta and Julius Nyerere argue vehemently that the mutinies had nothing to do with Zanzibar. "What happened in Tanganyika had nothing to do with any external influence, Communist or imperialist," declares Nyerere. Kenyatta's explanation was that "some silly fool who heard of the situation in Zanzibar and Tanganyika thought he could do a bit better here."

There are several layers of irony in this sudden return of British troops to save three threatened African governments. Most obvious, of course, is the twist pointed out by the contemptuous white farmer in the Kenya Highlands: that the men who persuaded the British to leave had now saved their governments only by calling for British bayonets.

But the real situation is much more complicated. By calling in British troops, all three African leaders have damaged their own popularity. "Nothing has ever done Kenyatta more harm than a newspaper picture showing one British soldier with a gun guarding a hundred African soldiers," said one Briton in Nairobi.

Viewed in this way, the return of British power has scarcely helped the West. For Jomo Kenyatta and Julius Nyerere are sophisticated men, willing to work through elected governments. They also understand the issues at stake in the Cold War, even though they prefer to keep their countries nonaligned. They are the best leaders their people are likely to find and the best friends the West is likely to make in this part of Africa.

Julius Nyerere is one of Black Africa's towering political personalities. Singlehandedly, he created the nation of Tanganyika. For this reason, Nyerere's life is worth a brief look:

Julius Nyerere, like almost every leader

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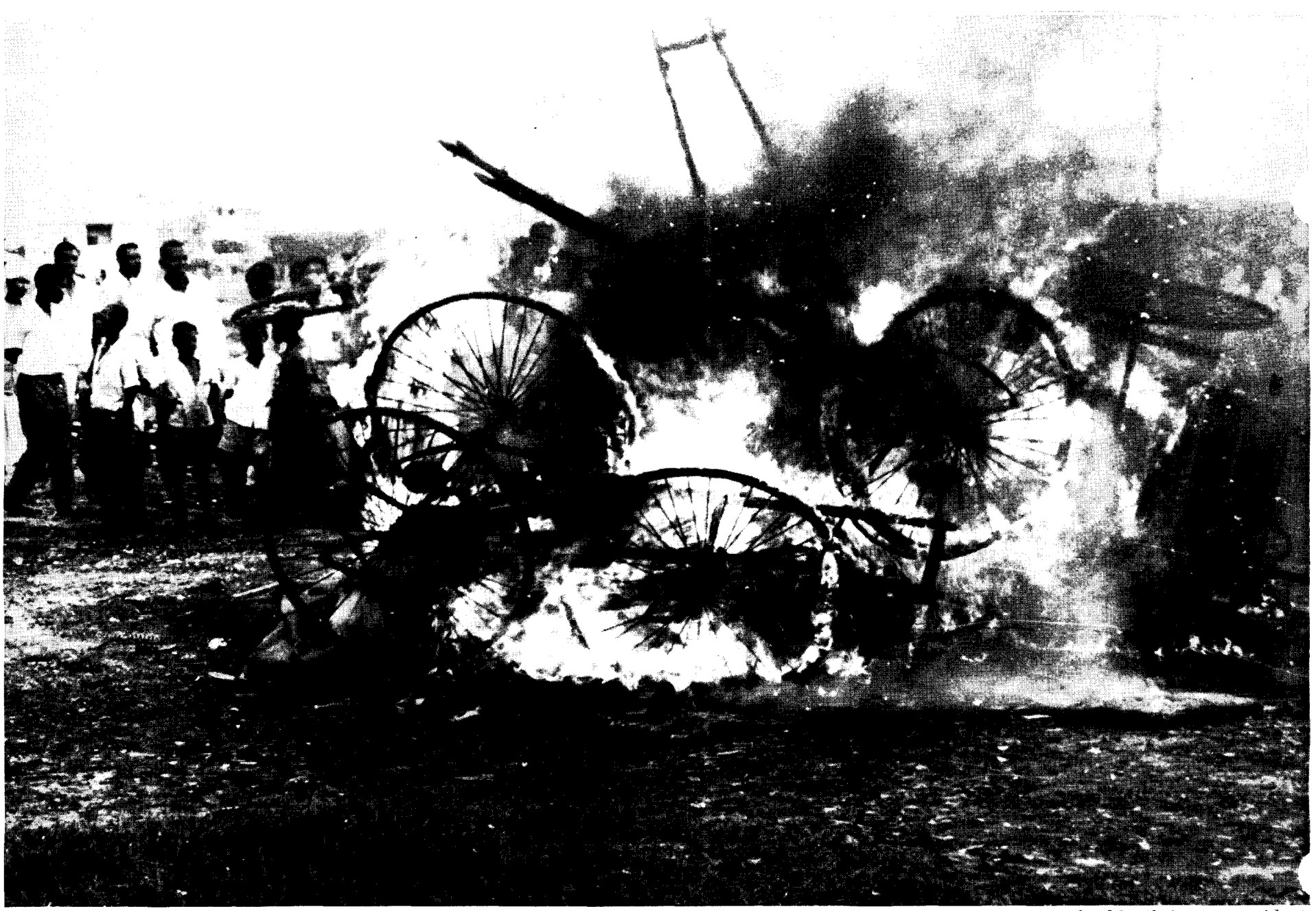

Citizens of the People's Republic of Zanzibar, established along Marxist lines after a bloody revolution, watch a bonfire lighted by their new president.

Red Threat?

of modern Africa, has spanned centuries in a lifetime. He was born near Lake Victoria about 43 years ago, one of 26 children of a polygamous tribal chief. Until he was 12, he lived like any other boy in Africa: The sun was his clock, the crops his calendar, a wisp of cloth his wardrobe. From a Roman Catholic mission school and East Africa's Makarere College in Uganda, Nyerere went on to Edinburgh University in Scotland and then came home to teach. But politics was in his blood and he threw himself into the fight for *uhuru*. For the next eight years, his bright green Land-Rover sent plumes of dust spewing up from every country road in Tanganyika. In the village's dirt square, the drums would pound, men and women would begin to shuffle in rhythm and chant "*Uhuru*." "If we do not unite," Nyerere would cry, in his thin high voice, "we shall be crushed like goats." But never did Nyerere utter any plea for violence. One of his proudest boasts, in fact, has been that Tanganyika came to independence without the loss of a single life. When he came to power as president, Nyerere kept the title of *Mwalimu* which means teacher in Swahili. "Julius is really a missionary," says one white who is close to the president. "He's always preferred to convert people rather than hammer them into submission." Missionary *Mwalimu* Nyerere's lesson was that Tanganyika's 120 tribes, "including our newest tribes, the Asians [70,000] and the whites [22,000]," could live in unity.

For Nyerere, therefore, the legacy of the army mutiny is an undermining, not only of his political position, but of his political philosophy. The fabric of racial amity and nonviolent politics has been ripped. The threat of further violence will recur as soon as the British leave.

In Kenya, too, the prospects of renewed violence depend heavily on whether one extraordinary man can solve the immense problems facing his country, the pivotal nation of British East Africa. Jomo Kenyatta, the son of a tribal Kikuyu herdsman, was born more than 70 years ago, before many white settlers had come to Kenya, and he has been struggling ever since to get land and freedom for his people. When the British government took Kikuyu land and legally barred Africans from the richest 12,700-square-mile piece of the Kenya Highlands, Kenyatta went to London in 1929 to plead vainly for land for the Kikuyu. He shared an apartment with Paul Robeson, studied at the London School of Economics, and picked up extra cash playing a native chief in the English film, *Sanders of the River*. From England Kenyatta made three trips to Moscow, although he vigorously denies that he ever has been a Communist. But when he came home in 1946, and stumped the land in a leather jacket and sandals, his message was violent: "The land is ours. Don't be afraid to spill blood to take it." Soon afterward, when Mau Mau guerrillas, most of them Kikuyu, began to spill white-settler blood, Kenyatta was sentenced to seven years at hard labor.

Kenyatta was not fully freed from detention until 1961, but his towering prestige among Kenya's African masses still was intact, and it immediately catapulted him to the top of Kenya's African leadership. Last December 12, Britain's Prince Philip handed Kenyatta, the herdsman's son, the seals of sovereignty for Kenya.

Today it is difficult to look back even five years to the time when British Governor Sir Patrick Renison characterized Kenyatta as "a leader to darkness and death." Stepping onto a sidewalk from his black Mercedes sedan and carrying his fly-whisk symbol of rank, Kenyatta nods with equal warmth at the shoeless Africans chanting "Kenyatta, Kenyatta," and at the well-dressed white ladies applauding with gloved hands.

A Churchill for Kenya

"I never dreamed I'd say a thing like this," snorted one white Kenyan now in his 60's. "But when the Old Man defied the mutineers and said that he would not even speak to them, I found myself thinking how much he sounded like Winston Churchill."

The land Kenyatta rules today is one of the most beautiful spots in the world, one of the most complicated places in Africa, and its problems would stagger even a Winston Churchill. Nairobi, with its bright new buildings of concrete and glass, seems very familiar to Americans. Housewives stop to chat over pushcarts in a supermarket or call each other up on pastel-tinted telephones. At night, people tune their TV sets to *Dr. Kildare*, *Gunsmoke*, *I Love Lucy* and *Rin Tin Tin*.

But Nairobi is only partly British or American. Africa keeps intruding. On city streets, lined with palm trees and flaming red and purple bougainvillaea, throngs of barefoot Africans jostle tourists struggling under the weight of cameras. One warm afternoon in the sidewalk café of Nairobi's New Stanley Hotel, I watched a lanky Englishman as he caught sight of a three-inch locust crawling up a lady's sleeve. Flicking it off while she shrieked, the Englishman said casually, "They're quite good to eat." Then he turned back to eating his own cheeseburger and chocolate milkshake.

North and west of Nairobi, within sight of the snow-capped peak of 17,058-foot Mt. Kenya, lie the white-settler farms, which Kenyatta has coveted for his people. Sleek cattle graze across fertile, rolling hills as green as those in England. Tudor manors with red-tile roofs stand among hedges and rose gardens, and the lords of this lush land administer estates of tens of thousands of acres. In most Kenya white farmers there is an exotic blend of pioneer heartiness and blue-blooded exclusiveness — somewhat like a Texan with a monocle. During the day, these ranchers wear open shirts an wide-brimmed hats as they steer the Land-Rovers through fields of coffee or cattle; at night they may don scarlet jackets to attend the latest hunt ball. Not even during the Mau Mau uprising was the social pattern broken: Kenya ladies simply strapped a pistol belt over their

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"I tell you the British government has simply thrown us all away."

gowns before going dancing. Now, however, these baronial days in Kenya are ending. Many white farms have been sold, others are up for sale. "Some chaps simply can't leave Kenya," said one wry white farmer. "Their wives don't know how to cook."

Both the cities and the settlers' farms form only a thin westernized veneer over the desperately poor, massively African land that is the real Kenya. Scattered amid the blowing grasses and red earth are mud huts housing tribesmen who still believe in witch doctors. But white medicine also reaches most Kenyans and one result is a compounding annual birth rate of three percent. Today more than half of Kenya's 8.8 million people are under 15 years of age. By 1980 the population will have doubled.

The last of the Mau Mau are now emerging from their forest lairs to hold public meetings in which they demand from the government free farms, education and even trips abroad. Ancient tribal feuds still draw blood. Masai warriors recently raided Kikuyu territory, killing two Kikuyu and stealing cattle. One Kikuyu member of parliament furiously threatened that, if the government didn't curb the Masai, he would lead a counter-raid himself.

Even inside Kenyatta's cabinet there is a bitter personal struggle between the prime minister's two most powerful lieutenants: Tom Mboya, now minister of justice and constitutional affairs, and Oginga Odinga, minister of home affairs, both of whom hope to succeed Kenyatta. Mboya, vain and sophisticated, is accused by his enemies of high living and "drinking champagne from the American slipper." Odinga, on the other hand, openly advocates his leftist views. As one senior Nairobi journalist explained their relationship, "In the cabinet Mboya and Odinga tend to checkmate each other. Because people think he has a swelled head, Mboya has lost much of his grass-roots support. Odinga, unfortunately, is far more popular with the masses. But Kenyatta recognizes that Mboya is head and shoulders above any of the other cabinet ministers in ability. Whenever there's a tough job to be done, the Old Man always hands it to Tom."

When Kenyatta came to power last winter, Kenya's most pressing problem was unemployment. More than 90 percent of the population was without work. There was deep bitterness. "This is an *uhuru* government," shouted a shoeless African in a crowd of 500 unemployed, demonstrating outside Kenya's parliament building. "Why don't those M.P.'s with expensive cars sell them and distribute money to the poor?" Every day in Nairobi, Africans, often carrying *pangas*, break into a dozen houses. "A lot of our friends have already sold their homes and moved into apartment buildings because they feel more secure there," declared a Nairobi housewife.

The basic problem in Kenya, however, still is land. With $34 million supplied by the British government, Kenya recently purchased one million acres of the former all-white Highlands to be broken up into plots for African farmers. In Nairobi an enthusiastic Scot named G. R. Henderson, who is deputy director of the settlement scheme, admitted that the plan had been political rather than economic in origin. "An *uhuru* government led by Jomo Kenyatta simply had to get some Africans on the land," he explained.

On a visit to one of the land-settlement areas, I saw a hillside farm carved into small plots, with here and there a thatched hut and an African outside poking the ground with a hoe. A few sad-eyed settlement officers, all settlers who stayed on because they love the country, were shuffling documents in what had once been a friend's living room. On the wall a paper decreed that African farmers should realize that walking around listening to transistor radios would not get the crops planted, the cow milked or their loans from the government repaid.

Kenya's biggest employer and the mainstay of its economy is the white farmer, who grows 75 percent of Kenya's exports. And every move the government makes to Africanize the land or to increase farm labor costs drives these farmers nearer to despair and flight.

"What this farm needs is fewer people and more mechanization. Now they order me to take on ten percent more people," complained a farmer outside Nakuru in the Highlands. As we walked up to his house, where his two blond children played on a wide, cool veranda and his wife was waiting to serve coffee, the farmer went on, "I reckon this place is worth a hundred thousand quid [$280,000]. It brings me [$42,000] a year. But who's going to pay me anything for it now? I'm just farming day to day, putting all my money in a bank outside Kenya. Some day soon, I'll go."

"A beautiful country? It's the loveliest bloody country I've ever seen. But the wrong people are running it. I tell you,

In the Kenya Highlands, formerly reserved for white settlers only, a new African landowner farms his plot.

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Sailing from Mombasa for Bombay, Indians crowd aboard a ship that will take them from their native Kenya to India.

Afraid of new violence, Europeans and Asians are leaving.

Scotsman G. R. Henderson is staying in Kenya as a government land-reform official, but 600 other Europeans leave each month.

Red Threat?

the British government has simply thrown us all away."

Along with this farmer, there are many people in East Africa these days who are making up their minds whether to stay or go. East Africa's leaders know that any precipitous exodus of the whites and Asians who run farms and industries, stores, schools, newspapers and hospitals would mean economic disaster. "We want you to stay and farm well in this country," Kenyatta recently told 350 white farmers in a meeting in the Kenya Highlands. "I beg you to believe that this is the policy of the government." But most Africans are strongly against economic control of their countries remaining in the hands of "aliens." In Kenya a large group of government-party Youth Wingers recently sent a demand to Kenyatta himself that all industries and commercial firms should be nationalized, all Youth Wingers should be paid salaries, and all estates owned by whites and Asians "should be taken over without any compensation." The City Brewery Company of Nairobi faced a demand this winter that its executive ranks be Africanized on the grounds that Africans were by far the biggest drinkers of the brewery's products. This led one Nairobi wit to ask, "On the basis of this theory, who is going to run the Glaxco Baby Food Company?"

More ominous than these threats to property and management is the thin mist of physical fear that has settled down on East Africa's white and Asian communities. East Africa's Asians are much more vulnerable than its whites. In the Dar es Salaam riots the mob concentrated its attack on Asian shops. While I was in Nairobi, an African mob attacked two African policemen who were trying to arrest a thief. The thief was an African; he had just stolen a wristwatch from an Indian storekeeper. "Beat them! Beat them!" shouted the mob. "They are arresting an African for stealing from an Asian."

Throughout East Africa much of this violence stems from the belligerent Youth Wings of the parties in power. Having won independence, these surly young men watch older, better educated Africans take political office while they remain unemployed, frustrated and antagonistic. In Kampala, capital of Uganda, I had a brush with one of these aggressive Youth Wingers. Late one night in the reading room of one of Kampala's best hotels, I was accosted from behind and ordered to sit up in my chair and take my feet off the old table on which they were resting. "Who do you think you are, sitting like that?" a harsh voice demanded. "You people are not respectable. Give me your name." Astonished, I turned around. There stood a husky young man in his 20's, dressed in a sport shirt and slacks. "What business is it of yours? What's your name?" I asked. For a long minu we both glared. Then he stalked away.

Faced with threats of this kind, both whites and Asians are leaving East Africa. In February the liner *Islami* left Mombasa for Bombay with 1,400 Asians aboard, all of whom had been born in East Africa. Four hundred of them were former civil servants; none of them had bright prospects in India, but all of them saw no future at all in East Africa. When I took a taxi one day in Nairobi, the Indian driver mistook me for a Kenyan. "Well, sir," he said, as we drove along the avenue lined with gorgeous red bougainvillaea, "have you decided to stay?"

"I'm an American," I said. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

He looked at me. "How fortunate," he said, and then he remained silent.

Fortunately for the three African governments, the white exodus from East Africa applies only to people and not to foreign investment. Money, both private and government, still flows into the area, despite the scary headlines produced by the army mutinies. Tanganyika's current Five-Year Development program rests on a $64 million grant from Britain, with an additional $10 million from West Germany and $10 million from the United States. Kenya's finance minister James Gicheru and agriculture minister Bruce McKenzie recently returned from New York and Washington with a $10 million World Bank loan to invigorate tea planting in Kenya. Both men noted that Americans were greatly interested in talk of creating a big, economically unified, politically stable federation out of the three East African states.

The British-created East African Common Services Organization already provides common postal, telegraph, railway and harbor facilities for the three nations. The three leaders, Kenyatta, Nyerere and Obote, have publicly pledged to work for political federation. But Uganda's Obote, despite his pledge, opposes federation. There are practical reasons for Obote's opposition. As explained by Ali Kesseka, a Uganda M.P. who does not always support the prime minister:

"Uganda has nothing to gain and everything to lose. Any unemployment we have here is simply because some of our people are lazy. Why should we open our borders to all the unemployed people of Kenya? Now we are a sovereign state with our own president and prime minister. In a federation, everybody agrees that Kenyatta would be Number One. and Nyerere Number Two. Where would that leave Obote?"

Contrasted to its two neighbors, Uganda poses two unfortunate paradoxes. It has the smallest number of resident "aliens," yet it is the place where whites and Asians feel least secure. And although it is the richest of the three states, its ruling party has the strongest tinge of African Marxism. A young man named Kiriunda Kivejinja, chief censor in Uganda, explained his philosophy to me: "We want to establish a socialist state, devoted to the greatest number ir Uganda. In military terms, we are at wai You are either with us or against us."

The kind of society Kivejinja envisions is not much different from Communism, although most African Marxists insist that their countries must be run by African leaders and not by Moscow or

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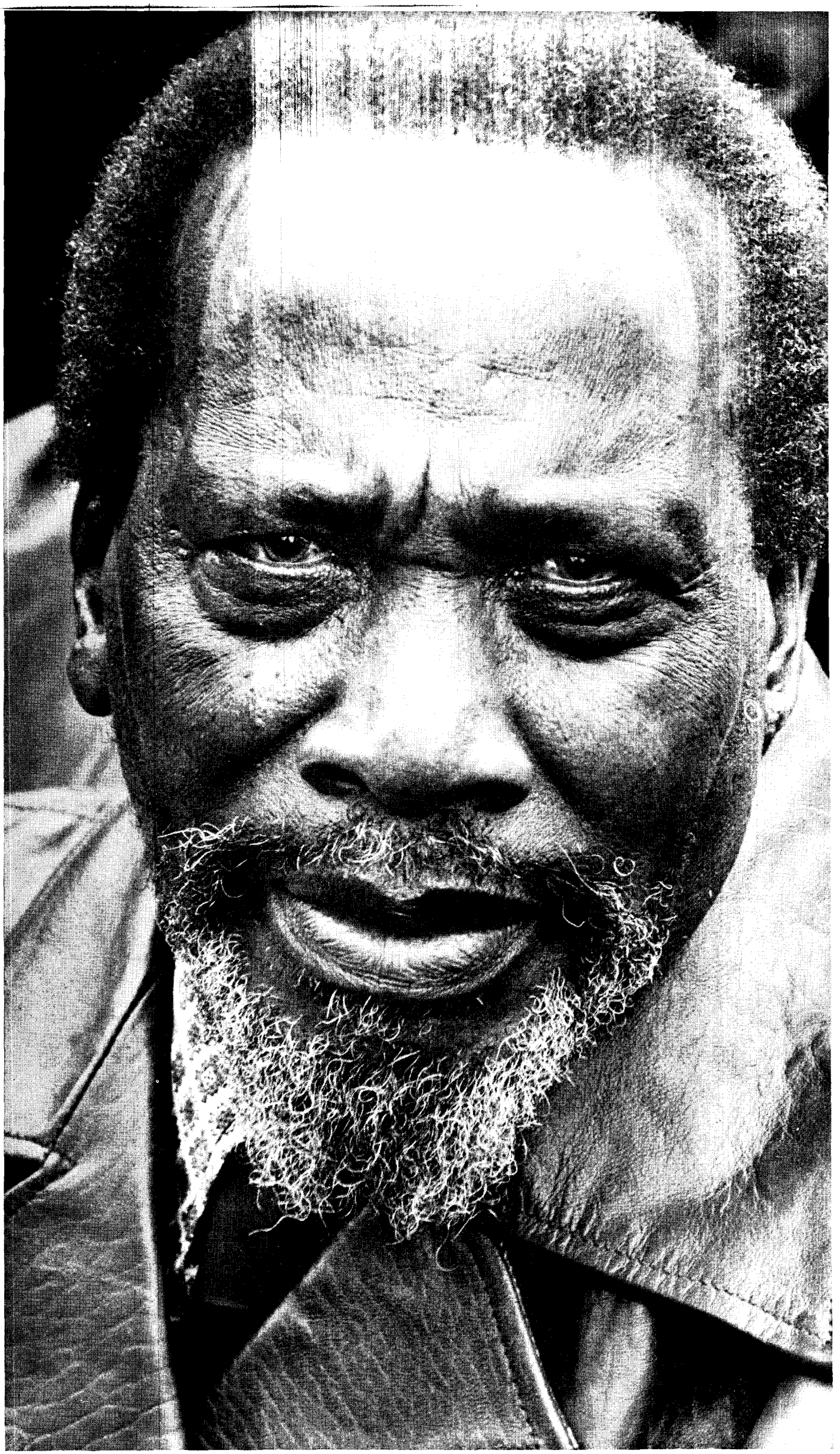
Peking. At this stage, neither the Russians nor the Chinese object to this approach.

Russian and Chinese Communists no longer agree on the degree of urgency of orld revolution, and this disagreement accurately reflected by the difference in Russian and Chinese tactics in East Africa. When China's Chou En-lai declares, as he did on a recent tour through Africa, that "revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout Africa," he clearly implies that he would like to overthrow a few regimes here and there. The Russians prefer to work with the established governments. Thus, while Chinese diplomats, newsmen and agents roam around East Africa, meeting and slipping money to trade-union leaders, disgruntled sergeants and jealous tribal politicians, the Russians prefer to deal with the governments in power. Russian and Czech trade missions travel openly through East Africa, conferring with cabinet ministers in utterly respectable circumstances.

Russian and Czech technicians, for example, are helping set up a new government-controlled Kenya News Agency which will take its foreign news jointly from Reuters and Tass. The Chinese prefer to spend their money on small, clandestine printing presses, turning out leaflets which flutter through the dust and grime of crowded alleys. And in this propaganda struggle, the Chinese rarely forget the issue of race. At Kenya's independence celebrations last December the Chinese openly told Kenyans that the Soviets were just as white and just as neo-colonialist as the Americans.

For all the ferment on the mainland, what happens in revolutionary Zanzibar during the coming months may serve as a key to the future of all East Africa. U.S. and British hopes to "support Karume as a moderate against Hanga and Babu" already have been shaken by Karume's announcement that all farms and many private buildings on Zanzibar are to be nationalized. Zanzibar will also provide a clue to the relative success of Soviet as against Chinese tactics in East Africa. By almost any logic, a small island with only 300,000 people is too cramped a place to serve as a base for two competing world powers, yet its small size magnifies the effect of any outside influence. China has tried to grab a major role by her initial gift of $500,000 in aid. But Moscow is nearer than Peking and has more money to give away.

The three mainland nations of East Africa will have a hard time shutting their ears to the flute being played in Zanzibar. Last winter it apparently was a chain of restlessness if not a coordinated plot that set off the army mutinies in the wake of Zanzibar's coup. Luck, the making of difficult decisions by African leaders and the swift skill of British commanders saved the day. But next time the threat from Zanzibar will be well-organized. Hopefully, next time will find Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda equally as prepared and better forewarned. For, unmistakably, the present parliamentary governments in East Africa, and the present popularly elected leaders, particularly Jomo Kenyatta and Julius Nyerere, are the last best hope, not only for the West but for their own people. Behind, in the Youth Wings and the back alleys, other leaders with very different plans for East Africa's future are working and waiting. THE END



Determined to rule Kenya in peace, Jomo Kenyatta is African symbol of strength. ▶

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EDITORIALS

THE GREAT QUESTION BEFORE THE SENATE

Before the Senate embarked upon its great filibuster, Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota said on *Meet the Press* that passage of the civil-rights bill would be "looked upon as the greatest achievement in the field of human rights since the Emancipation Proclamation." That may have sounded like hyperbole, but it is actually not an exaggeration. The current filibuster may be the last great legislative battle of the civil-rights struggle.

The bill before the Senate now is the most comprehensive civil-rights measure to come before that body. Its major provisions would go a long way toward eliminating what Senator Humphrey calls "the citizenship gap" in the U.S. The bill would implement Negro voting rights, eliminate discrimination in public accommodations, authorize the Attorney General under certain circumstances to bring suit to desegregate public schools, terminate federal assistance to state and local programs involving discrimination, and authorize the establishment of a Federal Equal Employment Opportunities Commission.

In recent weeks Southern senators have belabored the bill as a mortal threat to states' rights and constitutional liberties. For all the oratory, however, two simple facts stand out. First, if the states are to maintain a responsible role in our system, they must behave responsibly themselves. Some 32 states have enacted public-accommodations laws, but Southern states have simply failed to discharge their responsibilities to Negro citizens.

Congressman William McCulloch, Republican of Ohio, put the problem of state versus federal action in the civil-rights field succinctly and eloquently when the House debated the Civil Rights Bill. "I believe in the effective separation of powers and in a workable federal system whereby state authority is not needlessly usurped by a centralized government," Mr. McCulloch said. "But I also believe that an obligation rests with the national Government to see that the citizens of every state are treated equally without regard to their race or color. Where, then, individuals or governmental authorities fail to shoulder their obligations, and only stress their rights, it is the duty of the Congress, under constitutional authority, to correct that wrong. To do otherwise would be to forgo our responsibility as national legislators and as human beings who honor the principles of liberty and justice."

The second basic fact of the civil-rights "debate" is that for all the crocodile tears that have been shed over "constitutional rights," the current bill only attempts to insure to certain American citizens rights and opportunities that others have long enjoyed. How a decent, humane society can do less, and how people who call themselves Christians can settle for less, cannot be answered by any amount of filibustering.

Before the filibuster, both sides—Southern conservatives and civil-rights advocates—pledged that there would be no compromise. President Johnson, to his great credit, has repeatedly promised that his Administration will not weaken the bill. We do not say the bill is perfect. There may be changes, but there should be no compromise on its basic objectives. The bill is not a radical measure. The House passed it by a vote of 290 to 130 after an exemplary debate. The bill, in essence, is an affirmation of elementary principles of fairness and decency, a test of whether our society in its 188th year can conform to its original promise.

BOXING'S FEET OF CLAY

If Cassius Clay fights Sonny Liston again, which one would you root for? The question may not be quite as momentous as, What should we do about de Gaulle? or Who is going to win the Republican nomination? But it is a devil of a choice. Consider Sonny Liston's qualifications. He is an ex-convict who has been arrested at least 20 different times. He served two years for armed robbery and nine months for assaulting a policeman in St. Louis. Last month he was arrested for speeding in Denver, charged with going 76 miles an hour in a 30-mile zone, driving without a valid Colorado license and carrying a gun without a permit. Sonny has a disposition like a wounded bear, but the last time out he fought like a pacifist.

It is easy to be against Sonny until you consider the record of Cassius Clay. For a time, when he was confining himself to bad poetry, Cassius was a loudmouth but a likable character who seemed to be harmless in or out of the ring. Then he won the championship and became, in his own estimation, "The Greatest." After the fight, he acknowledged that he was a Black Muslim, converted by the arch-extremist, Malcolm X, the man who crowed that President Kennedy's assassination was "a case of the chickens coming home to roost." Malcolm X was separated from the Black Muslim movement after that remark and is now attempting to organize his own black nation. He wants to arm all the Negroes in the U.S. and ultimately take them back to Africa. Meanwhile Cassius has been rejected by the U.S. Army (he couldn't pass his aptitude tests) and has told the world he henceforth will be known as Muhammad Ali. He has suggested also that he probably will donate his next purse to the Muslim movement.

As we were saying, a Clay-Liston rematch would be a tough choice. It boils down to a question of whether you prefer your violence on an individual or organized basis. The only result we can think of that would be entirely satisfactory is a double knockout. That way neither of them would win, and the sadistic, senseless "sport" called boxing might be knocked out too.

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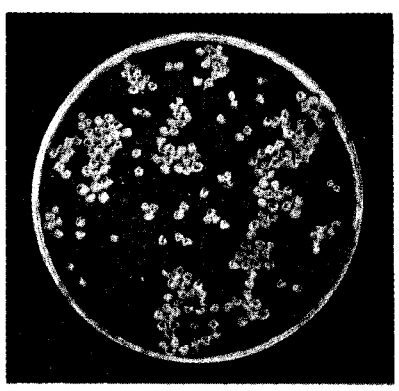

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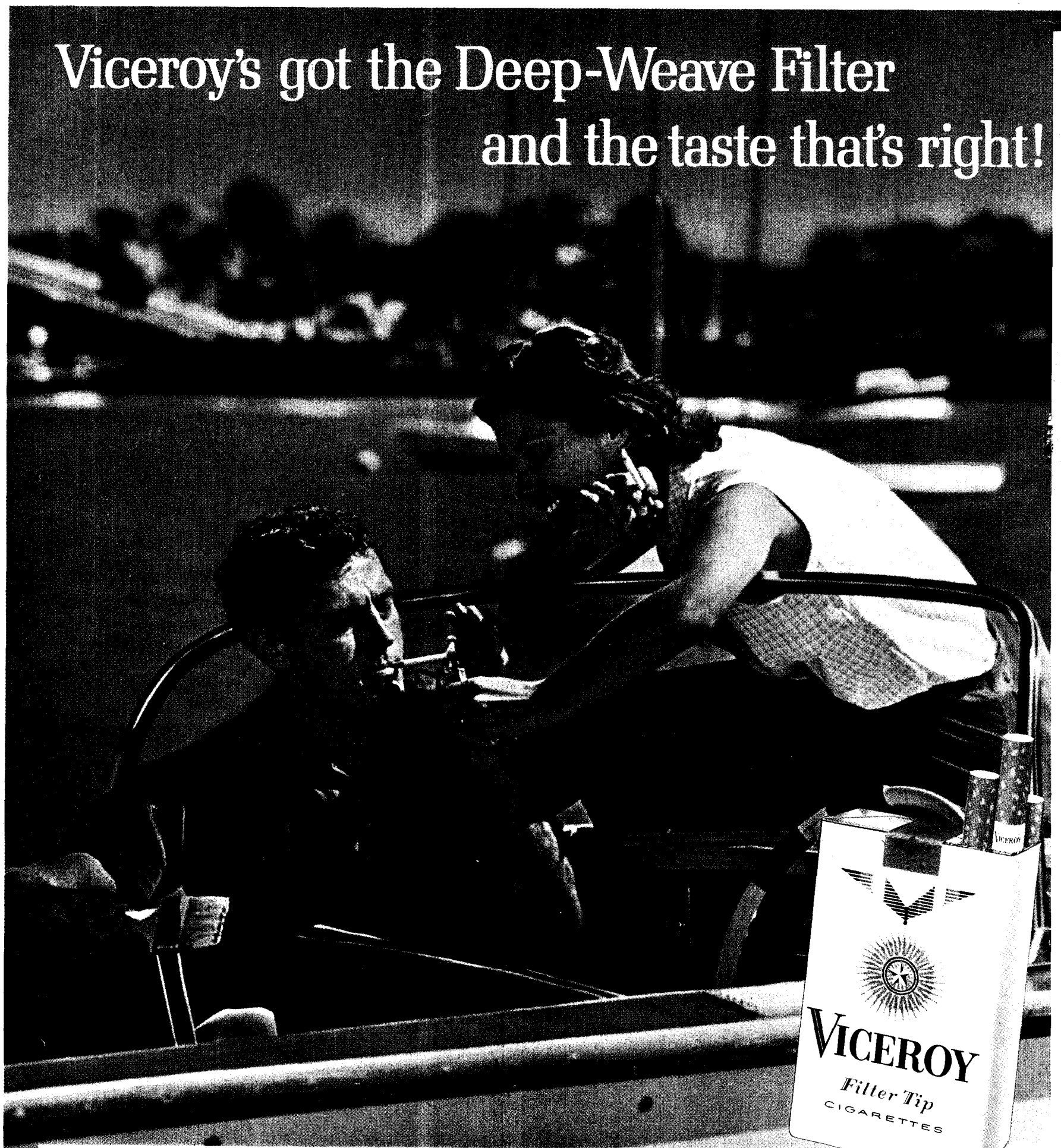

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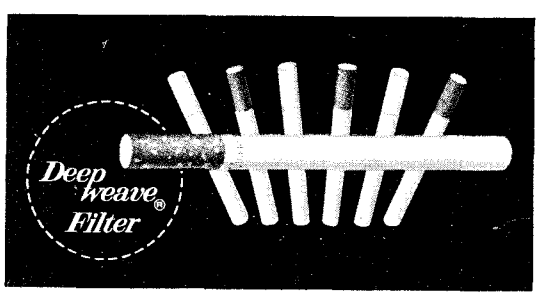

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